CAMBRIDGE MASS OCTOBER 1899

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW

VITA·SINE·LITERIS·MORS·EST

CONTENTS.

	Page
THE MONTH	3
"THE DEPARTURE"	5
ORDER OF EXERCISES, LATIN SCHOOL	10
CATALOGUE, LATIN SCHOOL	11
A SUMMER DAY (A Poem.)	17
THAT VILLA	17
THE PALIO AT SIENA	23
NOTES	25-27
ATHLETICS	28

For full contents see page 1.

Vol. XIV
No 1

Frederick G. Hall 1898

McNAMEE WE BIND THE "REVIEW."

Magazines and Library Books Bound In the most substantial manner.

...Bookbinding

26A BRATTLE STREET, ...CAMBRIDGE.

A. J. LITTLEFIELD & CO.,

PROVISION DEALERS,

1847 Massachusetts Ave., (Lovell's Block,) North Cambridge.

Drop us a postal and a competent man will call for your order. Special attention will be given to all orders, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Established 1842.

JOHN P. SQUIRE & CO.,

INCORPORATED.

Packers and Curers of

Pork, Lard, Hams and Bacon

Also Manufacturers of the Celebrated

"Arlington" Sausage and Kettle Rendered Leaf Lard.

21, 23 & 25 F. H. Market and 39 & 40 No. Market St.

BOSTON, MASS.

BARBOUR-STOCKWELL CO.

General Machinists and Iron Founders.

Special Machinery, Light or Heavy, Designed and Built. Confectioners' Machinery. General Jobbing. Drafting. Pattern Making.

Factory: 205 Broadway, Cambridgeport.

DANA W. BENNETT & CO.,

TELEPHONE 1755

Insurance

82 WATER STREET, BOSTON.

WM. H. WOOD & CO., LUMBER MERCHANTS, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Telephone, Cambridge 361-4.

The Colonial Laundry, 483-489 Main St., Cambridgeport.

F. SHIRLEY BOYD, C. L. S. '92, Proprietor. - - - - - - - C. F. STOWE, Manager.

We Print this Magazine

Caustic and Claflin Printers

26a Brattle St.

Modern Type. Fast Presses.

The Best of Work.

Full Count. Prices Right.

He who by his "Biz" would rise,
Must either Bust or Advertise.

Everything in the Printing Line.
All Orders Promptly Executed.

YEAR ROUND NOVELTIES

NOT ONLY IN

Young Men's Elegant Made-Up Clothing,

BUT IN ALL ARTICLES APPERTAINING TO A COMPLETE OUTFIT, VIZ.:

HATS, FOOTWEAR, UNDERWEAR, LINEN, NECKWEAR, HOSIERY, CANES, UMBRELLAS, TRAVELING BAGS, MACKINTOSHES AND GLOVES.

A. SHUMAN & CO.,

Leading Manufacturers and Outfitters in New England,

Shuman Corner, - Boston.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Month	3
"The Departure"	5-8
Alumni Notes	9
Order of Exercises, Latin School	10
Catalogue of Latin School	11-15
Announcements	16
A Summer Day. (Poem)	17
That Villa	17-20
Debating Societies	20
Girls' Corner	21
Fun	22
The Paoli at Siena	23-24
High School Notes	25
Latin School Notes	26-17
Athletics	28-29

RALPH LEACH,

PURE ICE CREAM

AND

FINE CONFECTIONERY

ICE CREAM. Vanilla, Chocolate, Nougatine, Strawberry, Coffee, Peach.

SHERBETS. Orange, Raspberry, Lemon, Pineapple.

747 Massachusetts Avenue,

Telephone 164-2 Cambridge.

CHARLES W. SEVER & Co.,

University Bookstore, Harvard Sq.

BOOKS and STATIONERY,

HANDY LITERAL TRANSLATIONS,

Harvard Fountain Pen, – Price $1.25

WE GUARANTEE EVERY PEN.

You need ***the best!***

For accurate work
Our high grade ..

Drafting Instruments

Give universal satisfaction.

Wadsworth, Howland & Co.,

Incorporated.

Manufacturers and Importers of

Drawing Materials of all Kinds,

82 and 84 WASHINGTON STREET,

.. and ..

218 CLARENDON STREET,

.. BOSTON ..

Special Rates to Students

COLLINS AND FAIRBANKS

CELEBRATED HATS

TRADE MARK

EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS FOR YOUNG MEN

381 Washington St.
BOSTON, MASS.

L. G. MacKEIGAN'S,

Special Discount to
C. H. and L. Students.

Merchant Tailor,

DANA CHAMBERS, 21 DUNSTER ST., CAMBRIDGE.

WHERE HE OFFERS THE BEST CUSTOM WORK AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Students

BUY YOUR

Drawing Papers,
Drawing Instruments,
Pencil Rubbers, Drawing Inks,
Artist Materials, &c.,

OF

Carpenter-Morton Company,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS,

Artist and Draughtmen's Supplies, Paints and Varnishes,

77 Sudbury St., near Scollay Sq.

Special Rates to Students.

H. L. CARSTEIN,

DEALER IN

COAL AND WOOD,

Yard on Fitchburg R.R., Foot of Cogswell Ave.

NORTH CAMBRIDGE.

BRANCH OFFICES:

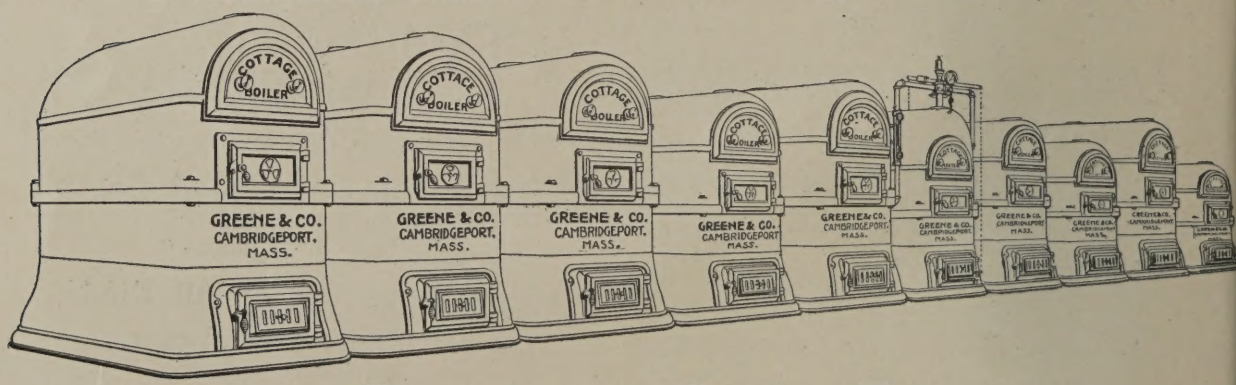
3 Studio Building, Davis Square, W. Somerville,
O. H. PERRY, AGENT.

Opp. Porter Station, North Cambridge,
H. E. FARRINGTON, AGENT.

CELEBRATED LACKAWANNA COALS DIRECT FROM MINES, ALL RAIL.

GREENE & CO.
723 Massachusetts Avenue.

Heating with STEAM, WATER or AIR.



THE COTTAGE CITY BOILERS

ARE ABSOLUTELY THE BEST.

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. XIV. NO. I.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, SEPTEMBER, 1899.

THE MONTH.

With this issue the Review begins its fourteenth year. We wish to thank all who gave us support last year, and hope that with the aid of our many friends, we may succeed in making the paper so interesting and attractive that we shall have even increased support this year. We urge all who intend to take the Review regularly to subscribe, instead of buying the paper from month to month, not only because it is an advantage to us, but also because it is a saving to them. We also earnestly request contributions of stories and poems, especially of poems, both witty and thoughtful, for last year we were able to get only a very few from the schools. We assure all who intend to contribute that we will give careful and unprejudiced attention to everything sent us.

Finally we desire to call the attention of our readers to our many advertisers, and to ask that they patronize these in preference to other merchants.

This year, for the first time in the history of the Latin School, diplomas may be awarded to those who have not read Homer. This is in accordance with the optional course as arranged by the school committee last spring and outlined in the May issue of the Review. This optional course allows one to omit Greek entirely, provided he takes both elementary French and German (of which one is required) together with advanced French or German, and enough advanced work besides to make up the number of points required for admission to college. By an extension of this scheme, those who have already reached the first class, and have had two years of Greek, have been allowed this year to substitute advanced French, advanced German, advanced mathematics or chemistry for Homer. Some who are trying this are taking Greek composition, which is included in the Homer course, and counts one hour in the examination series, while others are making up the needed hour by trigonometry or solid geometry. Besides, in the third class, many have been allowed to take chemistry instead of physics. Thus, the school has added to its course, college algebra, chemistry and advanced French, and offers advanced German.

The special significance of this change is that the doors have been thrown open for a broader elementary education: the opportunity is given everyone to select the best preparation for the studies he intends to pursue in col-

lege. In this respect the Cambridge Latin School stands above many of the best preparatory schools in the country.

We must not overlook, here, the post-graduate students. Three members of the class of '99 have returned to take a post-graduate year, a proof of the wide scope and excellence of the studies offered, since some of the best scholars have found that it is worth their while to spend an extra year in the school in order to get the full value of its course.

The foot-ball season has begun well with a tie and two victories to our credit, and if the present excellent spirit keeps up, nothing more can be asked. We cannot emphasize too strongly the importance of the team's success. The present interscholastic league has treated Cambridge so shamefully during the past ten years that we ought to be most happy since we now have no connection with it. But next year it is hoped that a new league can be formed, and in order that Cambridge may be one of the leaders in this, it is very necessary that the team should do well this year. Therefore, we urge all to give the team their most hearty support.

The recommendation of the supervisory committee which was adopted at the mass meeting held last Friday, provides that the captains of the foot-ball and base-ball teams shall be members ex-officio, of the committee. This, we think, is an excellent measure, for it gives the two most important teams in the schools a permanent representative in the body which has governed athletics so wisely since its organization. The committee is now composed of nine members, three graduates, two teachers, and four undergraduates. Thus all parties concerned are fully represented, the undergraduates, who are naturally most interested, having the largest number.

At this same mass meeting, Mr. Benshimol, the chairman of the supervisory committee, announced that at a mass meeting to be held some evening soon, individual cups would be presented to the members of the championship base-ball team. Let everyone attend this meeting, and show the champions that the schools appreciate their work.

Basket-ball, and the success of the class base-ball teams last spring have combined to bring class athletics to the front. Foremost in these stands the class of 1902 at the Latin School. While liberally contributing to the school teams, this class also found money enough last year to support a basket-ball team, a base-ball team, and a tennis club. Besides, this class had by far the largest contingent of spectators at the school base-ball games last year. The other classes are not far behind, and all have this year contributed very liberally to the school foot-ball team. This is the right spirit. It should always be remembered that, although class athletics are important, the first duty is to the whole school.

Now that the Latin School has a most excellent lunch counter, both schools are well supplied in this respect. For five or ten cents a light, wholesome lunch can be obtained, which it is much better that the scholars should have than that they should go the whole five-hour session without anything to eat.

"THE DEPARTURE."

The forty home-made collars and cuffs, the two dozen pair of knitted stockings, his best suit, sponged and pressed by his mother for the last time; in fact, the whole of his simple wardrobe, was packed in the old-fashioned black satchel. This last evening they were sitting in the warm kitchen, thinking of the parting to come on the morrow. His face was aglow with hope and anticipation. The father and mother, thinking of his absence in the future, had lost for a moment some of the gladness at the success of their combined efforts. His sixteen-year-old sister, to whom he had confided his cherished dreams and who had seen the outer world only through a country fair or a travelling lecturer, was busy imagining for herself his entrance into Bowdoin College. She was glad that he was going, yet wondered if he would appreciate it all. Father and mother had been so ready to pinch and save, in order that their only son might go to college. So great was her joy for him that she almost forgot her own cherished ambitions. Yet why did people think that the daughter was not entitled to the same advantages? Poor child! the days of co-education had not yet come. Early the next morning they watched him ride away, and down in her heart the little sister felt that some day she too would disappear amid the same blaze of autumn foliage. Would there be dear ones watching her depart, or would she be alone, a gray haired woman?

Dorcas wrote weekly to her brother, telling him of her latest attempts at sketching, and how father had consented to buy some crayons and real drawing paper the next time he went to town; if her brother would get some water colors she would send a picture for his room, to make him think of home. The request was granted and forgotten until Christmas-time, when a box of good things arrived from home. Among them was a package with this note:

"Dear brother Joseph, —

I worked on this as long as the leaves stayed on the tree. Do take it to some people who know of such things and ask them what they think of it, and if I could ever be a real artist. I am so sorry that father could not send you the money to come home this vacation. Don't study all the time. I wish I was there with you. With much love from your sister,

DORCAS."

She had pictured his departure from the farm among the hills. Up the stony road the four white horses were pulling the lumbering stages. On one side the dark green pines seemed whispering together. On the other the oaks and maples were resplendent in the red and gold of autumn. Over the top of Bald Mountain the sun had just risen. Tiny clouds drifted across the blue sky. He saw it all as he had seen it that morning. Forgetting his mother's "goodies," he rushed out, hatless, across the campus. The next week this letter arrived at the farmhouse:

"Dear little sister, —

Professor B—— says that your water color is remarkable for one who has had no lessons, and that with proper instruction you could become an artist. Richard Townsend, a wealthy junior who has taken a liking to me, dropped into my room yesterday. As he is interested in art, I showed him the picture, and told him all about you. He took a strange fancy to it, and asked me if I would take twenty-five dollars for it. I told him that I should never sell it. I want to keep it because it is the first you have painted, and

then I don't want him to think that money is any object to me. I know you will think this last reason is foolish pride, but I don't wish him to know how poor we are. Always keep up courage, little sister, for yourself and for your brother,

JOSEPH."

Four years passed: he was a senior, graduating with the highest honors; she was a woman grown, still longing to be an artist, and always ready to appropriate the beauties of nature which surrounded her. She had used crayons and charcoal entirely; after the first attempt she never had courage to take up her water colors, but felt that she must wait for some guiding hand. Upon Joseph's return his father said that he was learned enough now, and that he must settle down on the farm. Of course the boy revolted. He had looked at life with a student's eye, and his hope for being a great lawyer was not merely a dream. Stormy scenes ensued. The father argued that he had given his son an education, not for him to wander away and follow inclinations of his own, but that, as an educated farmer, he might become the leading man in the town. The son came out victorious, but the father declared that the farm should go to Dorcas. She should marry the son of a certain well-to-do neighbor and settle down like an obedient daughter, while Joseph must go to seek his own fortune. Joseph hurried away, happy in the thought of his independence and of Dorcas' good fortune. Poor deluded boy! he forgot that Dorcas had hopes and aims as true and lofty as his own. But Dorcas had not forgotten. She was glad that Joseph was really started in his chosen path, yet she knew only too well her father's iron will, and slowly but surely she saw the future rise before her,—the tedious courting, the solemn marriage of duty, the household obligations renewed, the little ones to come, and their lives to shape in the narrow paths of necessity. Many times she unburdened her heart to her mother, who sympathized with her, but could show her no escape. At last the dreaded evening came, when John Sawyer, the chosen youth, called to see Dorcas on a most particular matter. Never had Dorcas felt more heartbroken than when this simple yet calculating young man said that he wanted her for a wife, that he would "make things real easy for her," that they "needn't settle down right away," but that he would take her to Portland to see the sights." A few moments afterward Mr. Randall came to his wife and said,—

"Martha, I don't think Dorcas answered John just right, for I heard him bang the front gate, and she went straight upstairs, kind of tired like."

When Dorcas was questioned by her father, she only said that she could not bear to leave him or mother yet. Three weeks later Mr. Randall had a stroke of paralysis and in a few days passed away. He had previously made his will, leaving everything to his daughter.

Dorcas remained at home for a year, then sold the farm, with the exception of some wood lots which she reserved for Joseph, to John Sawyer, who had just married her cousin. The mother and daughter went together to New York City where Joseph was working in a law office. While wandering through the art museum one day, Dorcas met two elderly ladies, who, noticing that she was a stranger, kindly told her the history of many of the pictures. They spoke freely of their life and tastes, their travels abroad and at home, and quite won her confidence. When she told them of her family, and of the one great desire of her life, they immediately advised her to go to the art school of Mr. D——, a rising American artist and a personal friend of theirs. They promised to call the next day to meet her mother and brother, look at her drawings, and tell her

more of this school. Mrs. Randall and Joseph were at first a little reserved, but under the cordial simplicity of these quaint sisters, they soon became content, and followed with Dorcas the history of leading American artists and of the old masters. Never, it seemed to Dorcas, had she soared so high. In their descriptions, the masterpieces of Raphael and Murillo seemed divine, and she resolved to work forever, that she might see them. The Misses Channing promised to arrange in some satisfactory way for Dorcas to go to Mr. D——'s studio. They thought that she might pay part of her tuition by posing, as they had observed the fine poise of her head and her glorious crown of Titian hair. When Joseph mentioned their new friends to his employer, he was much surprised to learn that this same gentleman knew them well, and had once been an ardent suitor of the elder Miss Channing. This coincident set Joseph's mind at rest. Dorcas soon began work in the studio, and the elder Miss Channing said to her sister,—

"I think it is a case of old-fashioned love at first sight, for he simply looked into her clear, gray eyes, said 'Yes,' and then, turning to me, 'You have found me a treasure, a true lover of art.' "

Dorcas advanced rapidly, and in six months had grasped more than most of Mr. D——'s pupils of two years' standing. She had been posing, as arranged, for his classes, but now he asked her to serve as the model for a large painting which he wished to exhibit in the Academy of Design. With her as the central figure, he felt certain that he could at last win the highest award. In gratitude to the artist whose enthusiastic instruction had opened a new life to her, she consented.

During the posing and painting Mr. D—— fell still more deeply in love with his fair pupil. She entirely unconscious of it, simply respecting him as her teacher, put all her thoughts on the work. The Channings were delighted with what seemed the inevitable, the marriage of the two artists. Mrs. Randall and her son were well pleased.

"Now," said Joseph, "Dorcas will be comfortably settled in life, and with an artist for a husband, at last content."

Dorcas was much surprised when she learned of the hopes of her family.

"You must be mistaken. I am sure that Mr. D—— has never considered me in any light but that of a pupil. As for me, love is but a fairy tale, to be read only in books. I have just begun to live. These are the first steps. I wish to go to Paris to study. Joseph is able to support mother now, and I have enough of my own money left to begin with."

The Channings were astonished at this new plan, but they were women ever ready for progress, because of the thwarted aims of their youthful days. They would not hear of her going alone, for she was yet too trustful of her fellow-men. It was decided that they should accompany her and start as soon as the picture was finished. At the exhibition Mr. D——'s work was awarded first prize. Everybody was talking about the wonderful painting and its beautiful subject. The artist tried to make Dorcas understand that his success was entirely due to her; she must not think of leaving yet, he said, and added so much more that was painful to her, because of its fruitlessness, that she determined to sail immediately.

Through the efforts of the Misses Channing, Dorcas became a pupil of Chavannes. Her slender allowance lasted a long time, for often her friends aided her over the hard places. Only once did she ask Joseph for money, and then she received a letter saying,

"I send you five hundred dollars. You must not expect any more from me; I have mother to support beside myself. You, I think, have already spent too much upon your 'beloved art.' When are you going to earn something? Either do that or settle

down and marry Mr. D——. He has been inconsolable since you left, and sails for Paris next week."

Dorcas determined that once for all Mr. D—— must recognize the futility of his hope of gaining her heart, and that she would never return to America until she had become a successful artist. The Channing sisters helped her to sell a few of her water colors and oils. Chavannes was so gratified with her work that he finally advised her to enter a picture at the next exhibition of the Salon. For a time Dorcas was at a loss to know what subject to take. Her strong point was color in landscapes, but she was not well acquainted with the country in France, and could not recall any particular scene that appealed to her. All at once she thought of her little water color, "The Departure." Where could it be? She remembered it so well, though she had not seen it since that Christmas box had gone to Joseph at Bowdoin. She painted at first in a fever of excitement, but gradually became more confident. Chavannes was delighted with her work, and assured her that it would receive a high award. He would guard her interests, and try to sell it at a good price.

The second day of the exhibition, Dorcas went to see how her own painting looked from the walls of a gallery. Seated at a short distance, in the best light, she heard her native tongue, and turned toward the speakers. One was an elderly man, the other about thirty-five. The younger man was saying, —

"Yes, I have a water color which I should say was a copy of this oil painting; did I not know that it was done ten years ago, by a little Maine girl, the sister of a college friend of mine?"

He proceeded to tell his friend the rest of the story of Richard Townsend, and ended by saying,—

"I saw Mr. Randall in New York about a year ago, and he told me that his sister was in Paris. When he said that he had discouraged her studying longer, on account of lack of means, I wanted to help her,—I don't know why. I asked him if he wasn't ready yet to sell that water color, and offered him five hundred dollars for it. I have it with me now."

After this strange disclosure the friends passed on, and Dorcas went quickly away. In a few days she heard that her picture had received honorable mention, and had been purchased for five thousand francs by an American who wished to meet her. Mr. Townsend called not only once but often, and they became firm friends. His return to America was put off indefinitely, on account of important business in art circles, so he said. Dorcas worked earnestly on, trying to persuade herself that the laurels already gained, and the prospect of future ones, still filled her life. After a time, however, Mr. Townsend had little difficulty in convincing her to the contrary. His ideas of art coincided with hers, and instead of asking that she give up her life-work for him, he wished rather to help her to greater achievements. So with the Misses Channing, they left Paris for a wedding and a short visit to her mother. The little water color to which they owed so much will always be cherished by Mr. Townsend, but "The Departure" of the Salon was presented to the Metropolitan Museum, where it may now be seen, the painting which brought fame to one of the great American artists of today. P. C. H., '02.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Several members of '99 are at the Burdett Business College, and Miss Bates, Miss Earl and Miss Emerson are taking a post-graduate year at the Latin School. Of the other members of the class, the girls are much scattered, while all but two or three of the boys are in Harvard.

Misses Ruth and Edith McGrew, '99, are now attending the University of California, at Berkeley, California.

C. E. Gilbert, C. L. S., '96, Harvard, '99, is instructor in classics at Adams Academy, Quincy.

William E. Stark, '91, was superintendent of the Boston Summer School this year.

George W. Creelman, '92, who has been teaching physics and chemistry at the Belmont School, Belmont, California, has resigned his position, and has accepted a situation at the Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn.

Miss Elizabeth A. Stark, '91, is spending a year in Europe with two Wellesley classmates.

Rev. Henry B. Dyer, '94, is preaching at the Congregational church at Bartlett, N. H.

C. K. Moore, '94, is an instructor at the Belmont School, Belmont, California.

Miss Annie S. Stratton, C. L. S., '94, is a teacher at the Cambridge High School, and Miss Reynolds and Miss Davis, both of C. L. S., '95, are teaching at the Latin School.

K. L. Mark, '94, who has spent a year in Europe, has returned to the Harvard Graduate School for advanced study in chemistry. He will also assist in that department..

W. S. Kendall, '95, has spent the past summer at the Paris Summer School, and is now instructor in French and German at Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y. He is also filling the position of organist and chorister at the college chapel.

J. E. Lansing, '94, and Miss Marion F. Lansing, '98, have returned from a year's travel in Europe. The former is studying in the Harvard Graduate School, and the latter is attending Mt. Holyoke College.

F. G. Stevens, C. L. S., '94, M. I. T., '98, is studying architecture in Paris at L'Ecole des Beax Arts.

MARRIED.

April 12, 1899: Raymond L. Whitman, C. L. S., '91, to Miss Florence Hood of Brookline.

June 27, 1899: Robert L. Emerson, C. L. S., '90, to Miss Maude I. Arey.

July, 1899: Mr. Harrison G. Bourne to Miss Edith L. Sawyer, C. L. S., '94.

August 3, 1899: William E. Burrage, C. S., '91, to Miss Sleanor P. Fiske, E. H. S.,

August 3, 1899: William E. Stark, C. L. S., '91, to Miss Eleanor P. Fiske, E. H. S., '92.

August, 1899: Walton B. MacDaniel, C. L. S., '89, to Miss Garlichs. Mr. MacDaniel received his Ph.D. in June, and has been appointed instructor in Latin at Harvard for the coming year.

September 6, 1899: Rev. William H. Allison, C. L. S., '89, to Miss Elizabeth L. Smith of Newton, grand-daughter of Rev. S. F. Smith, the author of "America." Mr. Allison is pastor of the Baptist church at Penacook, N. H.

September 26, 1899: Arthur P. Stone, C. L. S., '89, to Miss Alice H. Stratton, C. L. S., '92.

ORDER OF EXERCISES. 1899-1900.

Teachers.	Mr. Bradbury.	Mr. Adams.	Mr. Benshimol.	Mr. Phinney.	Miss Hardwick.	Miss Sampson.	Miss Baldwin.	Miss Spring.	Miss Harris.	Miss Perrigo.	Mrs. Burton.	Miss Bachelder.	Miss Drew.	Miss Chamberlain.	Miss Alexander.	Miss Hardy.	Miss Munroe.	Miss Reynolds.	Miss Davis.
Time:* 8.30 9.30	I. Adv. Mathematics (22)	II. 1 Latin (24)	I. 1 or 2 Geometry (23)	II. 3 b Physics (19)	IV. 3 Geometry† Anc. History (7)	I. 3 or II. 3 a Physics (20)	V. 1 Algebra (4)	III. 4 Latin (12)	I. 3 or II. 2 Algebra (13 or 14)	II. 2 Anc. History (25)	III. 3 French (15)	IV. 5 Latin (1)	IV. 1. French (5)	IV. 4 Latin (6)	English (11)	V. 6 Algebra (9)	V. 2 or 3 Hygiene‡ Eng. History (8)		V. 3 or 2 English (10)
9.30 10.20		II. 2 Latin (24)	I. 3 Geometry (23)	III. 1 Chemistry (30)	IV. 5 Geometry† Anc. History (4)	II. 1 a Physics (20)	II. 3 Greek (25)	III. 2 Latin (12)	III. 3. Greek (13)	IV. 4 Geometry† Anc. History (7)	III. 4 b or III. 1 French (15)	III. 4 a French (14)	IV. 2 French (5)	V. 1 or 4 English (6)	I. 2 English (22)		V. 4 or 1 Hygiene‡ Eng. History (8)	V. 5 Algebra (10)	V. 6 Latin (9)
10.20 11.15		II. 3 Latin (24)	(23)		II. 2 a Physics (18)	II. 2 b Physics (20)	II. 1 Greek (25)	III. 3 Latin (12)		IV. 1 Geometry† Anc. History (7)	III. 4 b German (15)	I Adv. French (26)	IV. 3 French (5)	III. 2 Greek (14)	I. 1 or 3 English (22)	V. 5 Latin (9)	V. 2 Latin (8)	V. 3 Algebra (10)	
11.15 11.45					R		E		C		E		S		S				
11.45 12.35		I. 1 Latin (24)	I. 2 Greek (23)	III. 3 or III. 4 a Chemistry (30)	III. 2a or III. 2 b Physics (18)	II. 1 b Physics (20)	II. 2 Greek (25)		III. 1 Greek (13)	IV. 2 Geometry† Anc. History (7)	II. 3 or III. 2 German (22 or 14)	II. 1 French (26)	IV. 4 French (5)	IV. 1 Latin (6)	English (11)	V. 1 Latin (9)		V. 2 Algebra (10)	V. 4 Latin (8)
12.35 1.30		I. 2 Latin (24)	I. 1 Greek (23)			III. 4 b Chemistry (29)		III. 1 Latin (12)	II. 3 or 1 Algebra (13)	II. 1 or 3 Anc. History (25)	II. 2 French (26)	IV. 2 Latin (7)	IV. 5 German (5)		English (11)	V. 4 Algebra (9)	V. 5 or 6 Hygiene‡ Eng. History (8)	V. 6 or 5 English (10)	V. 3 Latin (4)

* On Friday the first school hour is given to music, and the hours are 8.30 to 9.20 (Music); 9.20 to 10.05; 10.05 to 10.50; 10.50 to 11.10 (Recess); 11.10 to 11.55; 11.55 to 12.40; 12.40 to 1.30.

† Geometry, the first six months; Ancient History, the last four months of the year.

‡ Hygiene, the first four months; English History the last six months of the year. English alternates with Hygiene and English History.

In class III. English is substituted once a week in place of Latin. In class IV. English is substituted once a week in place of French or German.

The numbers in parentheses show the rooms in which the recitations are held.

Catalogue of the Cambridge Latin School.

1899-1900.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.

FRANCIS COGSWELL.....City Hall

HIGH SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

Professor Frank W. Taussig.....2 Scott Street
Mrs. Carolyn P. Chase.....19 Lancaster Street
Mrs. Caroline L. Edgerly.....5 Fayette Street
Edward B. Malley, Esq.....
Cambridge Street, cor. Second Street
Rev. Robert E. Ely.....744 Massachusetts Avenue

SECRETARY AND AGENT OF SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

Sanford B. Hubbard.....City Hall

TEACHERS.

HEAD MASTER.

William F. Bradbury.....369 Harvard Street

MASTER.

Theodore P. Adams.....Boston

Max Benshimol.....30 Bellevue Avenue
Helen M. Albee.....48 Lake View Avenue
Jennie S. Spring.....49 Dana Street
Caroline Drew.....21 Blagden Street, Boston
Mary C. Hardy.....Lake Street, Arlington
Constance G. Alexander.....7 Buckingham Place
Alice C. Baldwin.....197 Auburn Street
Rose S. Hardwick.....
Denison House, Tyler Street, Boston

SCIENCE TEACHER.

John I. Phinney.....24 Langdon Street

Mary A. Bachelder.....1524 Cambridge Street
Mabel E. Harris.....29 Wendell Street
Lena G. Perrigo.....Palmer Street, Arlington
Helen W. Munroe.....111 Chestnut Street
Mabel L. Chamberlain.....24 Erie Street
Isabel S. Burton.....7 Fayette Street
Ethel V. Sampson.....
957 Washington Avenue, Newtonville
Etta L. Davis.....Waverley
Lucile C. Reynolds....2285 Massachusetts Avenue

SECRETARY AND LIBRARIAN.

Annie S. Dodge.....15 Cottage Street

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC.

Frederick E. Chapman.....126 Oxford Street

POST-GRADUATES.

Bates, Helen B.....20 Wendell Street
Earl, Laura B.....16 Healey Street
Emerson, Marguerite E.....395 Broadway

CLASS I.

Brewster, Elvira M.....40 Kirkland Street
Briggs, Ethel J.....951 Massachusetts Avenue
Cole, Mary B.....3 Highland Park
Coleman, Mary L.....565 Putnam Avenue
Crocker, Grace G.....32 Lee Street
Dickson, Myrtle C.....44 Martin Street
Fitzmaurice, Joanna A.....2 Sands Street
Fox, Gertrude W.....99 Irving Street
Hildreth, Ellen E.....6 Linnæan Street
Hill, Mary F.....42 Sacramento Street
Hopkins, Geraldine S.....276 Pearl Street
Huling, Elizabeth L.....101 Trowbridge Street
Hutchins, Lucy C.....111 Hammond Street
Lalley, Lucy E.....26 Surrey Street
Lerner, Mary G.....12 Mount Auburn Street
Lovering, Elinor.....1648 Massachusetts Avenue
MacLeod, Ethel M.....27 Inman Street
McWain, Elsie D.....12 Farwell Place
Norris, Grace M.....760 Massachusetts Avenue
Ruggli, Eva M.....263 Upland Road
Wilson, Jennie B.....16 Lee Street
Wyman, Mary S.....23 Fayette Street

Bennett, Holland.....49 Linnæan Street
Blanchard, Arthur F.....159 Upland Road
Carr, Proctor.....55 Hammond Street
Conlin, James F.....85 Walden Street
Counihan, Edward A., Jr...135 Thorndike Street
Davenport, John C.....
31 Coolidge Hill Street, Watertown
Davidson, Herbert C.....
46 Coolidge Hill Street, Watertown
Ellis, Alfred F.....18 Market Street
Estabrook, Angus D.....101 Washington Avenue
Gadsby, John F.....22 Bristol Street
Good, Thomas F.....255 Putnam Avenue
Houston, Gordon D.....174 Elm Street
Lothrop, Oliver A.....1741 Massachusetts Avenue
Mackintosh, Roger.....44 Cortes Street, Boston
Mason, Henry T.....143 Washington Street
McGirr, John F.....1522 Cambridge Street
Miller, Theodore H.....16 Centre Street
Murphy, Thomas F.....37 Hubbard Avenue
Nelligan, Peter J.....17 Montgomery Street
Parker, Henry S.....86 Buckingham Street
Pennell, William A.....29 Blake Street
Regan, William J.....176 Spring Street
Sullivan, Cornelius D.....73 Howard Street
Thompson, William H..4 Pleasant Ave., Somerville
Walker, Clifford H.....155 Western Avenue
Whittemore, W. Stewart.....36 Irving Street

CLASS II.

Anderson, Flora E.....22 Sands Street
Barbour, Lillian M.....8 Bigelow Street
Beard, Marguerite.....393 Broadway
Boyer, Mabelle L.....11 Norfolk Street
Boynton, Hattie L.....130 Oxford Street
Brownell, Beulah O.....24 Fairfield Street
Carman, Edith M.....94 Magazine Street
Conant, Amy R.....18 Tufts Street
Costello, Agnes M.....81 Putnam Avenue
Cotter, Margaret C.....11 Magnolia Avenue
Craig, M. Blanche.....23 Lexington Avenue
Crowell, Edna L.....45 River Street
Daggett, Helen D.....49 Lee Street
Ellsbree, Bessie E.....47a Dana Street
Ellsbree, Edith M.....47a Dana Street
Flanagan, Frances B.....22 Mt. Pleasant Street
Flewelling, Mary N.....10 Warland Street
Garton, Florence H.....364 Harvard Street
Goodwillie, Winifred B.....8 Beech Street
Hall, Evangeline R.....39 Parker Street
Hopkins, Alice L.....69 Mt. Vernon Street
Jackson, Eva R.....520 Putnam Avenue
Jones, Florence G.....26 Tufts Street
Lincoln, Gertrude.....32 Broadway
McFarlane, Sarah E.....381 Broadway
Medeiros, Belandina E.....84 Willow Street
Moller, Selma C.....330 Western Avenue
Mott, Gertrude.....929 Massachusetts Avenue
Noland, Maude.....136 Austin Street
O'Brien, Edith.....27 Bay Street
Oliver, Leslie K.....80 Fourth Street
Reynolds, Persis M.....126 Green Street
Rideout, Ethel L.....177 Auburn Street
Robinson, Ethel A.....67 Lake View Avenue
Salmon, Alice.....72 Wendell Street
Sawyer, Helen A.....Littleton
Scorgie, Helen C.....228 Brattle Street
Scott, Ida R.....2 Cleveland Street
Sears, Mildred G.....16 Avon Street
Shackley, Jennie L.....42 Walden Street
Smith, Agnes H.....8 Mellen Street
Stark, Margaret A.....38 Linnæan Street
Stratton, Bertha L.....26 Linnæan Street
Sullivan, Mary V.....7 Chapman Place
Williams, Bertha E.....18 Springfield Street
Wood, Madeleine.....23 Buena Vista Park

Ammidon, Philip R.....121 Walden Street
Bennett, Harold W.....49 Linnæan Street
Carroll, Romeo G.....265 Prospect Street
Carstein, Gustav E.....45 Cogswell Avenue
Chapin, Harold C.....97 Lake View Avenue
Chase, Arthur G.....80 Hammond Street
Coolidge, Philip T...17 Garfield Street, Watertown

Croswell, Ralph H.....65 Frost Street
Crothers, Bronson.....20 Oxford Street
Dana, Allston.....113 Brattle Street
Farrington, H. Coleman.....51 Davenport Street
Feeney, Thomas P.....70 Spring Street
Foster, Harry L.....12 Mellen Street
Gauthier, Ernest S.....89 Plymouth Street
Good, Frederick L.....255 Putnam Avenue
Hanson, Harvey R.....18 Antrim Street
Hogan, Clemence J.....48 Russell Street
Hubbard, William O.....7 Upton Street
James, Reginald S.....1640 Cambridge Street
Jones, Harold M.....16 Oxford Street
Linnell, Irving N.....38 Sidney Street
Locke, Arthur W.....7 Francis Avenue
Masstrangialo, S. Raphael.....61 Austin Street
Niles, J. Otis.....2058 Massachusetts Avenue
Rideout, H. Eugene.....39 Austin Street
Smith, Edgar L.....64 Sparks Street
Sullivan, John S.....101 Plympton Street
Williams, W. Woodward.....14 Sumner Street
Wolf, Frederick D.....353 Harvard Street

CLASS III.

Arnold, Margaret.....1683 Cambridge Street
Barr, Lillian E.....18 Mt. Auburn Street
Beunke, Addie E.....75½ Franklin Street
Brennan, Marjorie D.....26 Crescent Street
Brooks, Rachel O.....429 Massachusetts Avenue
Burton, Eleanor B.....7 Fayette Street
Coffey, Catherine T.....49 Mt. Auburn Street
Conant, Gertrude M.....18 Tufts Street
Dallinger, Ruth.....384 Broadway
Davenport, Anna C.....
31 Coolidge Hill Street, Watertown
Dillingham, Laura G.....13 Pleasant Street
Eaton, Amey B.....5 Berkeley Street
Edgerly, Caroline M.....5 Fayette Street
Emery, H. Maude.....938 Massachusetts Avenue
Erickson, Agnes M.....77 Brattle Street
Frawley, Claire F.....141 Pearl Street
French, Florence H.....34 Essex Street
Heywood, P. Ceres.....991 Massachusetts Avenue
Hickey, Ida M.....1734 Cambridge Street
Hubbard, Mary C.....9 Bellevue Avenue
Hutchins, Mary S.....37 Mt. Vernon Street
Johnson, Hortense H.....202 Harvard Street
Lawton, Helen L.....24 Maple Avenue
Lewis, Lillian G.....9 Magazine Street
Lefsky, Eva.....27 Athens Place
MacKenzie, Agnes.....239 Brookline Street
McClellan, Lucy M.....63 Norfolk Street
Millett, Nellie S.....18 Wendell Street
Montague, Gertrude A.....257 Prospect Street
Myles, Gertrude E.....55 Hammond Street
Noon, Grace A.....10 Appian Way
Parmenter, Harriet H.....80 Upland Road
Pike, Marion H.....14 Bigelow Street
Puffer, Louisa W.....53 Oxford Street
Ricker, Jennie G.....179 Columbia Street
Rogers, Winifred H.....55 Dana Street
Russell, Fannie S.....176 Hancock Street
Shaw, Marcia D. H.....17 Forest Street
Sparrow, Marion H.....15 Forest Street
Stinson, Edith O.....27 Wendell Street
Stuart, Eva E.....199 Hamilton Street
Sturtevant, Annie M.....32 Brattle Street
Waugh, Alice L.....170 Magazine Street
Wheeler, Millie F.....64 Elm Street
Wilson, Grace W.....94 Prescott Street

Bailey, Ellwood W.....125 Washington Street
Baker, Edward H., Jr.....112 Lake View Avenue
Bell, Stuart.....164 Brattle Street
Betts, Maximilian.....44 Brattle Street
Bicknell, A. Ingham.....330 Harvard Street
Brainard, George H.....4 Arrow Street
Briggs, John De Q.....140 Brattle Street
Burns, Timothy F.....26 Grant Street
Burton, Arthur W.....7 Fayette Street
Carroll, Clement D.....265 Prospect Street
Durrell, Harold C.....17 Dana Street
Farnham, Harold S.....12 Prentiss Street
Fish, Carlton N.....75 Frost Street
Foster, George G.....56 Prince Street
Garfield, Walter T.....37 Irving Street
Gibson, Charles W.....114 Foster Street
Grainger, Joseph F.....53 Fifth Street
Graustein, Archibald R.....19 Arlington Street
Hall, Irving K.....78 Hammond Street
Hastings, Leslie.....5 Dana Street
Holland, Clifford M.....53 Ellery Street
Hubert, George W., Jr.....37½ Magnolia Avenue
Hyde, Dana C.....171 Hancock Street
Marean, M. Browning.....46 Brewster Street
Millican, Frederick J.....40 Sidney Street
Murray, John F.....9 Avon Street
Nutting, Horace L.....6 William Street
Pierce, Robert T. B., Jr.....56 Plympton Street
Ried, Frederick W.....11 Avon Street
Rogers, J. Laurence.....10 Ellsworth Avenue
Russell, Harry W.....10 Bigelow Street
Sheehan, John J.....98 Walden Street
Smith, Robert L.....41 Dana Street
Stevens, Charles A.....49½ Sacramento Street
Sumner, Louis W.....16 Leonard Avenue
Thompson, Eugene L. 4 Pleasant Avenue, Somerville
Weymouth, Frederick A.....15 Beech Street
White, Amos J.....39 Tremont Street
Willard, Frederick R.....12 King Street
Wilson, Theodore H.....16 Lee Street

CLASS IV.

Adams, Alice.....12 Sumner Street
Allen, Grace D.....210 Lexington Street, Boston
Barbour, Esther H.....12 Ellery Street
Bates, Josephine B.....20 Wendell Street
Beane, Marion.....9 Ellery Street
Bennett, Ruth.....49 Linnæan Street
Bertwell, Marguerite M.....255 Upland Road
Bland, Rose P.....38 Pemberton Street
Bowlby, Alexina L. P.....10 Sycamore Street
Boynton, Amy D.....49 Dana Street
Breen, Corinna E.....340 Broadway
Brock, Edna P.....434 Broadway
Busiel, Annie A.....3 Ellsworth Park
Canavan, Alice G.....409 Green Street
Chase, Florence G.....3 Fayette Street
Coolidge, Delpha....17 Garfield Street, Watertown
Crahan, May.....1530 Cambridge Street
Dougherty, Lucy J.....77 Lake View Avenue
Ferdinand, Ninita T.....80 Columbia Street
Ferguson, M. Letitia.....1556 Cambridge Street
Foxcroft, Esther M.....25 Hillside Avenue
Gore, Hazel P.....185 Chestnut Street
Hall, Constance H.....37 Gorham Street
Hathaway, Clara W.....97 Huron Avenue
Hutchins, Helen W.....37 Mt. Vernon Street
Johnson, Helen S.....30 Harris Street
Johnson, Mary H.....26 Lee Street
Kelsey, Laura R.....10 Ashton Place
Lenox, Marjorie.....126 Harvard Street
Manning, Rose E.....398 Putnam Avenue
Marston, Annie M.....17 Saville Street
McElroy, Ethel G.....31 Gray Street
Merrill, Alice G.....49 Dana Street
Mittelbach, Eudora E..2594 Massachusetts Avenue
Murphy, Helena.....117 Montgomery Street
Murray, Ethel I.....87 Trowbridge Street
O'Brien, M. Frances.....43 Baldwin Street
Palmer, Marianne.....14 Arlington Street
Pierce, Jessie L. O.....51 Oxford Street
Ray, M. Constance.....22 Lowell Street
Sharkey, Mary A.....111 Trowbridge Street
Shaw, Alice M.....16 Wendell Street
Stockton, May B.....25 Webster Avenue
Sutton, Margaret.....16 Florence Street
Upham, Lucetta A.....10 Linnæan Street
Webb, Helen M.....10 Arlington Street
Webb, Louise M.....23 Regent Street
Welsh, Elizabeth C.....48 Harvey Street
Weston, Alice D.....10 Cleveland Street
Wildes, Marjorie.....3 Avon Street
Wright, Laura J.....9 Clinton Street
Woodman, Alice L.....76 Garfield Street

Anderson, George E.....80 Oxford Street
Andrews, Horatio L...1044 Massachusetts Avenue
Baxter, William M., Jr.1682 Massachusetts Avenue
Boggs, Francis G.....336 Broadway
Breen, Paul R.....340 Broadway
Brennan, Daniel C.....24 De Wolfe Street
Cahir, Thomas F.....65 Ellery Street
Carr, James W.....41 Baldwin Street
Carrington, James O.....330 Columbia Street
Comey, Arthur C.....54 Concord Avenue
Connor, Frederick A.....11 Beech Street
Crocker, J. Franklin, Jr.....32 Lee Street
Dana, Edmund T.....113 Brattle Street
Davis, N. Burt.....17 Francis Avenue
Detlefsen, John A.....54 Magee Street
Dolan, Archie B.....20 Porter Road
Durant, Henry W.....9 Lowell Street
Dwyer, Thomas F.....238 Broadway
Eaton, J. Earl.....16 Rutland Street
Ellis, A. Russell.....1692 Massachusetts Avenue
Evans, George A.....49 Cottage Street
Fitzgerald, Lyman F.....247 Franklin Street
Frost, Norman W.....53 Orchard Street
Frost, Paul R.....53 Orchard Street
Hall, Henry B.....1558 Massachusetts Avenue
Howe, La Forest H..15 Elton Ave., E. Watertown
Jameson, Winthop S.....45 Mt. Vernon Street
Macdonald, John L.....181 Putnam Avenue
Moore, Harold S.....1 Rutland Street
Morris, Robert.....19 Madison Street
Murphy, John M.....33 Banks Street
Price, John C.....27 Regent Street
Taft, Fletcher W.....32 Avon Hill Street
Tillinghast, Harold M.....50 Garden Street
Waldo, Frederick.....56 Shepard Street
Wyman, John P., Jr.....23 Fayette Street

CLASS V.

Abbott, Mabelle L.....98 Ellery Street
Alley, Marion B.....16 Clinton Street
Bailey, Ethel M.....79 Dana Street
Bennett, C. Theresa.....4 Cowperthwaite Street
Bunton, Florence E.....63 Washington Avenue
Burton, Flora E.....30 Langdon Street
Churchill, Frederika.....156 Hancock Street
Clark, Eva A.....6 Tenney Street
Clark, Sara C.....6 Hurlbut Street
Dickey, Florence.....267 Putnam Avenue
Earl, Mary E.....16 Healey Street
Earle, Marion G.....322 Broadway
Farrington, Florence R.....Newton Centre
Frost, Clara E.....77 Franklin Street
Frost, Marion.....42 Creighton Street
Garton, Stella R.....364 Harvard Street

Gilmore, Gladys C.....74 Avon Hill Street
Goodridge, Elinor M..1705 Massachusetts Avenue
Hopkins, Bessie L.....69 Mt. Vernon Street
Huling, Alice B.....101 Trowbridge Street
Humans, Florence G.....70 Antrim Street
Hurter, Annie B.....25 Highland Avenue
Johnson, J. Mehitable.....212 Harvard Street
Johnson, M. Gertrude.....297 Green Street
Kendall, Marion E.....11 Wyeth Street
La Pierre, Hattie F.....109 River Street
Larner, Lillian H.....948 Massachusetts Avenue
Locke, Ruth F.....14 Dover Street
Lovering, Susan R....1648 Massachusetts Avenue
Luke, Grace R.....15 Maple Avenue
MacLeod, Sarah J.....146 Mt. Auburn Street
Mandell, Helen E.....4 Walnut Avenue
McCarthy, Mary A.....134½ Hampshire Street
McCarthy, Nora F.....11 Ninth Street
McFall, Adelaide L.....90 Fourth Street
M'Kinnon, Charlessie E.....12 Clinton Street
Mulrey, Cora.....150 Holworthy Street
Murphy, Elizabeth.....37 Hubbard Avenue
Pease, Mattie M.....25 Rindge Avenue
Pevey, E. Louise.....17 Hurlbut Street
Piper, Eleanor.....55 Langdon Street
Pope, Beatrice E.....125 Oxford Street
Reeves, Ida M.....25 Sacramento Street
Rice, Edith M.....135 Otis Street
Rice, Ethel A.....26 Lowell Street
Russell, Mildred W.....176 Hancock Street
Shaw, Louise C.....16 Sacramento Street
Sheridan, Lizzie.....106 Hamilton Street
Sullivan, Katherine G.....36 Ellery Street
Telford, Olive.....45 Sacramento Street
Ware, Pamela C.....375 Broadway
Webb, Bessie E.....10 Arlington Street
White, Bertha L.....31 Mt. Pleasant Street
Whittier, Edith H.....35 William Street
Wiseman, Ellen G.....4 Gore Street
Woodfin, Helen L.....44 Mt. Pleasant Street

Ahern, John J., Jr.....62 Fifth Street
Aldrich, Harry M.....131 Antrim Street
Allen, Frank E.....210 Lexington Street, Boston
Allyn, S. Bradford.....11 Berkeley Street
Amee, Lawrence.....18 Gray Street
Arnold, Robert V.....1683 Cambridge Street
Bailey, Irving W.....10 Concord Avenue
Bailey, Shepard.....23 Buena Vista Park
Baker, Eldridge I.....111 Museum Street
Baldwin, John F.....10 Hilliard Place
Barnard, Frederick C.....29 Sidney Street
Baxter, Henry C....Oxford Street, Harvard Lawn
Bell, James S., Jr.....50 Dana Street
Brooks, Guy.....8 Francis Avenue
Burton, Carlisle W.....30 Langdon Street
Cahill, Edward F.....313 Prospect Street
Cahill, Thomas J.....313 Prospect Street
Canavan, John H.....409 Green Street
Coburn, Chester A.....148 Spring Street
Conlin, Thomas A.....1534 Cambridge Street
Crowley, Timothy F.....149 Otis Street
Cunningham, Thomas E.,Jr.847 Massachusetts Ave.
Daly, Harry H.....4 Brattle Street
Doherty, Henry A., Jr.....83 Hammond Street
Feeley, Walter C.....265 Western Avenue
Gaughan, Henry F.....78 Berkshire Street
Gilligan, Robert A.....145 Otis Street
Good, Albert E.....255 Putnam Avenue
Hall, Walter S.....233 Hampshire Street
Hallett, Richard M.....163 Magazine Street
Hammond, John W.....337 Harvard Street
Harlow, Albert M.....289 Harvard Street
Heywood, Angelo T....991 Massachusetts Avenue
Hopewell, Henry C.....82 Magazine Street
Houston, William F.....18 Hews Street
Howe, Frederick S.....28 Arlington Street
Hull, Chester L.....903 Main Street
James, Frank T.....26 Clinton Street
Kellsey, Lewis L. L.....32 Gray Street
Ketchum, Claude H.....183 Columbia Street
Lamson, Percy G.....11 Gardener Street
Macy, Frank S.....10 Remington Street
Mannix, James C.....196 Appleton Street
Mannix, John J.....196 Appleton Street
Mariett, Harold M.....5 Park Street
Montgomery, William A.....90 Tremont Street
Morris, Arthur C.....359 Harvard Street
Mowll, Philip W.....124 Otis Street
Mulcahy, Thomas F.....392 Norfolk Street
Murphy, John J.....117 Montgomery Street
Nagle, William J.....101 Pearl Street
Newman, Christopher F., Jr..40 Holworthy Street
O'Connor, Stephen L.....179 Charles Street
O'Hare, John T.....47 Reservoir Street
O'Mahoney, Joseph C.....189 Columbia Street
Perry, Karl G.....183 Chestnut Street
Potter, Louis M.....87 Lake View Avenue
Quill, Patrick.....15 Middlesex Street
Rider, Charles A.....13 Chauncey Street
Rider, Hiel G.....13 Chauncey Street
Rivinius, George A.....8 Hurlbut Street
Rogers, Mason T.....79 Rindge Avenue
Shurtleff, John F.....186 Elm Street
Stevens, Herbert L.....31 Walden Street
Sullivan, Eugene L.....7 Chapman Place
Sullivan, Joseph F.....64 Sixth Street
Taylor, H. Winthrop.....15 Mellen Street
Walsh, Michael S.....213 Rindge Avenue

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

PUBLISHED monthly during the school year by the undergraduates of the Cambridge Latin School and the Cambridge English High School.

Contributions are solicited from undergraduates and alumni, and may be left in the REVIEW boxes at the schools or mailed to "THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW," 26A Brattle Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Contributors will please write legibly in ink on one si le of the paper only and sign their names in full.

Terms of subscription, seventy-five cents a year. Single copies, ten cents.

Address all business communications and make checks payable to the Business Manager.

Entered at Post-Office, Boston, as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRESS OF CAUSTIC & CLAFLIN, CAMBRIDGE.

Board of Editors.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

HOLLAND BENNETT, '00.

First Associate Editor.

FRED H. DOW, '00.

Associate Editors.

GRACE M. NORRIS, '00. JENNIE B. ALLYN, '00.
ELSIE D. MCWAIN, '00. EDNA P. SMITH, '00.
CHESTER A. GARFIELD, '00. HAROLD W. BENNETT, '01.
PSYCHE CERES HEYWOOD, '02.

Class Editors.

MARY L. COLEMAN, '00. IDA M. STEVENS, '01.
RALPH H. CROSWELL, '01. JOHN T. GLIDDEN, '01.
EDGAR L. SMITH, '01. SYLVANUS W. WILDER, '02.
FREDERICK W. RIED, '02. FLORENCE M. HAYDEN, '03.
ALEXINA L. P. BOWLBY, '03. FLETCHER W. TAFT, '03.
LAWRENCE AMEE, '04. GRACE R. LUKE, '04.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

CLIFFORD H. WALKER, '00.

Assistants.

LOUIS W. SUMNER, '02. PROCTOR CARR, '00.
JOHN C. DAVENPORT, '00. PHILIP R. AMMIDON, '01.

ANNOUNCEMEMTS.

The next issue of the REVIEW will appear on Thursday, November ninth. All copy *must* be in by Saturday, October twenty-eighth.

Following is the foot-ball schedule as arranged so far:

October 13—Medford, at Medford.
October 17—Arlington, at Arlington.
October 20—Brookline, at Brookline.
October 24—Newton, at Newton.

These dates are subject to change.

The REVIEW may be found on sale at Amee's, in Harvard square, and Beunke's, 553 Massachusetts avenue.

All notices for this column should be handed to the editor, at the latest, on the Friday preceding publication.

Edward Taylor, '00, High School, has been appointed manager of the foot-ball team.

At a mass meeting held in the Science Lecture Hall at the High School on Friday, October sixth, a recommendation of the supervisory committee of athletics was adopted, providing that the committee should be increased by the addition of two members, the captain of the foot-ball team and the captain of the base-ball team. John McGirr, '00, and Proctor Carr, '00, the two captains, were therefore declared ex-officio members of the committee. Fred H. Dow, '00, of the High School, and Holland Bennett, '00, of the Latin School, were then elected as the two undergraduate members of the committee.

A SUMMER DAY.

MORNING.

The golden sun had just begun
To peep o'er the eastern bar,
And the wide, blue sky that rolled on high
Had not a cloud to mar.

The river's sheen, the meadow's green,
Told tales of summer's reign,
And the flowers fair to the morning air
Sent not their scent in vain.

In their own sweet way, at this dawn of day,
The lovely blossoms sang,
Until the birds had caught their words,
And the song to mortals rang.

A joyous song, this feathered throng
Sent to the sky above,
Till e'en the trees and the gentle breeze
Joined in the lay of love.

EVENING.

A rosy tint from the celestial mint
Had colored the milky way,
But it soon gave place to starry grace,
And bade farewell to day.

The birds in their nests had gone to rest
When the shadows began to fall,
But the queen of night with her silver light,
Shone mildly over all.

A gentle mist the warm earth kissed,
Which would at the coming morn,
In diamonds bright, reflect the light,
The flowers and earth adorn.

A. M. E., '02.

THAT VILLA.

The Joneses were a family of most moderate means, but of most immoderate desires. In the first place there were Mr. Jones, Henry W. Jones, Esq., of "Smith, James & Jones, attorneys at law," then there were Mrs. Arabella Jones, and six little Joneses, each of whom had a most remarkable knowledge of just what he wanted, and just how much of it—everything and all of it! By saying that the Joneses' circumstances were very moderate, I do not mean that they were not comfortable enough in their little suburban home, that they were not well clad, and had not plenty to eat,—but that they surely had not half they desired.

For the last five years, times had been very hard, and although Jones, Sr., had had about the same number of cases as usual—a number pitifully small at any time—he had been able to collect but very little from his hard pressed clients. Now the panic was over and business was gradually becoming better again, so that Jones could once more fumble a little change in his pocket, and carry a well-rounded purse, without feeling that the money belonged to his grocer or provision dealer; but the whole family knew it, and consequently there was no peace for Jones. It was Mrs. Jones who most earnestly desired to know whether "Henry, dear" did not think that at

last they might furnish the parlor; it was Charley Jones who thought that now he surely could go to college; but it was the most fashionable and dignified Mary Jones who decided that such a highly respectable family as theirs could never live another month without a summer home, or, as she chose to call it, a country villa. The weather was hot and unpleasant, for fair June was rapidly going, and yet they were undecided as to what should be done: there was just one thing certain, they must do something. The question became actually odious to Jones. He disliked to return home each evening, only to hear what Mrs. Jones really thought "Henry, dear" might do, and what Charley, Dick and Mary felt they *must* have.

But after all, Mary seemed to have hit the popular idea—yes, they must have a summer house; or at least so everyone except Henry thought. At times Jones desperately planned going into insolvency. The idea of a "country villa"! It was the same old question of supply and demand, but for once the demand seemed impossibly large.

Still there was nothing else to do. His whole family seemed changed to wheedling children, and like the stern parent he tried to be, he cried, "Take all! take anything and everything! only keep quiet!" Ay, if it took his bottom dollar, his last cent, he would hire a "villa" for the season; and, consequently, he began making inquiries. His rich old friend Peters wrote that he had a lovely little villa at Marblehead with a fancy pagoda in the front yard and a hundred and one fancy patterns of beach stones to take the place of a lawn, but this same dear friend wanted fifty dollars a month, and that was so reasonable! Everyone had a house to let, and they all seemed so reasonable to everyone but Jones. How kind these men were! Each one had reduced his rent fully fifty per cent just because he was making the offer to his dear friend Jones!—so they said, and so Henry tried to believe. No! He would die on the field of battle sooner than pay $50 per month for the privilege of living in a house not nearly as comfortable as his own.

Tired and disgusted he slowly tore open another envelope with a real estate dealer's address in its upper left-hand corner. What! It must be a mistake; it could not be true; still, there was the letter on his desk.

June 13, 1898.

Henry W. Jones, Esq.

Dear Sir: I have a cottage in Homeville, N. H., at my disposal; my tenants left suddenly. The site is all that you can desire, the house itself is in first-class order, and only five minutes' walk from the railroad station. As a personal favor I should be pleased to let you have it for the months of July and August at the rate of six dollars ($6) per month. Hoping to receive a favorable reply soon, I am,

Yours, etc.,

David Thompson.

Homeville, N. H., P. O. Box 8.

Surely there must be a cipher after that six; David Thompson—who was he? Jones had never met the man, he thought,—but then the flattery began to take effect. What if he did not remember Mr. Thompson, that was very probable even if he had met him; but of course Mr. Thompson could never forget having been presented to him—Henry W. Jones, Esq., the great Boston lawyer. He had met so many great men, this poor man from Homeville so few. He thought and thought. The more he thought the more contented he became both with himself and the world at large. He even began to understand Mary's argument that such a great man as he could not possibly afford to go without a summer home—at $6 per month. It is needless to say that the afternoon train bore Henry Jones, Esq., to Homeville, but perhaps it may be most interesting to note that the evening train brought him back again for once fully satisfied. At tea that evening he

gave a most glowing account of Homeville and "The Villa." He spoke of the beautiful lake teeming with hungry fish (to Charley), of the green fields and pleasant groves (to Mrs.), of how the Van Thousandpurses spent their summers there (to Mary), and they were all satisfied. Was there ever such a nice, kind, thoughtful man as our "dear Henry! dear Henry!" who told everything—but the price. Never before had Jones realized the beauty of Homeville! He was an extremely practical man—I fear the beauty varied inversely as $50:6. How much more beautiful was quiet Homeville than gay Marblehead;—the difference exactly equalled $50—6;—but my dear friends, there's plenty of beauty worse than that!

In another fortnight the whole tribe was comfortably settled in "The Villa," Homeville, N. H. Mary had even bought a new supply of note paper that these impressive words, "The Villa," might be daintily stamped in the yellowest gold on each sheet. She had even seen and spoken to the beautiful Miss Goldenheir Van Thousandpurses (what a dear girl she was!), and was she not invited to one of this young lady's select "at homes" tomorrow evening? Ah, well! a country party is pleasant enough until it comes one's turn to eat chocolate iced milk and drink the sourest kind of lemonade—all with the most agreeable smile imaginable at your kind hostess. "Papa surely is a dear," so saith Mary.

The house was rather old, it is true, but it was in good repair and had the best situation in town. Not far from the house was a large quarry, now altogether unused; in front of the house was a beautiful lake, always quiet and dreamy. Dogs never strayed about the place, cats avoided it as poison; it was surely an ideal summer home for the Jones family, and who had ever seen Henry so completely satisfied! What a beautiful little example that was—how clear, how much to the point—$50 minus $6—$44.

On dark, dreary nights one seemed to hear blood-curdling shrieks and awful cries, but the practical Joneses knew that it was merely the wind blowing down the chimney. Who hasn't heard such noises in old country houses? Also Johnny awoke crying one night, declaring he had seen a ghost, and it took much practical reasoning to convince the young gentleman that the ghost was nothing more than the moonshine on the floor. It is also true that Homeville Jake and Praise God Jonathan leaned against the entrance to the imposing building which was announced by its badly painted sign to be the "Washington House," and made sundry remarks about "durned fools anyway those city folk." But it is certain that the Jones family was never before in all its life so absolutely happy.

At last August passed, and "The Villa" being let for the season, a sad family returned to home and to work. All had again been going in the old way for about a fortnight. The night was cold and rainy, and the Jones family was all gathered in the sitting room when Henry Jones, Esq., made the remarkable announcement that he was about to tell a story. They did *not* all gather about the speaker or even give their undivided attention, as the local paper persisted in stating all the learned men of Boston did, when Mr. Jones made this unusual announcement. They all continued to work on calmly, but still Jones felt that they were all prepared to listen.

"Now Mrs. J., you recollect that I have never told you how much I paid for 'The Villa.' As a matter of fact I gave just six dollars a month. Mr. Thompson let it to me at that price as a personal favor—so he said. Today while looking over some old reports I came across an old account headed 'Murder at Homeville.'

Chorus: "Why! Papa Jones!"

"The case seems to be merely this: There was a baby about a year old murdered in Homeville in 1866. No clew was ever found as to who did the deed. The child was missing—they dragged the lake and found her mangled remains. Soon afterwards the mother died, drowned in the lake. Still no clew. That is the way the law sees it, but I had scarcely finished glancing over this brief account when Benjamin Leavitt of Homeville entered my office. He had a little job for me, but business was soon over and we fell to talking. 'By the by,' said he, 'I suppose you know that house you hired last summer has a history.'

Chorus: "Why! Papa Jones!"

"'Well, years ago a child and mother disappeared from that very house. I suppose you know the story.'

"I said that I had just been glancing over a record of that disappearance."

"'Oh, didn't you notice how lonely the place was,' said he. 'It has a bad reputation; in short, it is said to be haunted. The drowned mother has appeared repeatedly carrying her mangled child. You noticed the quarry near by? One day last year the apparition appeared—and—there has been no work in that quarry since. No, sir! Not for ten dollars a day would men work there. You noticed those two mounds in the front yard? Those are the graves. Again and again have the ghosts risen from those dark graves to prowl over the house, awakening the sleepers with their wailing; again and again have they been seen blood-covered and haggard—always wailing—always weeping. No, sir! not for a thousand dollars would I live in that house. Why! the very cats and dogs avoid it, and when creatures—all creatures except bats—leave a place, it's no fit spot for human beings.' And Mary," Henry J. continued, "I have decided one thing, Mr. Thompson is not half the fool I took him for. He would have had to pay, and pay high, to get another tenant."

Mary arose with fitting dignity: she brought that half-used box of note paper: slowly and deliberately she tore the sheets of paper and threw each golden "The Villa" into the flames. All with fitting dignity—dignity which settled the villa forever; but at last it came. "O Father! Why did you tell us?"

And then for once I think Mary Jones lost her dignity. H. W. B., '01.

DEBATING SOCIETIES.

HIGH SCHOOL.

The first meeting of the English High School Debating Society was held on Friday, the 22nd of September, directly after school. The purpose of this meeting was to elect a president for this year. This was necessary because Mr. Calley, who was elected last spring, has left school.

Mr. Oakes was unanimously chosen president.

The first regular meeting of the society was held Friday, the 29th of September, in the Science Lecture Hall.

Mr. Oakes, who had been elected president at the previous meeting, resigned, as he intends to attend a drawing class which meets on Debating Society nights. Mr. McInnes also resigned the office of vice-president. Mr. McInnes, '00, was then elected president, and Miss Allyn, '00, vice-president.

As there had been no debate arranged for the evening, the society resorted to a "hash

debate." There were four subjects discussed, one of which, "Resolved, That Dewey should be invited to Cambridge," called forth some very witty remarks from Mr. Good of the Latin School Debating Society.

Mr. Deran and Mr. Clark made some very interesting points.

LATIN SCHOOL.

The Latin School Debating Society began the new season very successfully on Thursday evening, September 28th. In accordance with the new rules, only those who held tickets were admitted, and this resulted in much better order. The constitution and by-laws, as revised by a special committee, were adopted with a few amendments. The president was authorized to appoint a standing committee of three to arrange for joint debates with societies other than the High School Society, for which a special committee will be appointed. Mr. Good, '00, the secretary, resigned, saying that he intended to leave school; the resignation was accepted, and Mr. Good, '01, was elected to fill the vacancy.

The question of the evening was: "Resolved, That Admiral Dewey's victory warrants the honor he has received." All the members present were required to make short speeches on this subject, each choosing his own side. The negative was warmly supported as well as the affirmative, so that the debate proved very interesting and entertaining.

Philip Adams, '99, and Thomas F. Good, '00, were elected to honorary membership. H. Eugene Rideout, '01, was elected a member of the society. The president has appointed the following as a standing committee on joint debates: Messrs. Bennett, '00, chairman, ex-officio; Counihan, '00; Good, '01; and Bicknell, '02.

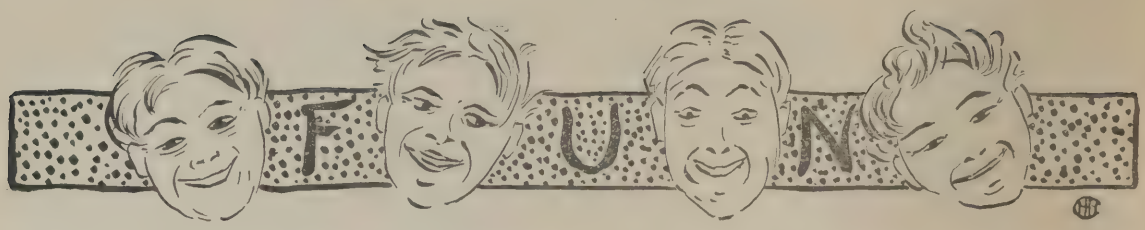
GIRLS' CORNER.

The art of lace making is very old, dating back to the fourteenth century. Point lace was invented first, and very beautiful pieces were made in convents by nuns. Although the thread used was exceedingly fine, the lace was durable, as there are many pieces of it still in existence. The art of making this kind of point is supposed to have been lost in the first part of the sixteenth century.

After that, pillow lace began to be made. Some very old pattern books show that emblematic designs were often used. Figures representing the seasons, the elements, and St. George and the Dragon were frequently woven into the lace.

In the sixteenth century, lace was worn a great deal in England, by both men and women. Queen Elizabeth had about three thousand lace-trimmed suits at the time of her death. In France, ruffles of lace were worn even in the tops of high boots, and lace rosettes in shoes. After the Revolution, lace went out of fashion for a while, but it was revived by Napoleon I., who had lace hangings, figured with the imperial bees, made at a great cost.

One of the most beautiful kinds of laces is the Venetian Point, which is no longer made. The figures were stuffed and stood out in high relief. Perhaps more skill was required in making the old Brussels lace than any other kind. The threads were so delicate that they broke easily in dry air, and consequently the work had to be carried on in dark cellars. A little ray of light was admitted, but the weavers were guided almost wholly by touch. Naturally, the real Brussels was very expensive; it has been sold for $10,000 a pound.



Chappie—I don't look at all like myself today.

Crosschap—It would be a good time to have your picture taken.

Patient—What would you think of a warmer climate for me, doctor?

Doctor—Good Lord, man! That's just what I'm trying to save you from!

He—I'm working on a flying machine, dear.

She—It's too bad you haven't it with you; I hear papa coming down stairs.

Jack (feeling his way)—I—I wish we were good friends enough for you to—to call me by my first name.

Jane (helping him along)—Oh, your last name is good enough for me.

Algernon—Tommy, do you think your sister would marry me?

Tommy—Yes, she'd marry most anything from what she said to ma.

Little Lillie—Don't you think I look like my mamma, doctor?

Mother—Hush, child, don't be vain!

"This potato is only half done, my dear," said he, crossly.

"Then only eat half of it, my love," she replied, affectionately.

He (philosophically)—A fool and his money are soon parted.

She (innocently)—I didn't know you ever had any money.

Mrs. Watts—Are you anxious to earn a good dinner, my poor man?

Weary Haggs—Not half as anxious as I am for the dinner.

Binks—Do you use a fountain pen?

Winks—Not since I joined the church.

Waiter—Mock turtle soup, sir?

Guest—No, I tried it yesterday—too much mock.

Miss Beacon Hill—It's strange, but I can't remember where Dresden is.

Young Lakeside—O, that's easy—in China. Saw the address in a shop window today.

He—Why do you call your brother Hennery?

She—Why—'cause he's always layin' round.

Chappy—Yas, my ancestors were all intellectual, and—

Miss Maud—Too bad you were not one of them.

Cobwigger—You seem rather reflective, my dear.

Mrs. C.—I was wondering where I would sit in church. If I take a front seat, everybody will see my new bonnet, while if I sit in the rear I will be able to see all the others.

Mrs. Younger—O Tom, come quick! The baby's had a terrible fall.

Mr. Younger—Is he knocked senseless?

Mrs. Younger—Oh, I can't tell, he's crying so!

Polite shopman (showing goods)—Here is something I would like to show you, madam. It's the latest thing out.

Mrs. Rounder (absently)—If there's anything out later than my husband I'll take it, if only as a curiosity.

THE PALIO AT SIENA.

Every year, in the old town of Siena, whose walls are perched high among the Tuscan hills, there is held a great horse race between the various *contrade* or wards of the town. The scene of the contest is a large semicircular *piazza*, bounded on its straight side by the Palazzo Publico with its lofty tower, and on its curved by the houses of many noble families. My mother and I were fortunate enough to be in the town during the week of the race.

For some time before the appointed day, the *piazza* was decorated in preparation for the event, gaily colored draperies hanging from many balconies, and flags flying on every side. Practice races were held morning and evening for several days. Late in the afternoon of the day before the race, we went to the balcony where we had engaged seats, and paid our extra twenty-five *centessimi* to see the final trial. We had to wait some time before the mounted guards, with brilliant uniforms and fine horses, cleared the course, followed by "Cops" on foot, who brushed up, with a dustpan and brush, the people left by the broom of the horsemen. Then a gun went off, a drum began to beat, and, coming out of the Palazzo Publico, we saw the racers mounted on small wirery horses. The riders were dressed in bright colors, the colors of the *contrada* that they represented, with the symbol of their wards painted on their backs; these took the form of snails, geese, towers, and so on.

Directly in front of us, two heavy ropes were stretched across the course, and the riders, when their names were called, took their positions between them. The signal to start was to be given by dropping the foremost rope, and of course the rider who could tell, by the motions of the starter when the rope was to be dropped, would get the advantage. One of the horsemen thought the start was to be made, and dug his heels into his horse's flanks; immediately all the others did the same, but the rope did not fall.

One rider was thrown down against the fence at the side of the course, while several horses fell round him. Another tumbled under the rope, and his horse, stranded upon it, could get neither over nor back. One horse

was tripped completely, and fell with his full weight upon his prostrate rider; he tried to get up, but fell back again upon the man. When this last horse finally did get up, he behaved beautifully, standing perfectly still while his unconscious rider was picked up and carried to the hospital. Other men were hurt, but they all rode in the trial that followed. Behind us there stood an Italian who began yelling at the start, hardly stopping to take breath until the finish; then he commenced telling all who would listen, with many complicated Italian oaths, how the same accident had happened in such and such a

year, only a very much worse one. Two men were thrown during this race, for the turn at the farther end of the *piazza* was very sharp, and the ground immediately following it, sloped down decidedly.

The next day, Sunday, was the day of the great race. After lunch, our *padrona*, or boarding-house-keeper, told us that if we wanted to see the horse of our *contrada* blessed, it was time to set out.

Walking through the steep, narrow streets, we were guided by the roll of drums, to where the race horse was being harnessed in his green, red and white trappings (these were the colors of our district). Nearby a man dressed in gay mediæval costume, which has always been worn by the representatives of this district, was waving a flag in much the same manner that an American drum-major twirls his baton.

As the church of Santa Caterina, where the horse was to be blessed, was small, we entered it so as to secure good seats. Soon the horse came in, preceded by a throng of pages in brightly colored costumes, and was led up to the altar, where an aged priest, after having chanted a few sentences, sprinkled him with holy water.

Later in the afternoon we went back to our balcony on the *piazza*, for the hour of the race was approaching. The balcony was not three feet wide, and against the wall they had placed benches, upon which those who had tickets marked "*dietro*" stood, while those with "*avanti*" on their cards were supposed to sit on what remained of the bench after the "*dietro*" man had placed his feet. A band in the centre of the *piazza* played at intervals, while we looked down on the swaying crowd of peasants who had come in from the surrounding country, perhaps on donkeys, to enjoy this holiday. Soon the band was silenced, and a murmur from the crowd announced the approach of the gorgeous procession, which presently issued from a side street on our right. First came a horseman, dressed in ancient costume, bearing the banner of Siena; he was followed by men, playing upon long trumpets, with flags of Siena, which hung from their instruments, swaying in time to the stately music. Then followed the representatives of the various *contrade*, each with its captain, drummer and color bearer, who did wonderful juggling with his banner, tossing it high into the air, and catching it again, not allowing its folds to be idle a second. As the red, white and green banner bearing the symbol of the goose, known to the Italians as an *oca*, came by, we cheered with those about us, for that was our *contrada*.

After this gay procession, with its gyrating banners, had encircled the *piazza*, the race horses were taken into the court yard of the Palazzo Publico, to be stripped of their unnecessary decorations. A silence followed, which was rudely broken by the preliminary gun; then the racers came from under the archway of the old palace, and walked their horses to the starting point, the spirited animals quivering with excitement. As the last horse came into the space between the two ropes, one of the other horses jumped forward, and for a moment we thought that we were to have a repetition of the scene of the day before, but his rider held him until the rope was dropped and they all started off.

The Snail led by a good deal at the start, but at the foot of the incline in front of the Palazzo we saw a cloud of dust out of which came a riderless horse, closely followed by the Tower and the Goose. The Snail horse, running without a rider, kept ahead for almost an entire lap, but suddenly he made a dash into the crowd, at the mouth of one of the side streets that entered the *piazza*. Luckily no one was hurt.

I cannot remember exactly where the Tower fell, but fall he did, and when they passed us a second time the Goose was far in the lead. He kept his lead all the way round, and although he stumbled once or twice on the inclines, he finished the victor.

How the *Oca* flag waved! How the *Oca* hats went into the air as the winner rode up to the judge's stand, and took the victor's banner!

E. L. S., '01.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

1900.

Wells is now attending Burdett's Business College.

Taylor has been appointed manager of the foot-ball team.

Oakes, one of the former members of the class, has returned to school. He ought to be a good addition to the crew. Last year he attended Worcester Academy.

Haworth and Mayhew have returned to school, and are out for the foot-ball team.

Balmer, formerly of the Latin School, has joined our ranks.

The following officers have been elected for the year: President, Edward Taylor; vice-president, Miss Foxcroft; secretary, Miss Mahady; and treasurer, Henry Wyeth. The following were elected as photograph committee: Messrs. McInness (chairman) and Soule, Miss Prentice, Miss Smith and Miss Foxcroft.

1901.

Let us hope the class will not have to perform the Diogenes act with a lantern to find a man for class president.

There is a faint rumor that even the teachers cannot unravel the different courses which are now a part of the school work.

There in a painful habit among the boys of the Institute section who recite chemistry, of picking up the wrong ends of hot tubes.

Misses Faulkner and Fairbanks are at Burdett's Business College. They are missed. Success to them!

No spectators at 1901's basket-ball practice this year.

Who is the wit of the third-hour physics?

Many of the girls are ready to begin basket-ball again; they ought soon to play Somerville to pay up for that foot-ball game last year.

Where has the most of the class in harmony gone?

How many girls are going to join the foot-ball team? Upham is manager.

1902.

Review notes should be signed to receive publication.

Why not keep up our good showing in the Debating Society?

Heard while taking attendance:

Teacher—Anyone else absent this morning? If so, please stand.

The basket-ball team of 1902 had its first game Thursday afternoon. Alice M. Boyce and Florence Colby were elected captains. Miss Lowe will act as coach.

Dolan, formerly of 1902, is attending the Latin school, and Miss Lantigua is at Burdett's.

1903.

Welcome, 1903!

Don't forget the Review box in the lower corridor.

What is Lang's favorite song?

Holt was sliding down the bicycle run at the Latin School, at recess Wednesday, September 27, and broke his leg. Mr. Huling, with the assistance of two boys, took him home in a hack.

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

1900.

Are we actually seniors?

A meeting of the class was held Thursday, September 28th, when the following officers were elected for the first half-year: President, Mr. Carr; vice-president, Miss Norris; treasurer, Mr. Counihan; secretary, Miss Hopkins. A motion was carried to empower the president to appoint a committee for the purpose of selecting a class photographer. Mr. Carr did not announce his choice.

Several former members of the class did not return to school this year, but in their place quite a number of new scholars have joined us. Of C. L. S., '99, Miss Bates, Miss Earl and Miss Emerson, and of E. H. S., '99, Miss Flanagan and Miss Brownell, are taking a post-graduate course.

Basket-ball has commenced again, and the girls have shown quite a little enthusiasm. There is especially good material this year, and if all come and do their best each time, we ought to have a good team. Miss Coleman has been chosen captain, and under her management we hope to do some good work.

What experts in pun-making the Greek divisions are getting to be!

1901.

It does not take long for the novelty of school to wear off—this year.

The class organization has elected the following officers: President, Mr. Chapin; vice-president, Miss Barbour; treasurer, Mr. H. W. Bennett; secretary, Miss Wood.

Why is it that the girls have so enjoyed the experiments on images and reflection?

The captain of the basket-ball team is Miss Beard; manager, Miss Robinson.

We have a few new members in our class. Miss Hopkins, Mr. Chase, Mr. Crothers and Mr. Linnell, to take the place of those who have not returned.

Balmer, 1901, is now attending the High School.

Mr. Rideout of 1901 is a member of the C. L. S. D. S. We have six members, but need six more.

Miss Sampson is well appreciated in physics.

Latin is not so bad, Greek might be worse, history, French and physics are about so-so, but algebra is *awful.*

1902.

1902 has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Mr. Burns; vice-president, Miss Heywood; secretary, Miss Burton; treasurer, Mr. Bicknell.

We seem equal to the increase of studies without the loss of class spirit or enthusiasm predicted by our upper-class friends.

The chances for athletics in our class this year seem very bright. There is good base-ball, foot-ball, basket-ball and ice-polo material, and in tennis we are foremost.

The basket-ball players have lost their valuable coach, Miss Jones, who has left Cambridge, but they hope to have another in a short time.

This year we have lost several scholars from our ranks, but let us give the seven new ones the best wishes of 1902.

We all were glad to see Amos White back again.

Our caucus was quite the real thing, and so Mr. Bradbury thought.

1902.

The tennis tournament resulted as follows: boys' singles, won by Burns; girls' singles, Miss Eaton; girls' doubles, Miss Eaton and Miss Wilson; mixed doubles, Miss Dallinger and Mr. Reid; boys' doubles, not yet played. Burns was awarded a banner, and the others received ribbons.

1903.

We are no longer the freshman class of 1903. Three cheers for 1904!

Many of the old faces are missed, but some new ones are seen.

Dolan, High School, '02, has entered Latin School, '03.

Let all who can become members of the Debating Society.

All the girls should be interested in the class basket-ball team. We wish it better luck this year than last. Louise M. Webb has been elected captain, and Mary Earl manager. The practice days are Monday from 4 to 5, and Thursday from 2 to 3.

The girls' secret society, the B. Z., held its first meeting this season on September 25th. Miss Helen Webb was elected president and Miss Bessie Webb treasurer.

The following officers have been elected for the coming year: President, Fletcher Taft; vice-president, Miss Helen Johnson; secretary, Miss Ruth Bennett; and treasurer, Russel Ellis.

We are very sorry to lose Miss Shepard.

Warning to certain members of the German division—a spider is a very dangerous animal to play with.

OBITUARY.

During the summer vacation, Mary B. Kemper, one of the members of the class of 1903, lost her life in a drowning accident. She rescued her younger sister from certain death, but, overcome by exhaustion, she died herself as soon as she reached the shore.

1904.

The entering class this year was the largest on record. The class hopes to hold its first meeting some time during the coming month. In the meanwhile all members are requested to think over such problems as the election of officers, a class color, a class pin, etc.

The girls already have the basket-ball fever and are starting out to win.

Who was it that sent round a note during hygiene class with this inscription: "Grant said, 'Can I lick you, Lee?'" (*caniliculi.*)

NEW MUSIC.

(From White-Smith Co.)

"Columbia March," for pianoforte, dedicated to our new cup defender. An inspiring march, with handsome lithographed cover. Written by Bart E. Grady, composer of the celebrated "Defender March." Price 50 cents.

"I Love You and You Love Me." Waltz, song and chorus, by Dave Marion. Price 50 cents.

Musical settings of Rudyard Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads," by Gerard F. Cobb.

1. "Gunga Din." Price 50 cents.
2. "Troopin' Din." Price 60 cents.

"Ind Grand Valse de Salon," for pianoforte. By Moritz E. Schwarz.

"Blessed are the Lowly of Earth." Sacred song. Words by William H. Gardner, music by A. B. MacKenzie. High and low voice. Price 50 cents.

"Little Emerald." Polka by H. Engelman. One of four easy dances by the same author, entitled "Precious Little Gems." Price 25 cents.

ATHLETICS.

On the Friday after school opened, Captain McGirr called out candidates for the foot-ball team, and a good number responded. Since then the practice has been earnest and regular, and three games have been played, of which one resulted in a tie and two in victories. Following is the list of the men who have been out for the team: Houston, Carr, Murphy, Holt, Leitch, Williams, Hastings, Soule, Clarkson, McGirr (captain), Mayhew, Crawford, Parker, Rondena, Gove, Fish, Haworth, Pierce, Carrol and Foster.

THE FIRST LINE-UP.

On Monday, October 2, C. H. & L. lined up against Training School at Charles River Park. Two short halves were played, resulting in a tie.

In the first half, neither side came near scoring except when Callon of C. M. T. S. broke away from the bunch in the middle of the field, and got a clear road to the goal line. Our back did not play far enough behind the line to intercept him, and he was only prevented from scoring by McGirr, who followed him and downed him on our ten-yard line. Time was called before Training School could follow up the advantage obtained.

In the second half, Parker kicked off, and C. M. T. S. kept the ball for the rest of the game, except when Cambridge would make a stand near her goal line, get the ball on downs and punt it out to about the thirty-five-yard line.

The game was very encouraging for Cambridge, and showed that she had the material for a strong eleven. The offensive play was rather weak on account of the lack of practice of one or two of the players. The line as a whole played well.

Training School made no great gains around our ends; Rondena and McGirr stopped them at right, while Mayhew broke up their interference at left. The ends were rather slow in getting down on kicks, and the line should be coached in opening up holes.

The line-up of Cambridge was: Fish (Haworth), l.e.; Hastings, l.t.; Holt, l.g.; Houston, c.; Williams, r.g.; Pierce, r.t.; Rondena, r.e.; Parker, q.; McGirr, l.h.b.; Crawford, r.h.b.; Mayhew, f.b.

CAMBRIDGE 12, WINCHESTER 0.

On Thursday, October 5, Cambridge went to Winchester, where they defeated the home team 12 to 0 in two ten-minute halves. The game was not such good foot-ball as that against C. M. T. S., for the greater part of the field was occupied by the population of Winchester.

Parker kicked off and Winchester with a double pass got around our right end for ten yards, then she tried our left three times without much success, barely covering the neces-

Picture Framing. C. E. HARLOW, 32 Boylston St., - Harvard Sq.

WESCOTT'S Corner Mass. Ave. and Pearl St.

ICE CREAM

RICH AND CREAMY. PROMPT DELIVERY. Catering for Parties and Class Socials a Specialty.

sary five yards; however, she was able to gain ten around our right. She fumbled twice, but recovered the ball and decided to kick. McGirr, on receiving the ball, made a good gain. Cambridge kicked and got the ball on a fumble; then kicked again, but this time Winchester kept the ball. She tried our left end without gain. In the next play, Houston got hold of the ball and had a clear field in both directions; he chose his own goal line, and Winchester would have scored had not McGirr persuaded him that he was going in the wrong direction. After three kicks and a fumble by Winchester, Cambridge got the ball on Winchester's thirty-yard line; from here McGirr was sent around right end for a touchdown. Parker kicked the goal, and time was up for the first half.

The second half was a kicking game; McGirr and Clarkson took turns punting for Cambridge. Mayhew made two long runs on receiving kicks. Cambridge's second score was due to a punt fumbled by the Winchester backs which Clarkson grabbed and carried across the line. Parker again kicked the goal.

The line played an even stronger game than they did against Training School; Murphy did well at right, and Holt was quick to fall on the ball when it was fumbled.

The line-up:

Winchester.	Cambridge.
Waters, l.e	l.e., Murphy
Carter, l.t	l.t., Holt
Crawford, l.g	l.g., Hastings
Perry, c	c., Houston
Collins, r.g	r.g., Williams
Berry, r.t	r.t., Leitch
Payne, r.e	r.e., Clarkson
Gray, q	q., Parker
Hall, l.h.b	l.h.b., McGirr
Gutterson, r.h.b	r.h.b., Crawford
Locke, f.b	f.b., Mayhew

CAMBRIDGE 6, HOPKINSON 0.

On Friday, October sixth, Cambridge met Hopkinson for the third practice game of the season. It was the first time that Hopkinson had lined up. Although it was raining hard, both sides played with spirit throughout the short ten-minute halves. Cambridge made a touchdown and kicked her goal in the first half, but in the second neither side scored, although Cambridge held the ball in her opponent's territory most of the time.

The line-up was as follows:

Cambridge.	Hoppy.
Rondena, l.e	l.e., Hall
Hastings, l.t	l.t., Jouett
Holt, l.g	l.g., Phipps
Houston, c	c., Blaikie, Gleason
Williams, r.g	r.g., Richardson, Blaikie
Leitch, r.t	r.t., Lloyd
Jones, r.e	r.e., Hammond, Libby
Parker, q	q., Benoit
Crawford, r.h	r.h., Slatterie
McGirr, l.h	l.h., Schouber
Mayhew, f.b	f.b., Chase, Leatherbee

BILLINGS & STOVER,

1360 Massachusetts Avenue, - Harvard Square.

Prescription Pharmacists.

Do You Know that our Stock of Toilet Requisites is Extensive, of Superior Quality, and Prices Right?

"*The very finest goods*
AT
The very lowest prices."

Everything in Sporting Goods

John P. Lovell Arms Co.
163-165 WASHINGTON ST.
BOSTON.

ERNEST W. CLARK,
Plumber and Gas Fitter,
1040 and 1042 Massachusetts Ave.,
Harvard Square, - - Cambridge, Mass.

Large and Small Orders Promptly Filled.

The Only Sporty $3.50 Shoe in Town,
THE NESMITH .. .. ..
Sold in Cambridge by
LEIGHTON BROS. & CO.,
FREE SHINES. *619 MASSACHUSETTS AVE.*

Class Photographers for '98
CAMBRIDGE LATIN and ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOLS.

Promptness and efficiency are important factors in the execution of any commission and from our many graduating classes of '99 have come such words of commendation and praise as prove beyond any reasonable doubt our inclination and ability to make satisfactory portraits.

Conclusive evidence may be obtained by giving us a personal trial, and as regular class rates are permitted friends of students, who secure from Photo committee the proper cards of introduction, there is now an opportunity not to be neglected.

STUDIO: 146 TREMONT STREET,

BOSTON.

Students' Attention

called to the novelties

offered in

CRAVATS, GLOVES, CAPS, NEGLIGEE SHIRTS, ETC.,

.. BY ..

THE L. E. FLETCHER CO.

134 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON.

FOR

Pure Fresh Candies

ALWAYS GO TO

HAZEN'S

IN HOLYOKE HOUSE, - HARVARD SQUARE.

Our Chocolates and Bon Bons are the Finest in the City. Come Once and You will surely Come Again.

CLASS PINS

Prize Medals, Etc.

Designs on Application.

JOHN HARRIOTT,

3 Winter Street,

BOSTON, - MASS.

COAL

RICHARDSON & BACON,

CAMBRIDGE.

WOOD

FAMILY TRADE A SPECIALTY FOR FIFTY-FOUR YEARS.

CHAS. WAUGH & CO.,

856-864 Main Street.

Telephone 549-2.

Carriages, Department Wagons, Etc.

S. H. HARRINGTON, Auctioneer and Commission Merchant. Personal attention given to Sales at Stores, Residences and Elsewhere. Household Goods of Every Description. Carpets, Stoves, and Ranges sold on Easy terms. Furniture and Piano Moving and Storage. Whist Parties Supplied with Tables and Chairs in Small or Large Quantities.

1075 to 1079 Cambridge St., Corner Elm, Cambridgeport. Residence over Store.

Fred LaLond, Successor to Griffith

Hair-Cutting Room

Harvard Square, No. 34 Brattle St., Cambridge.

Street Floor. *Seven Men in Attendance.*

F. J. SULLIVAN,

SPECIALIST IN CANINE DISEASES.

ADDRESS

Harvard Veterinary School or Harvard Sq.

JOHN HUSBAND,

FLORIST,

614 MASSACHUSETTS AVE.,

CAMBRIDGEPORT.

FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

BALL'S

. . . HOME-MADE . . .

BREAD

W. L. POTTER, AGENT FOR

FAMOUS LOVELL DIAMOND CYCLES.

Repairing in All Its Branches.

1106 MASSACHUSETTS AVE., CAMBRIDGE.

.. .. TRY .. ..

RUSSELL'S CHOCOLATES.

Put up in Pound and Half-Pound Boxes.

THEY ARE THE BEST.

ONCE
TRIED
ALWAYS
USED.

Boston Office,

35
Central Street.

AHERN . . .

AUCTIONEER,
REAL ESTATE,
INSURANCE,

1388 Mass. Ave., Harvard Sq.
64 Fifth St., East Cambridge.
. . . Telephone No. 515-3 . . .

FALL STYLES READY.

Well Tailored Clothing for Young Men at Moderate Prices. It will pay you to Call and Examine Styles and Prices.

SPITZ BROS. & MORK, 65-69 Summer Street, BOSTON.

Do Not Buy Your
WALL PAPERS
. . . FROM . . .
SAMPLE BOOKS

Which are in every town within ten miles of you, and have your house look like every other house in town. Call and see our Immense Stock of

- - - NEW - - -
WALL PAPERS
For Season of 1899.

15 Per Cent Discount

Allowed on your purchase on presenting this advertisement. Our goods are marked to sell 20 per cent. lower than any Book Concern or Department Store in this Country.

THOMAS F. SWAN,
12 Cornhill, - Boston, Mass.
[Next door to Washington Street.]

Ice Cream and Confectionery.
Mail Orders Promptly Attended To.
TELEPHONE 511-2. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. PRICES RIGHT.
GEO. H. WHIPPEN,
279 BROADWAY, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.
North Cambridge Orders a Specialty.

E&R
LAUNDRY

Only Laundry in New England that Solicits STARCHED GOODS ONLY.

NO MACHINE WORK. LADIES' GOODS A SPECIALTY.

Send Postal, or Telephone, and Team will call.
684-688 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, - CAMBRIDGEPORT.

DENTISTS 569 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridgeport.

DR. ALBERT I. SAWYER . . .
. . . DR. FRED'K A. SAWYER.

G. M. JOLL, THE OLD RELIABLE Hair Cutter,

Has been in the same place for Twenty-five years. Call and see him. : : : : : : : : : :

RAZORS HONED AND CONCAVED.

Fine Teas and Coffees
FOR FAMILY USE.
ORIENTAL TEA CO.,
87 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

H. F. SANBORN,
Hay, Straw, Flour, Grain.
493-495 MAIN ST., CAMBRIDGEPORT.
Telephone 361-2 Cambridge.

Send to us For Estimate
Our aim is to produce the best possible result from the original
We are a young concern anxious to please
We should like to place you upon our list of regular customers
Hub Engraving Company
BOSTON
Half-tone and Line Engraving
Newspaper Cuts
Advertising designs
Special attention given to TRADE WORK
Reasonable rates

CALIFORNIA REDWOOD

Beautiful as Cherry. As Cheap as Pine.

☞ MORE DURABLE THAN EITHER.

Especially Desirable for Inside and Outside Finish, Clapboards, Shingles, Doors, Etc.
Redwood Stubbornly Resists Fire, and Takes Paint or Polish Equally Well.

❀ FOR SALE BY ❀

LEXINGTON LUMBER CO.,

Telephone 48 LEXINGTON, MASS.

Lumber of all Kinds, Hardware, Masons' Supplies, Land Tile, Flue Lining, Drain Pipe, Etc.

Materials in Large or Small Quantities Delivered Promptly in Cambridge.

"Choose Ye Wisely" Your Class Photographer.

BE AWAKE to the difference between CHEAP WORK which a Photographer is anxious to work off at a low price; AND FINE ART WORK which we offer at the SAME LOW PRICE because IT ADVERTISES ITSELF, and INVARIABLY BRINGS US REGULAR BUSINESS.

Call for our Special Offer to the Latin and High.

WE LEAD IN HIGH ART WORK.

Elmer Chickering,

21 WEST STREET - - BOSTON, MASS.

CAMBRIDGE MASS NOVEMBER 1899

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW

VITA·SINE·LITERIS·MORS·EST

CONTENTS.

	Page
THE MONTH	3
THE LEASE OF LIFE	5-6
ORDER OF EXERCISES, HIGH SCHOOL	8-9
CATALOGUE, HIGH SCHOOL	10-15
ALUMNI NOTES	17
DER SCHULER ALS PROFESSOR	18-20
EXAMINATION RESULTS	22
SCHOOL NOTES	23-26
ATHLETICS	29-31

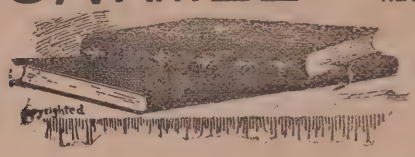
For full contents see page 1.

Vol. XIV
No 2

Frederick G. Hall 1898

McNAMEE

WE BIND THE "REVIEW."



Magazines and Library Books Bound In the most substantial manner.

...Bookbinding

26A BRATTLE STREET, ...CAMBRIDGE.

A. J. LITTLEFIELD & CO.,

PROVISION DEALERS,

1847 Massachusetts Ave., (Lovell's Block,) North Cambridge.

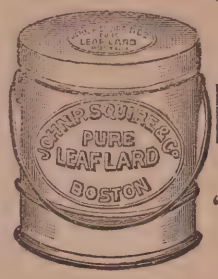
Drop us a postal and a competent man will call for your order. Special attention will be given to all orders, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Established 1842.

JOHN P. SQUIRE & CO.,

INCORPORATED.

Packers and Curers of



Pork, Lard, Hams and Bacon

Also Manufacturers of the Celebrated

"Arlington" Sausage and Kettle Rendered Leaf Lard.

21, 23 & 25 F. H. Market and 39 & 40 No. Market St.

BOSTON, MASS.

BARBOUR-STOCKWELL CO.

General Machinists and Iron Founders.

Special Machinery, Light or Heavy, Designed and Built. Confectioners' Machinery. General Jobbing. Drafting. Pattern Making.

Factory: 205 Broadway, Cambridgeport.

DANA W. BENNETT & CO.,

TELEPHONE 1755

Insurance

82 WATER STREET, BOSTON.

WM. H. WOOD & CO., LUMBER MERCHANTS, Cambridgeport, Mass.

FLOWERS CARBONE'S DECORATIONS HARVARD SQUARE.

We Print this Magazine

Caustic and Claflin Printers

26a Brattle St.

Modern Type. Fast Presses.

The Best of Work.

Full Count. Prices Right.

He who by his "Biz" would rise,
Must either Bust or Advertise.

Everything in the Printing Line.
All Orders Promptly Executed.

YEAR ROUND NOVELTIES

NOT ONLY IN

Young Men's Elegant Made-Up Clothing,

BUT IN ALL ARTICLES APPERTAINING TO A COMPLETE OUTFIT, VIZ.:

HATS, FOOTWEAR, UNDERWEAR, LINEN, NECKWEAR, HOSIERY, CANES, UMBRELLAS, TRAVELING BAGS, MACKINTOSHES AND GLOVES.

A. SHUMAN & CO.,

Leading Manufacturers and Outfitters in New England,

Shuman Corner, - Boston.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Month	3
The Lease of Life	5, 6
Girls' Corner	7
Order of Exercises, E. H. S.	8, 9
Catalogue, E. H. S.	10–15
Announcements	16
Alumni Notes	17
Der Schuler Als Professor	18–20
Debating Societies	21
Examination Results	22
Latin School Notes	23, 24
High School Notes	25
Selection (Poem)	26
Fun	27, 28
Athletics	29–31

RALPH LEACH,

PURE ICE CREAM

AND

FINE CONFECTIONERY

ICE CREAM. Vanilla, Chocolate, Nougatine, Strawberry, Coffee, Peach.

SHERBETS. Orange, Raspberry, Lemon, Pineapple.

747 Massachusetts Avenue,

Telephone 164-2 Cambridge.

CHARLES W. SEVER & Co.,

University Bookstore, Harvard Sq.

BOOKS and STATIONERY,

HANDY LITERAL TRANSLATIONS,

Harvard Fountain Pen, – Price $1.25

WE GUARANTEE EVERY PEN.

You need the best!

For accurate work
Our high grade ..

Drafting Instruments

Give universal satisfaction.

Wadsworth, Howland & Co.,

Incorporated.

Manufacturers and Importers of

Drawing Materials of all Kinds,

82 and 84 WASHINGTON STREET,

.. and ..

218 CLARENDON STREET,

.. BOSTON ..

Special Rates to Students

COLLINS AND FAIRBANKS
CELEBRATED HATS
EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS FOR YOUNG MEN
381 Washington St.
BOSTON, MASS.

L. G. MacKEIGAN,
Merchant Tailor,
Special Discount to C. H. and L. Students.
DANA CHAMBERS, 21 DUNSTER ST., CAMBRIDGE.
HE OFFERS THE BEST CUSTOM WORK AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Students
BUY YOUR
Drawing Papers,
Drawing Instruments,
Pencil Rubbers, Drawing Inks,
Artist Materials, &c.,
OF
Carpenter-Morton Company,
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS,
Artist and Draughtmen's Supplies, Paints and Varnishes,
77 Sudbury St., near Scollay Sq.
Special Rates to Students.

H. L. CARSTEIN,
DEALER IN
COAL AND WOOD,
Yard on Fitchburg R.R., Foot of Cogswell Ave.
NORTH CAMBRIDGE.
BRANCH OFFICES:
3 Studio Building, Davis Square, W. Somerville, O. H. PERRY, AGENT.
Opp. Porter Station, North Cambridge, H. E. FARRINGTON, AGENT.
CELEBRATED LACKAWANNA COALS DIRECT FROM MINES, ALL RAIL.

Chas. R. Leake, Jr.
Photographer.
DEVELOPING & PRINTING FOR AMATEURS.
Bromide Enlargements, Framing, etc.
11 Province Court, Room 29, BOSTON.
Large and Small Orders Promptly Filled.

Try the Famous ...
Golden Nuggets.
A DELICIOUS CHEWING CANDY.
MANUFACTURED BY
Jensen Bros., 331 to 337 Norfolk St., Cambridgeport.

CLASS PINS
Prize Medals, Etc.
Designs on Application.
JOHN HARRIOTT,
3 Winter Street,
BOSTON, - MASS.

JOHN CARTER & CO.
PAPER
100 & 102 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. XIV. NO. II.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, NOVEMBER, 1899.

THE MONTH.

With the Pilgrim fathers, Thanksgiving was in every sense a religious festival and with reason. They had left home, country and all that was dear to them to seek religious freedom in a new and undeveloped world. Famine and sickness thinned the ranks of the struggling band, and when provisions arrived at the critical moment when all were about to perish, the Almighty seemed verily to have reached an aiding hand from heaven.

With this fresh in mind, and in accordance with their rigid customs and religious ideas, the day, although one of plenty and happiness, was also, and before all, one in which to thank God for his blessings. With the exception of the Thanksgiving feast, the day was observed much as Sunday. A stern people, opposed to levity at any time, they naturally would permit none on a day, which, with all their natural and enduring reverence, they had set apart for divine worship.

For us, things have changed. No longer a hardy band eking out a wretched livelihood on a desert and hostile shore, we have become a great and flourishing people. Naturally Thanksgiving in its original sense, as a day on which to give thanks for God's bounty, does not appeal to us in the same manner:—still less to the inhabitants of great cities than to the country folk, for they, at least, have the Harvest Home as a reminder.

Our religious ideas have also changed. We are not and, on account of our altered surroundings, ought not to be a people as sternly and terribly religious as our forefathers. We can never honor the Pilgrims too much—we can never recall them too often—but their day has passed and a broader-minded, more enlightened people has superseded them.

Thanksgiving is still celebrated in our churches, but as a Thanksgiving for all our varied blessings: the Thanksgiving turkey is no less important a person than he was two hundred years ago: the children still gather about the parents' table and Thanksgiving still strengthens family ties. But if we, a people less severe, see nothing amiss in harmless amusement—as long as we endeavor to make a Thanksgiving for all—surely no wrong is done nor do we in any way desecrate the day. Thanksgiving is ever a day of thanksgiving for all people in all conditions,—one great day of happiness—which, after all, is as it should be.

H. W. B., '01.

Victory at last seems to have lighted on our teams. A championship base-ball team and a winning foot-ball team have shown this beyond a doubt. The foot-ball team has already utterly defeated two of the schools in the senior league, Brookline High and Boston Latin. Brookline, the school that defeated us six to five last year, and consequently forced us from the league, has been thoroughly punished. She was completely taken off her feet by the swiftness of our scoring, allowing us to make three touchdowns in the first half; at the very end of the game, after a hard fight, she got the ball over the line for her only goal. Boston Latin did not even score against us, while we obtained eleven points to our credit.

There was only one thing about these two games that was a little disappointing. We refer to the rather small number who attended them. Although we are not in any league, it should be remembered, nevertheless, that the honor of the schools is at stake, and we trust that a great many more will go to the other large games, for such a team as we have should receive unbounded support.

Beginning with this issue, the Review will each month have a very small *Exchange Column*, which will generally appear on the same page as *Fun*. Our purpose is merely to mention each month for the benefit of our readers, those stories in our exchanges that we think especially worthy of reading. We shall put the exchanges on the library tables as soon as possible after they are received. In this way we hope to enable our subscribers to use to advantage the many delightful school papers that are sent to us.

We might also say, in this connection, that every month we take some of the *Jokes* from our exchanges; but we have never considered it necessary, as is often the custom, to mention the paper from which we get them.

We do not know who laid out the paths around the Latin School, but certainly some one must have had a particular grudge against bicycles and their riders. By the present arrangement a rider coming from Trowbridge street is obliged to make half a dozen right-angle turns in a narrow path before he can reach a place of safety. The result is detrimental both to the grass along the path, and incidentally to the safety of the person on the bicycle. (A straight path might not be so picturesque from a landscape gardener's point of view, but it would add much to the convenience of a great many scholars.)

At the present time the girls have sole possession of the gymnasium, occupying it every afternoon for basket-ball practice. This is all very well while foot-ball lasts, but soon the boys will want the gymnasium for indoor athletics. This will probably mean that the various classes will only have one hour instead of two a week for basket-ball. We feel sure that the girls will recognize the justice of this, for certainly the boys have the right to use the gymnasium half the time.

We understand that a small appropriation has been made for partially fitting the gymnasium with apparatus. Just now the most crying need is for lockers, of which we have none, but which are very essential. However, we hope that the city will do whatever it intends in the way of equipment as soon as possible, in order that we may have the benefit of it this winter.

The time for the senior and junior class dramas and dances is fast approaching. All should support these entertainments, which have been so successful hitherto; but let us not have, as last year, every society and organization in the two schools running after halls, orchestras and stage managers on the principle

that it is necessary to be in the general scramble. The experience of last year has clearly shown that only a limited number of school amateur entertainments can be a financial success. This alone is an objection which, even if there were no others, cannot be overcome.

Still we find by Mr. Blanchard's communication that the Social Union intends to continue, although under a new name, the Enterprise Club. We do not see the necessity for it. Scholars who are particularly good in speaking have ample chance for practice in the debating society and class dramas. For those who have especial talents for singing or playing, we think there are many better places for showing their skill than before an audience of Latin and High School girls and boys, who are likely to be very inappreciative.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor:

The Social Union was formed a year ago, for the purpose of creating sociability among and encouraging the talents of the pupils.

Although it was successful in one way, namely social, it failed to accomplish its main purpose, that of encouraging talent.

Dancing is all very well as a pastime, but there is no education to be derived from it, and the number of school dances held last year, exceeded the number proper; but in the case of an entertainment, the benefit to be received by entertainer and audience is self-evident.

The Social Union under that name will not exist this year, but the work will be carried on, we trust more completely, and more broadly, by the Enterprise Club. This new organization is composed of twelve members, each school contributing six. The club will endeavor to present a variety of entertainments through the year, in which school talent will predominate. Anyone who can play an instrument, sing, speak, or read, will be given a chance to appear in public. The price of tickets will be as low as possible, in order that the entertainments may be within the reach of all. Suggestions will be gladly received by any member. The club is formed to benefit the pupil, and whether it will be a success or not, depends upon the amount of support it receives from them.

A. F. Blanchard.

THE LEASE OF LIFE.

A strange depression has overcome my naturally confident and haughty spirit lately. I no longer take pleasure in parading before my numerous admirers, in subduing my enemies, or fighting strange gallants. Yes, it is very strange for me. I cannot tell why, but the very breezes seem to whisper warning of coming disaster, and, stranger yet, all my gay companions seem to feel the same presentiment. I am desperately in love with a fair lady of high degree. Alas! far too high I fear for me to hope to win. Perhaps this explains it all—as the old verse saith:

> "Love it is a dizziness
> That will'na let abody
> Gang about his business."

Perhaps the melancholy manner in which my friends seem to act is unreal—the product of my own morbid imagination. Who can tell?

It was but yesterday that I last made love

to my fair lady. I vowed I loved her more than all the world; but alas! I was not her only suitor. Six other gay gallants had already vowed this same thing on this same day —which very much troubled my fair lady— yes, fairer than all the world to at least seven.

The next morning, that is to say this morning, she announced her decision, and as she spoke I thought I saw her steal a sly glance at me. My heart beat fast, my breast swelled with pride once again—perhaps she really loved me. There must be a great tournament, she said, as that seemed the only correct way out of the difficulty. So it was arranged. Tomorrow, at ten in the morning, my fate is to be decided, for surely no one shall take her for his own until he first kills me. Even as I write, couriers dash by to summon all the neighboring nobility for miles around—it will be a grand sight for any audience.

At last it is morning again. Never did I feel better able to meet adversaries! Oh! it is the trumpet! The lists are arranged: we are to meet two at a time, and as there are eight combatants (another young gallant has claimed his right to join our ranks), after the first round, there will be four. These four are again to combat in pairs and then the two victors will meet for the final struggle.

Ha! Ha! Well done! Here is my first adversary already at my feet—poor wretch. Well! Well! he will never more know trouble in this weary world. Better still! My second—my second—not dead, but dying! Surely I am a fighter! And so it seems that after all I may have my fair lady: just one more victory and she is mine—mine!

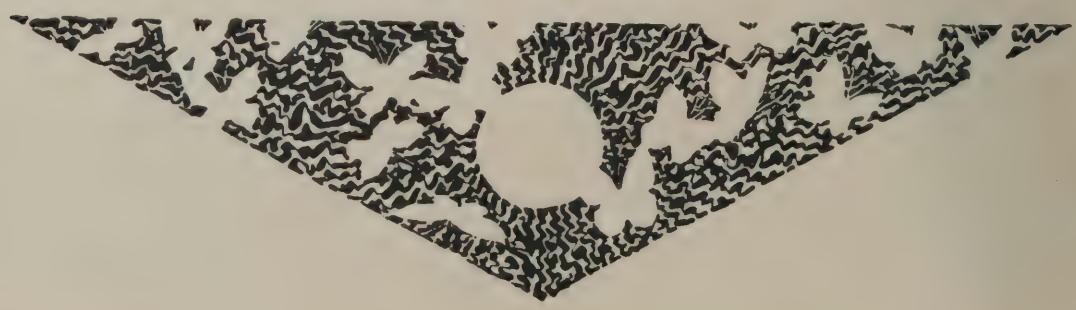
The trumpet blows. We close in. How terribly we fight! I feel weak from my continued exertions; now, at this last moment, must I fail? Yes! I must. But wait, No! My lady draws nearer to see the ending. Somehow I know she feels for me, and is come to urge me on for the final effort. She draws nearer as if she would whisper words of encouragement. All my strength returns with a great rush. Now, I cannot, must not lose her! Again I thrust with renewed vigor, bending so far forward as to raise my spurred right foot high in air. Alas! Alas! I killed my adversary, but my own true love was cruelly cut by the fatal spur! They bore her from the field, fainting, but O how fair!

Her haughty father seizes me, and imprisons me in the deepest, darkest dungeon in all the land. Intercourse with my own true love is impossible.

And so here am I in prison, condemned to die exactly at noon tomorrow, while my dear lady is far, far away. How can I leave her? How can I go to the scaffold without her own forgiveness? I must break loose and see her, I will! I will!

But still tomorrow comes. The presentiment deepens; I must die. They lead me to the scaffold! I place my weary head on what seems likely to be its last hard pillow; the executioner raises his axe; when suddenly I think—"How terrible it is to be a turkey!"

H. W. B., '01.



Girls Corner.

In the American exhibit at the Paris exposition, there is to be a life-size figure of a typical American girl. The remarkable thing about it is, that the statue will be of pure Colorado gold. The pedestal is to be of silver, copper, iron, zinc and lead.

The High School girls who are taking the Domestic Science course may be interested to know on how large a scale cooking is sometimes done. In a certain bakery in New York, no less than forty thousand pies are made in a single day.

A very pretty substitute for the theatre bonnet is a China silk hood. These are made in a variety of shapes, but usually the front is gathered on a small, round piece at the back. There is a cape which just touches the shoulders. A dainty one may also be made of pearl-gray silk, lined with pale pink, and finished with cream lace.

How often we hear the question asked, "What are you going to do when you leave school?" and how seldom there is a definite answer given. A large majority of our girls seem to have very indistinct ideas, if, indeed, they have any at all, upon this subject. One reason for this is, that there are so many occupations to choose from. A girl cannot always tell for what kind of work she is best fitted. It should be something that she is interested in and something that she will like, for nobody can work to the best advantage, and make the most of life, unless her occupation is congenial.

The first question for most of us to decide is whether we shall go to college. There ought not to be much hesitation over this. If one has the ability, the means, and the health to go through college, one should certainly go. The better prepared for life a person is, the higher is the position she will occupy in it. We hear a great deal, nowadays, about overcrowded professions. For example, it is said that there is not employment for the hundreds of women who are preparing to be teachers. Yet not long since, the Boston School Committee found considerable difficulty in getting as many competent teachers as were needed. The same is true in all the higher lines of work. If one is ready for a position, she is almost certain to find a position ready for her.

Nearly every day, we hear of girls who are engaged in some original occupation. One woman has been very successful as a landscape assistant to an architect. Others are practising law, dentistry and pharmacy, while a few years ago there were only men in these professions.

The demand for teachers of cooking, physical culture and embroidery is constantly increasing; and for those who have special talents, there is always room in the world of art, of music and of literature.

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL.

ORDER OF EXERCISES, 1899-1900.

Hours.	Mr. Huling.	Mr. Sargent.	Mr. Coolidge.	Miss Deering.	Miss Rogers.	Miss Crook.	Miss M. R. Smith.	Miss Dodge.	Miss Scudder.	Miss Stickney.	Miss McIntire.	Miss Moulton.	Miss Stratton.
8.30					DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES IN ASSEMBLY HALL.								
8.45 8.35 Mon.		III. History.		I. German.	I. French.	II. Latin.	IV. Algebra.	III. English. T., Th. III. Geom., M., W., F.	II. Botany. T.,W.,Th., F.	II. Chemistry.	IV. French.	IV. Algebra.	
9.35 9.20 Mon.		III. Nepos.	III. Physics.	II. German.	II. French.	II. English. M., T., Th.	IV. Algebra.	I. Astronomy.	II. Botany. T.,W.,Th., F.	II. Chemistry.	IV. French.	IV. Algebra.	II. English. M.,W., Th., F. IV. Literature T.
10.25						SHORT	RECESS						
10.30 10.05 Mon.			III. Physics.	I. English.	I. French.	I. English.	II. Mathe- matics.	III. English. M., Th., III. Geom., T., W., F.	II. Botany. T., Th.	II. Chemistry, M., W., F.	II. French.	IV. Algebra.	IV. English. Th., F. IV. History. M., T., W.
11.20 10.50 Mon.						LONG	RECESS.						
11.50 11.15 Mon.		I. & II. Nepos.	IV. Algebra.	I. History. M., T., W. I. English. Th., F.	I. French.	I. English.	IV. Algebra.	III. English. M., W., F. III. Geom., T., Th.	II. English. M., W., F.	II. Chemistry.	II. French.	IV. Algebra.	II. English. W., Th., F. IV. Literature T.
12.35 12. Mon.	I. History.	I. Virgil.	I. Adv. Alg. Alt.		III. German.	II. English. M., W., F.	I. Solid Geom. Alt.	III. Literature T., Th. III. Geometry F.	II. Latin.	II. Chemistry, T., Th.	II. French.	II. Latin.	IV. English. M , T. IV. History. W., Th . F.

Hours.	Miss Sawyer.	Miss Cogswell.	Mr. Greene.	Miss Goerwitz.	Miss Close.	Miss Andrews.	Miss Lawson.	Miss F. W. Smith.	Miss Kenrick.	Miss Choate.	Mr. Roos.	Miss Jennison.	Mr. Chapman.
8.30					DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES IN ASSEMBLY HALL.								
8.45 8.35 Mon.	III. English. M., T., Th.	III. Physics.	III. Book-keeping. M., W., F.	III. French.	IV. Literature. T.	IV. English. M., T. IV. History. W., Th., F.	IV. English. Th., F. IV. History. M., T., W.	IV. French.	I. & II. Food.	III. Sloyd.		IV. Drawing. W. Th.	
9.35 9.20 Mon.	IV. Algebra. M. T. W. Th. III. Lit. F	III. Physics.	III. Book-keeping.	III. French.	IV. English. M., T. IV. History. W., Th., F.	IV. French.	IV. English. M., T. IV. History. W., Th., F.	IV. French.				IV. Drawing. W., Th	
10.25						SHORT RECESS.							
10.30 10.05 Mon.	IV. Algebra. F. III. Literature W.	III. Physics.	III. Nepos.	III. French.	IV. Latin.	IV. English. Th., F. IV. History. M., T., W.	IV. English. M., T.	IV. Algebra.	I. & II. Food.	III. Sloyd.	I. II. & III Drawing. T.	IV. Drawing. W., Th.	
11.20 10.50 Mon.						LONG RECESS.							
11.50 11.15 Mon.	III. English. M., T. III. Geometry W., Th., F.		III. Book-keeping.	III. French.	IV. Latin.	IV. French.	IV. English. M., T. IV. History. W., Th., F.	IV. French.			I. II. III. Drawing. T.	IV. Drawing. W., Th.	I. & II. Harmony. T., Th.
12.35 12. Mon.	III. English. M., T. III. Geometry W., Th., F.	III. Physics.	III. Book-keeping.	IV. German.	IV. English Th., F. IV. History. M., T., W.	IV. Literature. T.	IV. English. M., T. IV. History. W., Th., F.	IV. French.			I. II. III. Drawing. T.	IV. Drawing. W., Th.	

At 12.45 Monday, the entire School has a Choral exercise with Mr. Chapman as conductor.
Dismissal at 1.30.
In February, I. Astronomy is succeeded by I. Civics, and in April, IV. History by IV. Physiology.

CAMBRIDGE ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL.

CATALOGUE, 1899-'00.

HEAD MASTER.

RAY GREENE HULING.....101 Trowbridge St.

MASTER.

Edwin L. Sargent.....18 Agassiz St.

HEAD ASSISTANT.

Grace L. Deering.....10 Felton Hall.

INSTRUCTOR IN CHEMISTRY.

Delia M. Stickney.....10 Cleveland St.

TEACHERS.

Emma A. Scudder.....21 Clinton St.
Caroline A. Sawyer.....48 Mt. Vernon St.
Martha R. Smith.....782 Massachusetts Ave.
Caroline Close.....380 Broadway.
Mary Moulton.....46 Hereford St., Boston.
Henrietta E. McIntire....1600 Massachusetts Ave.
Joseph A. Coolidge.....20 Martin St.
Annie F. Stratton.....26 Linnæan St.
Susan P. Choate.....20A Cutter Ave., Somerville.
Maud A. Lawson.....466 Putnam Ave.
Lillian C. Rogers.....23 Walden St.
Bertha L. Cogswell.....257 Prospect St.
Gertrude H. Crook.....67 Dana St.
Florence W. Smith.....8 Pleasant Pl.
Russell T. Greene, Jr.....Coolidge Ave.
Esther S. Dodge.....15 Cottage St.
Helen E. Andrews.....15 Ware St.
Agnes B. Goerwitz.....14 Trowbridge Pl.
Jeannie B. Kenrick.....Newton, Mass.

SECRETARY AND LIBRARIAN.

Martha L. Babbitt.....219 Prospect St.

DIRECTOR OF DRAWING.

Peter Roos.....24 Sacramento St.

ASSISTANT TEACHER OF DRAWING.

Lucia N. Jennison.....45 Cottage St.

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC.

Frederick E. Chapman.....126 Oxford St.

CLASS I.

Adams, Grace P.....12 Sumner St.
Allyn, Jennie B.....471 Broadway.
Austin, Mary C.....61 Spring St.
Blackwell, Roberta.....373 Broadway.
Bonds, Harriet E.....25 Washington St.
Brown, Nettie A.....206 River St.
Busiel, Winnifred M.....3 Ellsworth Park
Coleman, Jessie.....199 Western Ave.
Cross, Mona B.....82 Winsor St.
Crowley, Mary F.....74 Spring St.
Cummings, Mary A.....2 Hubbard Ave.
Deady, Isabella A.....7 Leonard Ave.
Deady, Mary G.....7 Leonard Ave.
Donovan, Mary L.....18 Leighton Ct.

Doran, Catherine M.....39 Rindge Ave.
Easton, Mabel H.....208 Winsor St.
Flewelling, Ethel B.....2 Hancock Pl.
Foxcroft, Ruth D.....25 Hillside Ave.
Goss, Annie E.....29 Cherry St.
Greene, Katharine.....35 Sargent St.
Haff, Nettie I.....6 Sycamore St.
Halliday, Elsie E.....15 Creighton St.
Harding, Annabel H.....267 Broadway.
Hawkins, Charlotte E.....37 Clark St.
Jennison, Ruth R.....68 Pleasant St.
Kenny, Margaret N.....39 Seventh St.
Lewis, Elizabeth E.....47 Parker St.
Mahady, Ellen F.....6 DeWolfe St.
Mayhew, Vesta U.....98 Raymond St.
McCarthy, Bridget L.....171 Thorndike St.
McCarthy, Mary L.....61 Otis St.
McCormac, Bertha.....226 Chestnut St.
McHugh, Grace H.....28 Prince St.
Moran, Mary E.....43 Clay St.
Mullins, Mary E.....336 Green St.
Nelligan, Margaret E.....157 Washington St.
O'Brien, Emma M.....19 Surrey St.
O'Hara, Theresa R.....384 Huron Ave.
O'Neil, Ruth.....8 Bay St.
Palmer, Helen E.....1673 Cambridge St.
Phelan, Mary J.....10 Clay St
Prentice, Jennie F.....99 Garden St.
Roberts, Marian E.....76 Orchard St.
Sanders, Amalia C. D.....61 Gorham St.
Seymour, Stella W.....41 Garden St
Shedd, Naomi B.....4 White St.
Smith, Edna P.....10 Saville St.
Strath, May L.....381 Putnam Ave.
Sullivan, Anna L.....38 Grant St.
Trow, Gertrude A.....66 Putnam ave.
Winter, Mabel.....21 Ellery St.

Adams, Warren P.....12 Sumner St.
Balmer, John H.....25 Ellsworth Ave.
Blewett, Walter S.....53 Henry St.
Clark, Jr., Lewis C.....48 Western Ave.
Derry, Arthur T.....12 Trowbridge St.
Dillingham, Charles F.....20 Hubbard Ave.
Dow, Fred F.....5 Sacramento St.
Duhig, Walter S.....61 Wr ght St.
Garfield, Chester A.....37 Irving St.
Holt, John H.....17 Banks St.
Hughes, Fred.....15 Jay St.
Kane, Fred E.....75 Howard St.
Leitch, Charles A.....269 Portland St.
McCullar, Harvey S.....17 Athens St.
McInnes, F. H. L.....86 Winsor St.
Medley, Edward F.....2 Chestnut Park.
McSweeney, Charles H.....13 Ellsworth Ave.
Oakes, J. Harold.....14 State St.
Roper, Henry J.....39 Hubbard Ave.
Shannon, James E.....2 Second St.
Soule, Gardner F.....42 Highland Ave.
Sullivan, John J.....63 North St.
Taylor, Edward H.....274 Winsor St.
Taylor, William B.....2366 Massachusetts Ave.
Whelan, Walter J.....59 Moore St.
Wyeth, Henry D.....9 Rutland St.

CLASS II.

Adams, Cecelia H.....24 Walden St.
Bates, Alice G.....268 Broadway.
Breen, Gertrude E.....26 Crescent St.
Brigham, Eva J.....21 Acorn St.
Brooks, Sarah C.....Y. M. C. A. Building.
Brosnahan, Ella G.....32 Locke St.
Burton, Edith G.....54 Sacramento St.
Cameron, Catherine C.....124 Auburn St.
Campbell, Mary A.....302 Elm St.
Carney, Gertrude M.....81 Green St.
Charlton, Pansy B.....60 Franklin St.
Clarke, Isabel S.....2 Florence Pl.
Cox, Bertha D.....397 Putnam Ave.
Crowley, Margaret E.....74 Spring St.
Donnelly, Grace A.....133 Thorndike St.
Downey, Margaret T.....28 Hunting St.
Duvey, Isa M.....1170 Massachusetts Ave.
Eckert, Bertha M.....146 Magazine St.
Esgate, Evelyn E.....12 Ellsworth Ave.
Fiske, Helen F.....16 Fayette St.
Ford, Frances P.....357 Prospect St.
Godsell, Mary.....86 Howard St.
Goggin, Ellen T.....2 George St.
Gosnell, Harriet E.....32 Fairmont Ave.
Greely, Elizabeth M.....284 Harvard St.
Haines, Ollie H.....10 Buena Vista Park.
Hewitt, G. Ethel.....81 Pemberton St.
Himeon, Florence W.....35 Norfolk St.
Hogan, Lizzie F.....29 Lee St.
Hopkins, Annie B.....276 Pearl St.
Howe, Alma M.....9 Miller Ave.
Jackson, Ethel M.....24 Union St.
Jacobson, Annie.....9 Harrison St.
Jones, Lucy M.....189 Mt. Auburn St.
Keenan, Mary T.....51 Ninth St.
Kelley, Catherine G.....73 School St.
Kelley, Gertrude M.....11 Auburn St.
Leonard, Alice E.....14 Third St.
MacKusick, Alice E.....82 Franklin St.
Mahady, Jennie J.....6 DeWolfe St.
Mahoney, Margaret M.....346 Vine St.
Mathy, Lucy A.....45 Cherry St.
McCoy, Katharine F.....188 Hampshire St.
McCusker, Gertrude P.....1345 Cambridge St.
McDow, Alice M.....91 Tremont St.
Newton, Grace A.....89 Third St.

O'Brien, Alice G.....4 Second St.
O'Keefe, Catherine F.....33 Warren St.
O'Mara, Katharine.....1111 Cambridge St.
Parker, Josephine M.....7 Haskell St.
Phinney, Ethel V.....259 Norfolk St.
Quinn, Jenny T.....24 Winter St.
Rundstrom, Eda H.....250 Harvard St.
Spragg, Florence G.....472 Putnam Ave.
Stevens, Ida M.....57 Frost St.
Stevens, Lottie F.....31 Walden St.
Sullivan, Julia E.....123½ Bridge St.
Sullivan, Mary E.....6 Kenway St.
Valencia, A. Isabel.....4 Daye Ct.
Webb, Fanny.....107 Irving St.
White, Helen G.....28 Hadley St.
White, Nettie H.....324 Winsor St.
Winegar, Alice B.....651 Mt. Auburn St.
Woods, Bertha A.....85 Green St.
Young, Viola.....18 Ellery St.

Barnes, Jr., Frank W.....37 Davenport St.
Barrier, Edward A.....51 Norfolk St.
Batchelder, Arthur D.....111 Washington St.
Brennan, Edward L.....39 Plymouth St.
Brigham, Walter S.....73 Upland Road.
Chase, Alfred W.....76 Hammond St.
Clarkson, Frederic H.....31 Everett St.
Craven, Thomas.....206 Brookline St.
Egan, Ralph I.....305 Harvard St.
Fuller, Jr., Gurden E.....Highland Ave.
Glidden, John T.....9 Ashton Pl.
Gove, Arthur L.....29 Maple Ave.
Hastings, Arthur N.....16 Centre St.
Hosmer, Arthur D.....3 Potter Park.
McGann, James J.....3 Palermo St.
Millett, George A.....33 Ash St.
Noonan, William A.....109 Otis St.
O'Banyonn, Ernest G.....29 Howard St.
Robinson, Edwin S.....53 Rindge Ave.
Rondina, John A.....25 Fourth St.
Shaw, Guy C. B.....440 Cambridge St.
Stephens, Albert L.....20 Eliot St.
Theller, Ralph T.....34 Lopez St.
Thompson, Ernest A.....24 Inman St.
Thompson, Frank L.....29 Cleighton St.
Upham, Harold.....10 Linnæan St.

CLASS III.

Anderson, Anna V.....15 Haskell St.
Altmiller, Clara T.....131 Otis St.
Atwood, Grace R.....40 Russell St.
Bateman, May E.....27 Cushing St.
Beals, Lillian M.....37 Regent St.
Borthwick, R. J.....2 Amory Pl.
Bowlby, Helen H.....10 Sycamore St.
Boyce, Alice M.....9 Locke St.
Bradeen, Maude B.....19 Leonard Ave.
Carmichael, Alice V.....1541 Cambridge St.
Carr, Frances E.....7 Gibson St.
Carrington, Margaret W.....38½ Kinnaird St.
Cederholm, Anna M. .....262 Sidney St.
Chamberlin, Edna C.....41 Amory St.
Chidgey, Louise.....120½ Pleasant St.
Clarke, Mary R.....12 Crescent St.
Clough, Elsie M.....223 Winsor St.
Colby, Florence M.....13 Creighton St.
Condon, Mabel F.....30 Austin St.
Connelly, Alice V.....22 Cushing St.
Crocker, Martha E.....32 Lee St.
D'Arcy, May A.....54 Baldwin St.
Dickson, Jennie St. C.....29 Fairmont St.
Dickson, Ola A.....29 Fairmont St.
Dimmock, Carrie E.....109 Fifth St.
Dinneen, Margaret M.....10 Parnell St.
Dinsmore, Emma M.....14 Bath St.
Doherty, Mae L.....109 Pleasant St.
Doyle, Mary M.....88 Concord Ave.
Dunbar, Sara.....69 River St.
Dunn, Mabel.....24 Jay St.
Eagleston, Emeline C.....2 Foster St.
Edwards, Maud A.....41 Flagg St.
Elkington, Elizabeth M.....171 Raymond St.
Findlay, Jeanne.....24 Sixth St.
Fitzgerald, Alice G.....8 Emmons Pl.
Fourness, Lydia G.....4 Beech St.
Franchi, Christina E.....32 Kinnaird St.
Frye, Ella G.....38 Amory St.
Galvin, Julia C.....210 Vine St.
Gethin, Rose.....319 Green St.
Goodwillie, Florence A.....8 Beech St
Grant, Catherine.....10 Brewer St.
Haff, Helen E.....6 Sycamore St.
Halliday, Ethel M.....19 Creighton St.
Hamilton, Mabel L.....225 Broadway.
Hankin, Bertha M.....58 River St.
Hanlon, Mary E.....1 Walker Ct.
Harris, Calvaretta M.....26 River St.
Hayward, Bertha E.....16 Story St.
Horgan, Julia M.....24 Marion St.
Howe, Ruth L.....6 Ashton Pl.
Howland, Lizzie W.....11 Sidney St.
Hubert, Bertha E.....37½ Magnolia Ave.
Hughes, Florence H.....16 Upton St.
Humphrey, Helen M.....26 Forest St.
Jenkins, Bertha I.....51 Regent St.
Johnson, Fannie E.....1 Allston Ct.
Joseph, Hannah E.....57 Cherry St.
Keaney, Lillian N.....Main St.
Kelly, Bridget G.....10 Winter St.
Kent, Alice M.....103 Western Ave.

Kline, Mary E. V.....199 Portland St.
Lane, Goldie T.....51 Washington St.
Langer, Marena E.....28 Pleasant St.
Leitch, Martha J.....271 Portland St
Lewis, Susie M.....45 William St.
Lindhe, Linnea V.....776 Cherry St.
Longmire, Bessie L.....120½ Pleasant St.
Loomis, Helen G.....58 Pleasant St.
Lowe, Mora H.....316 Broadway.
Lynch, Agnes L.....34 Creighton St.
Lyons, Mary A.....151 Otis St.
MacSwain, Alice S.....249 Chestnut St.
Mahoney, Mary T.....209 Mt. Auburn St.
Mallory, Harrie E.....113 Hancock St.
McCarragher, Isabella J.....13 Beaver St.
McCarragher, Phebe E.....13 Beaver St.
McGrath, May E.....9 Camden Pl.
McKay, Harriet L.....10 High St.
McNaughton, Ruth I.....3 Mt. Auburn Pl.
McWain, Ruby C.....12 Farwell Pl.
Miller, Marguiretta E.....5 Lexington St.
Neiligan, Katherine L.....157 Washington St.
Newton, Ruby H.....89 Third St.
Nystrom, Annie G.....192 Harvard St.
O'Brien, Annie E.....2 Carlisle St.
O'Brien, Mary C.....11 Holworthy St.
Place, Aloe F.....98 Hancock St.
Powers, Elizabeth A.....11 Gerry St.
Powers, Gertrude K.....37 Ash St.
Powers, Louise F.....11 School St.
Quinn, Nellie G.....48 Bridge St.
Rand, Nellie J.....194 Hamilton St.
Rayne, Helen G.....12 Jay St.
Reid, Sadie P.....520 Putnam Ave.
Richardson, Madeline.....128 Cherry St.
Russell, Helena C.....69 Dunster St.
Sanborn, Pearl A.....5 Meacham St.
Scott, Eunice L.....70 Eustis Ct.
Shannon, Mary A.....2 Second St.
Shea, Mary G.....29 Montgomery St.
Smith, Annie W.....90 Antrim St.
Smith, Dora M.....45 Magazine St.
Snell, Etta J.....72 Elm St.
Spragg, Grace B.....472 Putnam Ave.
Stiles, Helen D.....15 Sacramento St.
Sweeney, Agnes F.....151 Raymond St.
Trafton, Effie E.....100 Prospect St
Tivnan, Margaret L.....14 Jay St.
Vail, Elsie H.....133 Magazine St.
Varot, Germaine.....282 Massachusetts Ave.
Wales, Edna F.....30 Hubbard Ave.
Ward, Ida E.....40 William St.
Wentzel, Ida M.....642 Massachusetts Ave.
Whittier, Elsie M.....1524 Cambridge St.

Belluche, Charles.....133 Putnam Ave.
Bowie, William H.....60 Mt. Auburn St.
Burns, Thomas R.....26 Grant St.
Carney, John P.....6 Dickinson St.
Carstein, Lorenz F.....45 Cogswell Ave.
Cleveland, Chester A.....77 Pemberton St.
Crawford, Arthur A.....37 Garden St.
Currie, Chester W.....376 Harvard St.
Driscoll, Louis J.....71 Gore St.
Dwyer, William J.....118 Pearl St.
Elder, Alexander H.....70 Green St.
Field, William S.....12 Tufts St.
Glennon, Thomas A.....167 Brookline St.
Houlahan, Charles F.....11 Plymouth St.
Hursh, Robert.....93 Huron Ave.
Lincoln, Alfred C.....401 Cambridge St.
Luce, Lyman B.....160 Hancock St.
McFadden, Andrew J.....188 Bridge St.
Miller, Lawrence.....148 Hancock St.
Mullins, William.....38½ Baldwin St.
Priest, Irving.....50 Magazine St.
Sabin, Frederick D.....84 Pleasant St.
Salter, William F.....39 Prince St.
Sanders, Hartley I.....291 Green St.
Shea, Daniel A.....295 Elm St.
Sullivan, Frederick J.....10 Miller Ave.
Thompson, Frank P.....19 Farwell Pl.
Thorpe, Carl F. W.....134 Harvard St.
Wight, Alexander M.....147 Lexington Ave.
Wilder, Sylvanus W.....20 Lake St.
Wiseman, John M.....4 Gore St.

CLASS IV.

Allison, Florence M.....60 Middlesex St.
Armstrong, Margaret E.....265 Sidney St.
Austin, Katherine H.....61 Spring St.
Baker, Blanche L.....205 Norfolk St
Barrett, Mary E. A..... 15 Marion St.
Barry, Theodora L.....149 Rindge Ave.
Bateman, Elizabeth W.....21 Woodbridge St.
Beauvais, Elizabeth M.....2 Rindgefield St.
Beckett, Sarah A.....76 Putnam Ave.
Belluche, Regina V.....133 Putnam Ave
Bettinson, Grace E.....94 Otis St.
Black, Agnes.....47 Fairmont St.
Campbell, Janet F.....144 Auburn St.
Chase, Blanche M.....62 Norfolk St.
Clark, Bertha E.....9 Sumner St.
Clark, Olive B.....25 State St.
Clarke, Grace E.....60 Pleasant St.
Clay, Mary C.....13 West St.
Cofran, Maud S.....95 Concord Ave.
Collins, Susan A. C.....318 Vine St.
Connors, Grace F.....119 Spring St.
Kelley, Alice G.....73 School St.

Kelley, Ethel M.....4 Stinson Pl.
Kelly, Maud E.....51 Brookline St.
Kendall, Belle F.....13 Kinnaird St.
Kindahl, Anna T.....266 Western Ave.
Ladd, Eva P.....12 Day St.
Lalley, Mary M.....26 Surrey St.
Leddy, Theresa H.....89 Gore St.
Leighton, Floris R.....651 Mt. Auburn St.
Leonard, Bessie T.....255 Broadway
Levy, Edith F.....2355 Massachusetts Ave.
Linnell, Lillian B.....38 Sidney St.
Lycette, Mabel F.....50 Foster St.
Lynch, Josephine V.....405 Norfolk St.
MacKenzie, Ella E.....21 Wilbur St.
MacVicar, Emma L.....1534 Cambridge St.
Maddox, Alice I.....6 Cypress St.
Maguire, Annie G.....148 Bridge St.
Manion, Sadie F.....66 Wendell St.
Martin, Edith I.....129 Chestnut St.
Martin, E. Josephine.....195 Webster Ave.
McCarthy, Margaret F.....61 Otis St.
McCormick, Mary G.....2 Gore St.
McCullough, Margaret B.....86 Bristol St.
McDonald, Margaret C.....324 Vine St.
McHugh, Mary C.....1597 Cambridge St.
McKenzie, Annie F.....24 Harris Pl.
McMakin, Lillian C.....30 Second St.
Mitchener, Florence M.....139 Gore St.
Moller, Agnes J.....330 Western Ave.
Moreland, Ethel S.....159 Mt. Auburn St.
Mosher, Edna F.....4 Rockwell St.
Mulcahy, Elizabeth J.....22 DeWolfe St.
Murphy, Mary A.....37 Hubbard Ave.
Murphy, Mary A.....38 Banks St.
Murray, Mary E.....95 Gore St.
Neal, Cora.....129 Putnam Ave.
Norton, Emma G.....6 High St.
O'Brien, Clara J.....2280 Massachusetts Ave.
O'Brien, Frances M.....11 Holworthy Pl.
O'Connell, Agnes L.....24 Seventh St.
O'Connell, Elizabeth M.....40 Second St.
O'Connor, Nora B.....135 Rindge Ave.
O'Hara, Henrietta.....6 Olney Ave.
Olin, Frances L.....3 Dover St.
O'Neill, Katherine V.....99 Thorndike St.
Pajonzeck, Ida A.....Oxford St.
Phelps, Agnes M.....14 Shepard St.
Pousland, Willa F.....66 Dana St.
Qualls, Bertha L.....19 Dyke St.
Quin, Lucy P.....85 Otis St.
Ramsdell, Bertha M.....57 Magazine St.
Regan, Mary V.....184 Gore St.
Roper, Lucy A.....39 Hubbard Ave.
Sampson, Josephine.....34 Howard St.
Sanders, Julie E.....61 Gorham St.
Schlesinger, Rena G.....30 Harris St.
Cooke, Bertha F.....462 Columbia St.
Coolidge, Emily S.....20 Martin St.
Cooter, Elsie H.....12 Fifth St.
Copeland, Lauretta M.....127 Elm St.
Conture, Elizabeth C.....62 Clifton St.
Crook, Grace M.....57 Fairmont St.
Cross, Ethel L.....111 Washington St.
Cruickshank, Nellie M.....31 Winter St.
Cunningham, Mary A..... 25B Mill St.
Currie, Lottie E.....384 Winsor St.
Dalloway, Florence M.....99 Washington St.
Danskin, Theresa E.....70 Wendell St.
Davis, Helen F.....62 Amory St.
Dickie, Elsie.....226 Winsor St.
Dolan, M. Frances.....39 Greene St.
Downing, Annie A.....27A Magnolia Ave.
Dunphy, Ada E.....1305 Cambridge St.
Faulkner, Annie L.....360 Western Ave.
Feeny, Mary L.....62 Spring St.
Fegan, Celia F.....152 Huron Ave.
Ferdinand, Marion N.....80 Columbia St.
Fischer, G. Evelyn.....2519 Massachusetts Ave.
Fitzgerald, Ellen F.....35 Ninth St.
Fitzgerald, Regina B.....1 Leonard Ave.
Frye, Lydia I.....38 Amory St.
Gauthier, Mabel A.....89 Plymouth St.
Glaser, Emilie.....307 Vine St.
Glynn, Cecilia E.....120½ Otis St.
Graves, Ethel E.....44 Sacramento St.
Green, Elsie C.....141 Allston St.
Greene, Annie M.....114 Magazine St.
Griffin, Katherine A.....107 Cambridge St.
Griffith, Ursaline L.....1 Bancroft St.
Haines, Morna P.....259 Prospect St.
Haley, Ellen L.....5 Hayes St.
Haley, Mary E.....5 Hayes St.
Hamilton, Maude C.....69 Howard St.
Hammarback, Rose O.....472 Winsor St.
Hanlon, Margaret G.....174 Third St.
Hayden, Florence M.....14 Bowdoin St.
Hayman, Edna F.....18 Laurel St.
Healey, Elizabeth M.....205 Rindge Ave.
Hennan, Ida L.....137 Mt. Auburn St.
Higgins, Helen L.....118 Hampshire St.
Holden, Mary E.....292 Green St.
Horan, Gertrude F.....55 Montgomery St.
Horan, Mary G.....255 Putnam Ave.
Horgan, Rose C.....91 Fourth St.
Houlder, Elsie M.....3 Palermo St.
Howard, Charlotte E.....37½ Kinnaird St.
Hurd, Grace A.....2 Henderson Pl.
Jackson, Isabella L.....24 Union St.
Johnson, Marguerite.....100 Austin St.
Johnston, Clara E.....103 Rice St.
Jones, Marion L.....892 Massachusetts Ave.
Keane, Elizabeth F.....34 Crescent Ave.
Kee, Lillian G.....28 Hews St.
Seils, Helena M.....89 Spring St.

Shannon, Mary G.....38 Gore St.
Shea, Joanna E.....75 Fifth St.
Shepherd, Marion.....33 Garfield St.
Skelton, Julia E.....268 Broadway.
Smith, Alice W.....20 Warland St.
Smith, Margaret T.....676 Huron Ave.
Smith, Maud E.....39 Prince St.
Snow, Rebecca.....184 Harvard St.
Sodergren, Esther F.....119 Harvard St.
Steinkrauss, May F.....45 River St.
Stinson, Adelaide E.....27 Greene St.
Sullivan, Helen B.....34 Ellery St.
Teer, Margaret J.....132 Fifth St.
Telfer, Iva A.....38 Fairfield St.
Telfer, Margaret J.....20 Walnut Ct.
Turner, Mabel E.....338 Columbia St.
Walshe, Maud E.....353 Winsor St.
Walton, Josephine.....45 Essex St.
Wells, Susy E.....342 Pearl St.
Wennerlof, Amely.....1254 Cambridge St.
Wentworth, Ethel A.....134 Green St.
White, Everetta M.....354 Pearl St.
Wiswell, Ada S.....63 Wendell St.
Wiswell, Estelle L.....63 Wendell St.

Anderson, Sven H.....118 Otis St.
Barton, Harry M.....15 Maynard Pl.
Bateman, Edward R.....27 Cushing St.
Beckett, Bertram.....221 Putnam Ave.
Bowlby, Rupert G.....12 Sycamore St.
Boyd, Walter L.....5 W. Bellevue Ave.
Breen, Harry W.....96 Foster St.
Browne, Arthur T.....2 Olney Ave.
Burns, George D.....298 Brookline St.
Caldwell, Frederick J.....83 Orchard St.
Callahan, Timothy A.....50 Russell St.
Carr, James J.....23 Bay St.
Clement, Elijah H.....134 Austin St.
Clifford, Arthur W.....167 Magazine St.
Davies, Harold.....146 Mt. Auburn St.
Davison, William E.....24 Seckle St.
Dinneen, Jeremiah J.....10 Parnell St.
Donovan, John J.....22 Oliver St.
Ellis, Alexander.....18 Market St.
Fawcett, Robert J.....74 Hammond St.
Fitzgerald, Albert G.....247 Franklin St.
Goldberg, Max.....5 Lamson Pl.
Grebenstein, George W.....152 Pleasant St.
Green, James H.....26 Sparks St.
Harney, William H.....15 Tuttle St.
Harris, George E.....177 Lexington Ave.
Haverty, Francis J.....91½ Inman St.
Hayden, Lester N.....154 Elm St.
Heafey, Richard J.....170 Gore St.
Holt, James H.....60 Plympton St.
Hunt, Edward E.....49 Washington St.
Hurley, Jeremiah J.....75 Gore St.
Hussey, Herbert L.....433 Cambridge St.
Karnan, Le Roy M.....51 Mt. Auburn St.
Kelly, Edward C.....12 Madison St.
Lang, Henry J.....269 Putnam Ave.
Lamson, Walter A.....176 Pleasant St.
LeFarve, Henry J.....Porter Road.
Leighton, Bernard F.....60 Austin St.
L'Estrange, Percy.....33 Lee St.
Lindh, Arthur E.....55 Orchard St.
Lowd, Raymond E.....133 Chestnut St.
Lundsted, Leif C.....40 Lopez St.
MacDonald, John A.....100½ Gore St.
Mahoney, William R.....346 Vine St.
Milne, Alexander P.....Merriam St., Lexington
Mullen, Thomas.....105 Gore St.
Murray, Timothy R.....8 Bay St.
Nelson, Freeman L.....17 Walden St.
O'Brien, James E.....127 Huron Ave.
O'Riley, Bernard T.....20 School St.
Peterson, Carl H.....91 Otis St.
Powers, Joseph D.....328 Prospect St.
Quinn, John E.....48 Bridge St.
Robbins, William C.....34 Pearl St.
Roberts, Charles S.....99 Hampshire St.
Sawtelle, Edwin B.....147 Allston St.
Smith, George D.....3 High St.
Steed, Willis B.....74 Harvard St.
Stuart, Clifford A.....135 Washington St.
Sweeney, Joseph.....151 Raymond St.
Vail, Albert S.....131 Magazine St.
Ward, Chesley J.....91 Austin St.
Ward, Edgar A.....241 River St.
Watkins, Edward S.....29 Burleigh St.
White, William A.....1 Nichols Pl.

SPECIALS.

Barbour, Eleanor.....12 Ellery St.
Close, Bertha M.....380 Broadway.
Deeran, Harry M.....102 Magazine St.
Fifield, Bessie L.....2 Fayette Park.
Haworth, Christopher.....40 Pemberton St.
Mayhew, Clyde.....98 Raymond St.
Niles, J. Otis.....2058 Massachusetts Ave.
Hanscom, Lena.....34 Kinnaird St.
Lochman, Anna P.....34 Wendell St.
Martin, Georgia E.....9 Sacramento St.
Moore, Helen P.....1 Rutland St.
Lothrop, Mary.....59 Museum St.
Rowe, Georgetta.....1608 Cambridge St.
Towers, Frederika W.....29 Mellen St.
Tupper, Grace E.....58 Antrim St.
Warnock, Sarah A.....1619 Massachusetts Ave.

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

PUBLISHED monthly during the school year by the undergraduates of the Cambridge Latin School and the Cambridge English High School.

Contributions are solicited from undergraduates and alumni, and may be left in the REVIEW boxes at the schools or mailed to "THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW," 26A Brattle Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Contributors will please write legibly in ink on one side of the paper only and sign their names in full.

Terms of subscription, seventy-five cents a year. Single copies, ten cents.

Address all business communications and make checks payable to the Business Manager.

Entered at Post-Office, Boston, as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRESS OF CAUSTIC & CLAFLIN, CAMBRIDGE.

Board of Editors.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

HOLLAND BENNETT, '00.

First Associate Editor.

FRED H. DOW, '00.

Associate Editors.

GRACE M. NORRIS, '00. JENNIE B. ALLYN, '00.
ELSIE D. MCWAIN, '00. EDNA P. SMITH, '00.
CHESTER A. GARFIELD, '00. HAROLD W. BENNETT, '01.
EDGAR L. SMITH, '01. PSYCHE CERES HEYWOOD, '02.

Class Editors.

MARY L. COLEMAN, '00. IDA M. STEVENS, '01.
RALPH H. CROSWELL, '01. JOHN T. GLIDDEN, '01.
FREDERICK W. RIED, '02. SYLVANUS W. WILDER, '02.
ALEXINA L. P. BOWLBY, '03. FLORENCE M. HAYDEN, '03.
LAWRENCE AMEE, '04. FLETCHER W. TAFT, '03.
GRACE R. LUKE, '04.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

CLIFFORD H. WALKER, '00.

Assistants.

LOUIS W. SUMNER, '02. PROCTOR CARR, '00.
JOHN C. DAVENPORT, '00. PHILIP R. AMMIDON, '01.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Christmas issue of the REVIEW will appear on Thursday, December 14, 1899. All copy *must* be in by Saturday, December 2d. On account of the Thanksgiving vacation, all the *class editors* must have their notes ready on Tuesday, November 28.

Class of '99, High School, has selected Purdy as class photographer. Proper cards of introduction may be obtained from any of the following committee: Miss Foxcroft, Miss Prentice, Miss Smith, Mr. McInnes, (chairman), and Mr. Soule.

H. H. Murdock, '97, has been elected to the Supervisory Committee on Athletics by the Harvard C. L. S. Club in the place of H. N. Stearns, '95.

There will be games, sometime in the last of November, with Boston English High, and Rindge Manual Training School.

The REVIEW wishes to have two class editors from each class. A glance at the list in the adjacent column will show that at present some of the classes have only one editor. Any who desire to try for the vacant positions should speak immediately to the Editor-in-Chief or to the First Associate Editor, if they have not already done so.

In the Sunday papers of November fifth there was a very exaggerated account of a slight injury received by Carr in a game played at Salem on November fourth. Carr was all right the next day.

A correction:

On August 3, 1899, William E. Burrage, C. L. S. '89, was married to Miss Alice C. Hale, C. L. S. '88.

Newton S. Bacon, C. L. S. '91, Harvard Medical School '99, has taken Dr. Robertson's office at North Cambridge.

Miss Alice F. Smith, '93, is in the Harvard Library.

B. S. Baker, '93, has left the Law School and is working in New York for the New York Post.

On May 2, 1899, Miss M. Alice Fuller, '91, was married to Rev. Charles Olmstead.

Henry J. Winslow, '98, is manager of the Harvard Monthly.

James R. Evans, E. H. S. '99, is in the employ of E. C. Swift.

A. M. Goodridge, '95, is a joint editor of a successful new college publication called "Harvard Teams."

Walter Clarkson, E. H. S. '99, is a special in the Scientific School.

B. F. Janes, formerly of C. L. S. '00, is now a sophomore in regular standing in college.

A. J. Monroe, formerly of C. L. S. '00, is a freshman in college.

Howland Dudley, '91, is practicing law in Boston, and is practically a partner in his father's business.

Miss Helen M. Albee, C. L. S. '80, is spending her sabbatical year in Cambridge. She is taking a full course of study in Radcliffe.

E. K. Arnold, '91, has opened a law office in Boston.

A. D. Wyman, '97, who was out of college last year, has returned, and is now a member of the sophomore class. He has a scholarship from the college.

Walter C. Clark, '99, has received one of the few scholarships awarded to a freshman on entering college.

Patrick J. Sullivan, '99, is in Boston College.

Mrs. William E. Burrage (formerly Miss Alice Hale, '88) has been elected president of the Radcliffe College Alumnae Association for three years, and vice-president of the Latin School Alumni Association.

Miss Flora L. Josselyn, '95, Radcliffe '99, is private tutor in a family in Haverhill, Mass.

George A. Goodridge, '95, Harvard '99, is in the employ of Goodridge, Barrett & Co., wholesale dealers in tea and coffee, Boston.

A meeting of the executive committee of the C. L. S. Alumni Association was held October 28. The following matters were decided provisionally: reunions shall be held biennially, on the Friday evening before Thanksgiving Day, beginning in November,

1900. The reunions will take the forms of collations with a few speakers, and the programme will be ended early, that those who care for it may have time for dancing. Only alumni are to be invited, and all who have attended the Classical High School or the Latin School are to be included in the invitation. It was decided to compile and publish, before the reunion in 1900, an accurate list of the names and addresses of all the graduates of the school. The following committees were decided upon, and chairmen appointed, the latter to form their committees as soon as practicable: Supper committee, H. N. Stearns, '95; speakers, F. W. Dallinger, '89; invitations, H. H. Murdock, '97; publication, G. A. Goodridge, '95; entertainment (dancing, etc.), not settled.

The first meeting of the Harvard-Cambridge Latin School Club for the year 1899-1900 was held on Monday evening, October 16, 1899. About twenty were present. The following officers were chosen: President, H. H. Murdock, '97; vice-president, N. W. Tilton, '96; secretary and treasurer, A. D. Wyman, '97. Mr. Murdock was also elected a graduate member of the supervisory committee of athletics. The principal topic was naturally athletics, and the question was brought up as to the advisability of separating the schools. An informal vote resulted almost unanimously in favor of it.

DER SCHULER ALS PROFESSOR.

The girls of Bournemouth Academy all thought Professor Barrett the "stiffest, most disagreeable man they ever knew," and the boys all voted him a "stick," so with two such distinguished verdicts, his character should be fully established. Not that he really was so bad, but his strict, old-fashioned ways, and disapproval of what he termed frivolity, had brought him into disfavor with his pupils, especially those who found it very trying, amid their numerous social duties, to prepare their Latin lessons. Woe betide the scholar who failed in recitation after attending a dance the evening before. The Professor would deliver a lecture on the vanities of the rising generation, and express his unqualified disapproval of evening entertainments.

So it was not strange that when a new scholar appeared, who was the professor's very image, he was at first looked upon with disfavor. George Wayland resembled Professor Barrett, not only in features, but in height, gait, and even voice. The resemblance, however, was, like beauty, only skin-deep, for a more mischievous, fun-loving soul never lived than this same George. He soon won his way into the friendship of his fellow-scholars, both by his ready wit and by his kind, genial disposition.

One evening the social committee had arranged to have a little party in the academy hall. The date happened to be April first, and of course a rogue like George Wayland could not miss such an opportunity for a joke.

So he and his room-mate, Joe Howard, held a solemn conclave to determine what the trick should be and who its victim. For a long time nothing new or original suggested itself, but at last Joe exclaimed:

"I have it now, George! You must impersonate Professor Barrett at the party. I'm a first-rate hand to fix up a disguise. A gray wig and moustache and a little paint will do wonders. Oh, come on now," as George began to hesitate, "it'll be the best

joke of the season, and of course the Professor won't be there, and won't know anything about it till afterwards. Even then I guess he'll forgive you, if you get on the right side of his temper."

"But surely the other teachers'll know me, and then I'll be in a pretty pickle."

"Oh! I'll wager that when I get you fixed the Professor's own mother wouldn't recognize you, and you're such a good actor that you can carry the part off to perfection," urged the tempter.

"Well, I guess I will, for it can't do any more than make the old fellow hopping mad, and I've done that before, so I'm not afraid."

Soon after the company began to assemble that evening, one of the young ladies, who was standing by the window, rushed frantically over to a group of her companions, saying, "Girls, girls, who *do* you suppose is coming up the walk?"

General chorus of "Who? who?" "Don't keep us in suspense."

"Well (tragically), it's *Professor Barrett!* What under the sun did he come for, and what shall we do with him?"

For it must be stated that the Professor had never before attended one of the academy parties, though all the other teachers enjoyed meeting their pupils in this social way.

In the meantime George, for we know it was he, walked slowly into the midst of the company. He first stepped forward to shake hands with the principal, Professor Stuart, who greeted him with the words,"Good evening, Barrett, I'm glad to see that you are going to be one of us at last."

"Yes," replied the supposed Professor, "I think perhaps I have held myself aloof too long, so I came to get a little better acquainted."

After this he moved about the room, talking pleasantly to one and another. Little whispered comments began to fly about. "Why what's come over Barrett tonight?" "I guess the old man isn't so bad after all."

George himself was surprised at the success of his acting, and entered into the spirit of it with all his heart. He did his best to give a literary tone to his conversation, and really played his part very well. After some time, he became engaged in conversation with a charming young lady. They had strolled into an ante-room, and he was just giving his views on psychology when his friend Joe rushed in.

"Oh Geo—," excuse me, Professor, may I speak with you in the hall?"

In fear and trembling, George followed him.

"Well," said Joe, "you've got to get out of this pretty quick, for the real Professor is just coming up the steps. What in the dickens he had to come for, I don't know, but you'd better scoot out the back door as quick as you know how. I'll go with you to avoid being questioned, for everybody is asking me where *you* are tonight. The old man is so absent-minded that it may help us out."

So the two "scooted," and we will leave them a little while, and see how the Professor fared. He too spoke first to the principal, who asked where he had been keeping himself for the last half hour.

"Why, I've just come, you know."

"But I was just talking with you a little while ago. You must have been here some time."

"Can it be that I am going crazy?" demanded the poor man. "I know I am very absent-minded, but I didn't suppose it had gone so far as this. I would almost swear that I just came into this house, but if you tell me that you saw me here half an hour ago, I shall distrust my own senses, and believe you."

"Well, it's certainly a strange case, for I'm sure I saw you."

Every one to whom Professor Barrett spoke, referred to having seen him a short

time before, and soon the poor man began to think that he was truly crazy, and decided to go home, resolved that if parties had such an effect, his first attempt should be also his last.

As George and his chum were hurrying away, Joe said, "Say, there's another scheme on foot tonight. I just overheard two of the fellows talking about it. They are going to put on masks, and wait for Professor Barrett on the road through Martin's grove, and after giving him a good scare they are going to add a compulsory lesson in bicycle-riding. The Professor is such a timid old chap that they expect him to submit immediately. Of course they think you are the Professor, and when they saw you go out they started ahead on their wheels. Now we must see to this, and what shall we do?"

"Well," replied George, "I think we have it on them now. You come along and see the best fun you ever witnessed."

It must here be explained that Bournemouth was a country town, so that the road was almost deserted in the evening. Martin's grove was a considerable piece of woods, through which lay the shortest path to the homes of both George and the Professor.

The two walked a little way into the wood, where Joe hid himself, to watch proceedings. George kept along the road and was not surprised when two masked figures sprang from the bushes, and ordered him to halt, which he did without resistance. After a good deal of threatening language, one of the two produced his bicycle, and together they lifted the supposed Professor upon it. He at first seemed unwilling to mount his fiery steed, but at last they got him seated, and proceeded to direct his intentionally clumsy movements. After a few moments of this, one said, "Now we'll see what you can do alone," at the same time letting go of the wheel, in expectation of seeing it tip over. But to their surprise and dismay the rider began to pedal for all he was worth, and headed for the place where he had left Joe waiting.

After a moment of consternation, one of the jokers shouted, "Come back with that wheel!" But as he received no answer he mounted the other bicycle, and rode after their victim, full tilt.

George felt that his pursuer was gaining on him and was putting forth his best efforts, when his wheel hit a stone and threw him headlong into the middle of the road. On came the other rider, and before he could stop crashed into George's wheel, and was in turn thrown off.

Both sprang to their feet unhurt, just in time to see the real Professor Barrett and Joe Howard standing in front of them.

All were mutually surprised, and the Professor simply astounded. He demanded an explanation, and each boy told his part of the story, hoping that the Professor would see the ridiculous side of the affair.

Strange to say, he did, for he sat down by the path and laughed as he never laughed before.

The boys made profuse apologies, which were accepted, and all vowed never to tell the secret, but somehow it leaked out. So now George is called "Professor," and when anyone mentions bicycle-lessons, two people assume a very sheepish expression.

But after that evening there seemed to be a decided change for the better in Professor Barrett, and though he did not at once become a favorite, the old dislike for him gradually gave way to a feeling of respect.

M. L. B., '01.

HIGH SCHOOL.

The second regular meeting of the English High School Debating Society was held on October 13. The attendance was not as large as usual owing, probably, to the celebration held in Boston on that evening.

Mr. Whalen, Mr. Stephens, and Mr. Lynch, three of our active members last year, were present and were made honorary members.

Miss Kendall kindly gave us two readings, which were enjoyed very much.

The subject of the evening, Resolved: "That the policy of the present administration is unjust," was supported by Mr. Derran and Mr. Clarke, both of whom showed they had put a great deal of thought into the subject. Mr. Garfield spoke on the negative. As the other speakers failed to make an appearance, Mr. Connolly volunteered to support the affirmative, and Mr. Lynch the negative.

The judges, Mr. Stephens, Mr. Wha'en, and Miss White, reported the debate a tie.

LATIN SCHOOL.

The second meeting of the society was held in one of the class rooms in the Latin School on Friday evening, October 13. The question duscussed was, Resolved: "That trusts are a menace to the American people." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Burns, '02, Burton, '02, and Ganghan, '04, and the negative by Messrs. Bennett, '01, Masstrangialo, '01, and Rideout, '01. The debate was good, especially the rebuttals; Messrs. Burns and Bennett both summed up the arguments for their respective sides in a very forcible manner. The jury, consisting of Mr. Ammidon, '01, Mr. Mason, '00, and Miss Heywood, '02, awarded the debate to the negative.

When the debate was thrown open to the house, a very interesting discussion took place, and many strong points were brought out on both sides. A number of the young ladies present took part in the debate. Six new members were admitted to the society: Miss Sullivan, '01, Miss Heywood, '02, Miss Burton, '02, Messrs. Thompson, '00, Linnell, '01, and Graustein, '02.

The society is to be congratulated on the success of its third meeting for the year, which was held on Friday evening, October 27. In attendance, enthusiasm, and at the same time good order, the meeting surpasses any that the society has held for a long time. The question was, Resolved: "That co-education should be adopted by the American colleges." Messrs. Counihan, '00, Good, '01, and Burton, '02, presented the negative side of the subject, while Messrs. Bennett, '00, White, '02, and Foster, '02, presented the affirmative. The debate was awarded to the negative.

After the principals had finished their speeches, a great many spoke from the floor. As at the meeting before, the young ladies entered heartily into the debate, and engaged

in a number of running discussions with the boys. The two speeches from the floor most worthy of mention were made by Mr. Thompson, '00, and Miss Barbour, '01. Miss Barbour's was especially neat.

The committee on joint debates reported that they had written to two schools and received answers, but that they deemed it impracticable to have a debate before January, and advised that the society proceed immediately with the class debates. After a very sharp discussion, it was finally decided to hold the first class debate between 1903 and 1904 on the meeting for Friday, November 24. Seven new members were elected; Miss Wyman, '00, Miss Barbour, '01, Miss Jackson, '01, Miss Wood, '01, Miss Lewis, '02, Messrs. Taft, '03, Wyman, '03, and Good, '04.

Arthur B. Flanagan, '98, a former president of the society, was made an honorary member.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

FINALS.

Thirty-eight members of the class of '99, C. L. S., this year entered seven colleges, as follows: Harvard, 13; Radcliffe, 18; Boston University, 3; Dartmouth, 1; Vassar, 1; Welleslay, 1; Smith, 1. Of this number, only one was rejected at Harvard. There were seven graduates of the class who did not enter college. Of these two have entered a Normal School. The record of the thirty-two who tried the Harvard or Radcliffe examinations last June is as follows:

				Failures.		Honors.		
Candidates.		Sub.	Hrs.	Sub.	Hrs.	Sub.	Hrs.	Clear
Boys	14	175	231	8	11	32	45	10
Girls	18	223	295	6	8	70	108	15
Total	32	398	526	14	19	102	153	25

Of the eight failures among the boys three were given to the boy who was rejected.

PRELIMINARIES.

				Failures.		Honors.		
Candidates.		Sub.	Hrs.	Sub.	Hrs.	Sub.	Hrs.	Clear
Boys	27	143	196	8	13	18	23	22
Girls	22	112	155	5	7	21	27	19
Total	49	255	351	13	20	39	50	41

Of the forty-nine candidates one boy and two girls were rejected. The one boy rejected had four of the eight failures among the boys, and one of the girls rejected had three of the five failures among the girls.

Of the twenty-three hours of honors among the boys, Clifford H. Walker had six and W. Steward Whittemore five; and of the twenty-seven honors among the girls, Mary L. Coleman had eight (an honor in every examination she wrote), Ethel M. MacLeod and Mary S. Wyman four each, and Elizabeth L. Huling three; thus four girls had nineteen out of the twenty-seven.

The names of Mary Edith McGrew and Cecil Thayer Derry of the class of '99 should be added to the list of "record-breakers."

Name and School.	Hours passed.	Hours honors.
A. D. Wyman, C. L. S., '97.....	22	18
A. W. Hodgman, Lowell H.S., '85	20	18
Mary Edith McGrew, C. L. S., '99	21	17
P. H. Kelsey, C. L. S., '98.....	20	16
Hugh Bancroft, C. L. S., '94....	18	14
E. K. Arnold, C. L. S., '91.....	16	14
Cecil Thayer Derry, C. L. S., '99.	18	13

Note.—Thanks are due to Mr. Bradbury for the information given above. For the records of the classes of '96, '97 and '98, readers are referred to the REVIEWS of December, 1896, p. 14; March, 1897, p. 11; November, 1897, p. 19; and November, 1898, p. 20.

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

1900.

It is indeed a most lamentable condition of things if the once energetic and spirited class of 1900 has fallen into "a state of innocuous desuetude," as one of its members asserts in the Cambridge Chronicle. But really, when one recalls that we have a prosperous and socially successful class organization; that we are well represented in the debating society; that we have a class basket-ball team which has good prospects; that five of the C. H. and L. foot-ball eleven, that is, nearly half of the team, are members of the class; and that the class is successfully running the REVIEW for the second year,—this statement seems somewhat queer to say the least.

A meeting was held in the interest of class athletics to consider Mr. Benshimol's offer of a banner to the winning class team in foot-ball and basket-ball. The girls expressed their intention of participating in the basket-ball contest, and Mr. Regan was chosen to get together a foot-ball team.

It was also voted to tender Mr. Benshimol a vote of thanks for his kind offer.

A foot-ball team has been formed.

A most successful class social was held October 20, at the home of Mr. Bennett. The principal entertainment of the evening was a proverb-party in which Mr. Good received the prize for the best represented proverb. There was a very large number of scholars present, beside three of the teachers, Mr. Benshimol, Miss Bachelder, and Miss Harris.

Our photograph committee has been appointed and consists of five members: Mr. Carr, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Parker, Miss Crocker, and Miss Briggs.

The girls have been exceedingly fortunate in securing the services of Miss A. C. Annable, who is on Radcliffe's Varsity Team, as coach for their basket-ball team.

Come, girls of 1900, we must go with the crowd and join the Debating Society. A number of girls from other classes belong, but only one from our class.

Was it not shocking that no one offered a Cicero to the young visitor we had in Latin class awhile ago?

1901.

A class social was held at Miss Barbour's home on October 14th. In spite of its being Dewey Day, quite a number were present, and all voted that they spent a most delightful evening.

James has been elected permanent captain and Bennett manager of the class foot-ball team.

The basket-ball team now possesses a brand new ball.

The "Sigma Gamma" has decided to consider no more applications for membership.

Miss Baldwin, the girls' coach in basket-ball last year, is with them again this year in the same position.

All members of the class have the right to vote at class meetings once more. The constitution guarantees seven socials per year.

Several young ladies from 1901 have joined the C. L. S. D. S.

1901 is going to have a drama as well as any other class.

Requiescat in pace, Mademoiselle la Seiglière.

1902.

On Friday evening, October 20th, at the home of Miss Hutchins, the class of 1902 held their first social of the year. Mr. Bradbury and six of the teachers were present at different intervals during the evening. The prizes were won by Miss Hubbard, Miss Montague, Mr. Hood and Mr. Fish. Nearly the entire class was present, and every one went away feeling that it was an evening to be remembered.

We welcome the good news of 1902 girls joining the Debating Society. Keep it up. Remember our power there last year. Look out for '01.

The girls have formed a new society, the T. H. L. Can you guess the name?

We have still our Athletic Association.

Baker has been elected temporary captain of the '02 polo team, Garfield of the track team, and Burton permanent captain of the foot-ball team. Durrell is manager of the latter.

Mr. Thompson and Mr. Garfield won the boys' doubles in the tennis tournament.

The rising spirit of this class is shown during chemistry hour. We are all anxious to get up stairs.

The class spirit shows out plainly when we can get over fifty at our class socials.

1903.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the foot-ball team of 1903!

The social committee consists of Miss Palmer, Miss Hutchens, Miss Webb, Mr. Wyman, Mr. Ellis and Mr. Jameson.

Two members of 1903 joined the Debating Society at the last meeting.

Russel Ellis has been elected captain, and Fletcher Taft manager, of the class foot-ball team.

Miss H. Webb and Miss Anderson are soliciting funds for the foot-ball team, and will be glad if every member of the class will subscribe.

The first social for the year was held at the home of Mr. Wyman on Friday evening, November third, and was a great success. About forty were present, including teachers, Mr. Bradbury and Miss Drew.

On Thursday, November second, at Charles River Park, 1903 defeated 1904 in the first of the class foot-ball series.

All who can should come to the foot-ball games, not only of your own class but of the others also.

Boys, remember not to hold secret meetings in the halls at recess.

How we miss P-e-e in the fifth division in Latin.

1904.

The first class meeting was held Thursday, October 19, and the following officers were elected: President, Lawrence Amee; Vice President, Miss Grace Luke; Treasurer, George Rivinius; Secretary, Miss Marion Alley.

The social committee consists of Miss Mandell, Miss Kendall, Miss Locke, Mr. Rivinius, Mr. Potter, and Mr. Hopewell.

The class decided to wait until the next meeting before choosing the class color.

Hopewell has been elected captain, and Rivinius manager, of the class foot-ball team.

A short meeting was held to find out if there were enough members who played tennis to form a tennis team. About 30 will try for the team, which will consist of not more than ten boys and ten girls.

George Rivinius accidentally broke his collar bone and now we have no right end. This did not happen in foot-ball either.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

1900.

The social committee of 1900 consists of Mr. Leitch (chairman), Mr. Shannon, Mr. Soule, Miss Meyhew, and Miss Winter.

The basket-ball team of 1900 is progressing rapidly. Miss Foxcroft is manager, and a member of the Radcliffe team has been secured as coach.

The class photographer is Purdy. Tickets may be obtained from any of the committee.

The class of 1900 held a very successful social at the home of Miss Foxcroft, Hillside Avenue, October 27, 1899. About fifty were present, including five teachers: Mr. Sargent, Miss Rogers, Miss Smith, Miss Deering, and Miss Crook. The prizes were won by Miss Easton and Mr. Taylor.

Support the foot-ball team.

That school quartette was quite a success. We would gladly excuse their backs in order to hear more of it.

One of the senior boys has so much studying to do that he finds it necessary to use a dress-suit case several times a week to get his books home.

1901.

We are glad that Mr. Blake has improved so rapidly. He is now able to attend school again.

How did the pictures of the basket-ball team come out?

The next time Miss W— of 1901 presents the school with such a beautiful ornament, she should not put it up quite as high as the ceiling.

In cooking—"A cup and a quarter of sugar would be how much, girls?"

Visitors to basket-ball team—"Do you allow visitors?"

"W-e-l-l,—no."

"But you have them sometimes?"

"Yes" (under breath). And some people didn't take the hint!

The class ought not to be discouraged by one failure to organize, let us try again.

Mr. Garland has left school to accept a position in the University Press.

Dancing in the hall at recess has become quite popular with the girls.

Many of the girls are very enthusiastic over basket-ball, and wish to have a good team. Miss Mahady has been elected captain, Miss Howe business manager. The coach is Miss Chapman.

1902.

We are sorry to lose Miss Emery, who is attending a class of shorthand in the Boston Young Women's Christian Association.

Red, white and gold are now the class colors.

The class pins will soon appear.

Swett is attending R. M. T. S. this year.

Mr. Th—n will furnish poems and jokes in large or small quantities, at short notice.

The girls of the basket-ball team have been practising hard, and will soon play match games. Misses Boyce and Place are now the captains.

A foot-ball team is being formed. It is hoped that a few more players will come out.

The class has organized and elected the following officers for the year: Mr. Wilder, president; Miss Lowe, vice-president; Mr. Luce, treasurer; and Miss Vale, secretary.

1903.

The basket-ball team of 1903 has played three games. The manager is Miss Hurd.

Who sat on the floor in the Algebra class?

Why not have a class pin, 1903?

Miss Shepard is attending the High School.

SELECTION.

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy who was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight
Out under the maple tree,
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be,
With an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding
In guesses One, Two, Three.

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry and laugh with glee;
It wasn't the china closet,
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the closet with the queer old key,"
And she said, "You are warm and warmer,
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where mamma's things used to be,
So it must be the clothespress, gran'ma,"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places
Right under the maple tree,
This old, old, old, old lady
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady
And the boy who was half-past three.

Adolpheus, aged seven—Say, pa, what is a convulsion?

Fond parent—A bad fit, my son.

Adolpheus (after a little thought)—Say, pa, what a convulsion your new suit is.

Wife (on shipboard trying to comfort her sea-sick husband by changing current of his thoughts)—Darling, has the moon come up yet?

Husband (groaning)—It has if I swallowed it.

A little girl at play on Sunday being accosted by the minister—"Good morning, daughter of the evil one," meekly replied, "Good morning, father."

She—I have seen nineteen summers.

He—How long have you been blind?

At the Christmas dinner:

Uncle George (carving)—Aren't you fond of goose, Ethel?

Ethel (severely)—We will discuss Mr. Brown later.

Griggs—What on earth is the matter with that lady? Has she St. Vitus dance?

Briggs— Oh, no! she's just trying to put on a new pair of gloves.

Small boy—Papa, shall we have three meals a day in the next world?

Papa—No, my son, but we shall get our deserts there.

Mr. Baggie—Confound that tailor, these trousers are a mile too long.

Mrs. B.—How much shall I hem them up?

Mr. B.—Oh, about half an inch.

His Honor—Do you know the nature of an oath?

Witness—Yes, its human nature.

Layton—Isn't that clock a little fast?

Waite—I shouldn't be surprised, it's a French clock.

"I see that Callow has quit wearing those loud trousers of his."

"He had to."

"How so?"

"They woke up the nap of his silk hat."

Put away the ice cream freezer,
Take the hammock from the shade,
Shelve the oozing lemon-squeezer,
We no longer need its ade.

Sympathetic friend—I am so sorry Mrs. Jones is no better.

He (wearily)—Yes—I do wish she'd get better or—something.

He—What is it you like about golf?

She—O, you don't have to keep it oiled or pumped up.

"Give me one kiss," he pleaded.

"Only one?" she asked.

"Only one," he repeated.

"Evidently," she sighed, "the modern young man doesn't know a good thing when he gets it."

The Gypsy—Till her thirty-fifth year Madam will lament having no husband.

Young lady—And then?

Gypsy—Then she'll be used to it.

Weary—Ah, sir, dat reminds me of fader, wot's dead.

Amateur cornet player—Was he a musician, too?

Weary—Not exactly, sir; he was a fish peddler.

Teacher—Moritz, tell me one of the leading characteristics of water.

Pupil—When you wash in it, sir, it becomes black.

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
Why he was merry
It is evident very,
'Twas because there was no Mrs. C.

"They say," said the first boarder, "that the cold has affected the wheat."

"I presume," said the cheerful idiot, "that its ears were frost-bitten."

Teacher—John, illustrate the difference between sit and set.

Patriotic boy—The United States is a country on which the sun never sets, and the rest of the world never sits.

"Your office door sticks badly at the bottom."

"Yes, I keep it that way so I can get busy before people come in."

Mary had a little dog,
Its fleece was black and tan,
She tied it to her bicycle
And by her side it ran.

They used to ride o'er hill and dale
Until the fatal day
When they were coasting down a slope,
A Tom-cat crossed the way.

The dog forgot poor Mary quite,
She landed on her head;
"'Twas a dog-goned cat-astrophe,"
So charming Mary said.

Goodly—What is better than a man you can trust?

Cynicus—One who will trust you.

The answers to the following will be published in the next number :

My whole is composed of 27 letters and yet contains many more.

21, 9, 8, 11, 5, 19,	Sailors cry on seeing land.
6, 23, 5,	Beverage.
16, 17, 12, 20, 4, 9, 22,	What we all aspire to be.
24, 7, 3,	To contend.
4, 25, 14, 18, 1,	Not darkness.
27, 2, 13, 10, 26,	To make noise like a dog.

My whole is composed of 20 letters, and is the name of something much tried.

5, 7, 14, 11, 12,	A balloonist of fame.
18, 2, 4,	Far from thin.
3, 6, 9, 10, 16, 15,	To practice petty theft.
17, 12, 20,	An affirmative answer.
1, 5, 8, 9,	A young, domestic animal.

My whole is composed of 15 letters, and is made up of 11.

8, 13, 7,	A wager.
3, 6, 9, 15,	To wander about.
4, 14, 2, 10, 12,	An error, mistake.
11, 5, 1, 15,	Used in weaving.

EXCHANGES.

The following articles in our exchanges for this month are especially worthy of reading: "Romance of Hawaii," Lowell; "Where Martyrs and Poets Lived and Died," Aggie Life; "A Ghost Story," Pawtucket High School Gleaner; "A Journey in Western United States" and "From Ohio to Manila," Dayton High School Times.

FOOT BALL

CAMBRIDGE 12; MEDFORD 0.

On October 13th, Cambridge went over to Medford and played two ten-minute halves scoring once in each.

Medford played in a half-hearted way, and Cambridge found no difficulty in breaking through the line and circling the ends. McGirr, Mayhew and Carr did good ground gaining throughout the game. In the first half Murphy got down on a kick and made an excellent tackle, throwing his man back a yard or two. In the second half Parker, after catching a kick, ran with the ball for fifty yards before he was downed. When time was called, Cambridge was on the point of again scoring.

The line-up:—

Cambridge.	Medford.
Murphy, Rondena, l.e	l.e., Morton
Hastings, l.t	l.t., Smith
Barnes, Holt, l.g	l.g., Walkling
Houston, c	c., Coe
Williams, r.g	r.g., Benner
Leitch, r.t	r.t., Foster
Jones, r.e	r.e., O'Niel
Parker, q	q., Cartwright
McGirr, l.h.b	l.h.b, Wylie
Carr, r.h.b	r.h.b., Williams
Mayhew, f.b	f.b., Blakelie

C. H. & L. 52; ARLINGTON 0.

Cambridge defeated Arlington at Charles River Park on October 17th, 52 to 0, in 35 minutes' play. Cambridge's line-up was the same as that against Medford. Arlington's was Schwamb, l.e.; Rogers, l.t.; Daley, l.g.; Fillemore, c.; Patterson, r.g.; Fay, r.t.; Hoyt, r.e.; Murphy, q.; Cook, l.h.b.; Buckley, r.h.b.; White, f.b.

Cambridge played well all round. White did the best work for Arlington.

A few days before the Arlington game Cambridge was defeated by Everett in a game held on the common. Owing to the large crowd which pressed round the players in spite of all attempts to keep it back, Everett refused to finish the game.

C. H. & L. 18; BROOKLINE HIGH 6.

On Friday, October 20th, Cambridge played its first important game, defeating Brookline 18 to 6, on the Charles River Park grounds.

Black sweaters with large red C's had been given to the team just before the game, and when it came on the field it made a fine showing. Cambridge won the toss and took the South end of the field. Brookline kicked off;

Carr caught the ball on our fifteen-yard line and carried it thirty yards forward. Then Parker directed attacks against the guards and tackles to weaken Brookline's guards back formation upon which she relied to make her gains. For five downs Mayhew, McGirr, Williams and Carr took turns plunging into the line for good gains; then Carr was sent around the left end for a gain. Twice more Cambridge pierced the line, then fumbled, but Leitch dropped on the ball. Four more downs, and Mayhew was pushed over the line, less than five minutes from the kick off. Parker kicked the goal.

Strange to say Wilcox, on the next kick-off booted the leather again to Carr. This time Carr fumbled and only gained five yards. Cambridge lost ground around left end and also on a fake kick, so McGirr punted. Brookline fumbled, but recovered the ball; she then tried her right end, fumbled, and Cambridge got the ball. Carr was then sent through right tackle, and from the centre of the field he carried the ball over the line in a splendid run. Parker again kicked the goal.

Carr caught Wilcox's kick-off for the third time, and gained to the centre of the field. Carr was a little the worse for wear, but after a rest of a minute he got into the game again. Then McGirr tried right tackle twice for good gains. Mayhew through left tackle made four yards; McGirr through right tackle made three; Mayhew through left tackle made two; Carr through left tackle made three, etc., until we lost the ball on downs, a foot from Brookline's goal. Wilcox dropped back for a kick, but Houston got through and blocked it. Hastings dropped on the ball, and scored our last touchdown. The goal was kicked, making the score 18 to 0 in favor of Cambridge.

After the kick-off McGirr punted the ball to Brookline who showed her ability to gain through guards and tackle. Houston got off side twice, giving Brookline twenty yards; but time was called before she approached our goal line.

In the second half Brookline had the ball the greater part of the time, and most of her attacks were directed against our line in a style of play that reminded one of the flying wedge, before it was ruled out. Cambridge did very well in stopping these plays, and it took Brookline thirteen and a half minutes to score. Wilcox made one good run around our left end, but he was downed by Carr after he had covered twenty yards; he was badly hurt and had to stop playing a little later. Marshall was put in his place at quarter. In this half Parker, Rondena and Carr made some very good tackles; Crawford played in place of McGirr who had been hurt toward the end of the first half. Towards the end of the game the play became rather fierce, and two Brookline men and one Cambridge player were put out of the game by the umpire and referee. The blame for this was about evenly divided.

The line-up:—

Cambridge.	Brookline.
Rondena, l.e.	l.e., Farley
Hastings, l.t.	l.t., Converse
Barnes, Holt, l.g.	l.g., Dexter
Houston, c.	c., Phillips
Williams, r.g.	r.g., Viles, C. Barndollar
Leitch, r.t.	r.t., Fox
Jones, r.e.	r.e., Strickland
Parker, q.	q., Wilcox (capt.)
McGirr (capt.), Crawford	l.h.b., Ringley
Carr, r.h.b.	r.h.b., Marshall
Mayhew, f.b.	f.b., Morse

C. H. & L. 11; BOSTON LATIN 0.

Cambridge played Boston Latin on October 24, at Charles River Park, and defeated the latter 11 to 0.

Picture Framing. C. E. HARLOW, 32 Boylston St., - Harvard Sq.

Cambridge won the toss and took the northern end of the field. Boston kicked off, and McGirr took the ball to our thirty-five-yard line. Boston then got the ball, and tried her left tackle for no gain; she gained about four yards around her left end; four more through her right tackle; again around her left end she gained, but fumbled, and lost the ball after two more end and tackle plays. Cambridge used end, tackle and guard plays about evenly and for ten downs the backs and Williams each gained anywhere from two to fifteen yards. Boston then obtained the ball on a fumble, but fumbled in her turn after a centre and an end play, and it was again Cambridge's ball.

Two plays through right tackle and Cambridge lost the ball for offside play. Boston gained four yards in two plays through her left tackle, and twice she circled our right end gaining five yards each time. Houston broke through on the next play, and caused B. L. S. to lose seven yards. She then kicked, Cambridge fumbled the ball, but recovered it. Carr was sent through our right tackle for five yards, McGirr around right end gained three yards, Mayhew gained through left guard. Carr then took the ball around our left and sprinting from Boston's forty-five-yard line, scored a touchdown. Parker kicked the goal.

Boston kicked off, and Mayhew caught the ball, but was tackled immediately on our twenty-five-yard line. Cambridge then lost seven yards on a fake kick; Carr regained five yards through right tackle, but it was third down with seven to gain, so Cambridge kicked to her forty-five-yard line. After seven downs, time was called, Boston having gained to our fifteen-yard line.

In the second half Cambridge kicked off, Boston was downed on her twenty-five-yard line. Cambridge immediately received the ball on downs, and after thirteen rushes lost it on downs on Boston's three-yard line; it was given back to her for off-side play. Here, Rondena was hurt and Murphy went in at left end. Cambridge fumbled, and Boston got the ball. After seven downs she was forced to try a kick on her twenty-yard line. Hastings and Barnes broke through and blocked the punt, and Murphy gathered up the ball and scored.

The goal was from a bad angle and Parker failed to kick it. Boston kicked off to Murphy who made a pretty dodging rush of fifteen yards. From now until the end of the game the ball remained near the centre of the field.

Some of Boston's formations were distinctly against the rules, and Cambridge did well to keep them from scoring. McGirr played a good game in spite of his lame leg. Houston and Parker played a strong defensive game.

The line-up:—

Cambridge High & Latin.	Boston Latin.
Rondena, Murphy, l.e	l.e., White
Hastings, l.t	l.t., Parmelee
Barnes, l.g	l.g., Ryder
Houston, c	c., Winston
Williams, r.g	r.g., Witherby
Holt, r.t	r.t., Gately
Jones, r.e	r.e, Murray
Parker, q	q., McGrath
McGirr, l.h.b	l.h.b., Hurley
Carr, r.h.b	r.h.b., O'Brien
Mayhew, f.b	f.b., Phillips

BILLINGS & STOVER,

1360 Massachusetts Avenue, - Harvard Square.

Prescription Pharmacists.

Do You Know that our Stock of Toilet Requisites is Extensive, of Superior Quality, and Prices Right?

LITTLE WILLIE.

Little Willie was a freshman,
  Green as grass—and greener, too.
Not a thing in all creation
  Ever had so green a hue.

One day while out exercising
  Through a field he chanced to pass.
And a brindle cow devoured him,
  Thinking he was only grass.

Little Willie's up in heaven,
  Vacant are two places now,
In his class there is no Willie,
  In the field there is no cow.—*Ex.*

Fred LaLond Successor to Griffith
Hair-Cutting Room
No. 34 Brattle St., Street Floor, Cambridge.
Seven Men in Attendance.

Fine Teas and Coffees
FOR FAMILY USE.
ORIENTAL TEA CO.,
87 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

AHERN . . .
AUCTIONEER,
REAL ESTATE,
INSURANCE,
1388 Mass. Ave., Harvard Sq.
64 Fifth St., East Cambridge.
. . . Telephone No. 515-3 . . .

"The very finest goods
AT
The very lowest prices."

Everything in Sporting Goods

John P. Lovell Arms Co.
163-165 WASHINGTON ST.
BOSTON.

COAL
RICHARDSON & BACON,
CAMBRIDGE.
WOOD

FAMILY TRADE A SPECIALTY FOR FIFTY-FOUR YEARS.

ONCE TRIED ALWAYS USED.

Boston Office,

35 Central Street.

ERNEST W. CLARK,

Plumber and Gas Fitter,

1440 and 1442 Massachusetts Ave.,

Harvard Square, - - Cambridge, Mass.

FALL STYLES READY.

Well Tailored Clothing for Young Men at Moderate Prices. It will pay you to Call and Examine Styles and Prices.

SPITZ BROS. & MORK, 65-69 Summer Street, BOSTON.

Do Not Buy Your

WALL PAPERS

.. .. FROM .. ..

SAMPLE BOOKS

Which are in every town within ten miles of you, and have your house look like every other house in town. Call and see our Immense Stock of

- - - NEW - - -

WALL PAPERS

For Season of 1899.

15 Per Cent Discount

Allowed on your purchase on presenting this advertisement. Our goods are marked to sell 20 per cent. lower than any Book Concern or Department Store in this Country.

THOMAS F. SWAN,

12 Cornhill, - Boston, Mass.

[Next door to Washington Street.]

ANDREW J. LOVELL & CO.,

Grocers,

1853 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE,

NORTH CAMBRIDGE.

E & R LAUNDRY

Only Laundry in New England that Solicits STARCHED GOODS ONLY.

NO MACHINE WORK. LADIES' GOODS A SPECIALTY.

Send Postal, or Telephone, and Team will call.

684-688 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, - CAMBRIDGEPORT.

The Only Sporty $3.50 Shoe in Town,

THE NESMITH .. .. ..

Sold in Cambridge by

LEIGHTON BROS. & CO.,

FREE SHINES. 619 MASSACHUSETTS AVE.

E. C. Litchfield,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

STUDIO:

655 Massachusetts Avenue, Arlington.

BALL'S

. . . HOME-MADE . . .

BREAD

.. .. TRY .. ..

RUSSELL'S CHOCOLATES.

Put up in Pound and Half-Pound Boxes.

THEY ARE THE BEST.

CALIFORNIA REDWOOD

Beautiful as Cherry. As Cheap as Pine.

MORE DURABLE THAN EITHER.

Especially Desirable for Inside and Outside Finish, Clapboards, Shingles, Doors, Etc.
Redwood Stubbornly Resists Fire, and Takes Paint or Polish Equally Well.

FOR SALE BY

LEXINGTON LUMBER CO.,

Telephone 48 LEXINGTON, MASS.

Lumber of all Kinds, Hardware, Masons' Supplies, Land Tile, Flue Lining, Drain Pipe, Etc.

Materials in Large or Small Quantities Delivered Promptly in Cambridge.

J. E. Purdy & Co.

Class Photographers for '98

CAMBRIDGE LATIN and ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOLS.

Promptness and efficiency are important factors in the execution of any commission and from our many graduating classes of '99 have come such words of commendation and praise as prove beyond any reasonable doubt our inclination and ability to make satisfactory portraits.

Conclusive evidence may be obtained by giving us a personal trial, and as regular class rates are permitted friends of students, who secure from Photo committee the proper cards of introduction, there is now an opportunity not to be neglected.

STUDIO: 146 TREMONT STREET,

BOSTON.

18 Christmas 99

The Latin and High School Review.
Vol. XIV. No. 3
Cambridge, Mass.

McNAMEE

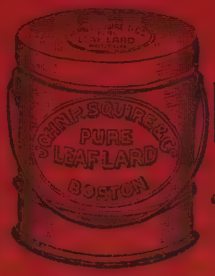
WE BIND THE "REVIEW."

...Bookbinding

Magazines and Library Books Bound In the most substantial manner.

26A BRATTLE STREET, ...CAMBRIDGE.

Established 1842.



JOHN P. SQUIRE & CO.,

INCORPORATED.

Packers and Curers of

Pork, Lard, Hams and Bacon

Also Manufacturers of the Celebrated

"Arlington" Sausage and Kettle Rendered Leaf Lard.

21, 23 & 25 F. H. Market and 39 & 40 No. Market St.

BOSTON, MASS.

A. J. LITTLEFIELD & CO.,

PROVISION DEALERS,

1847 Massachusetts Ave., (Lovell's Block,) North Cambridge.

Drop us a postal and a competent man will call for your order. Special attention will be given to all orders, and satisfaction guaranteed.

BARBOUR-STOCKWELL CO.

General Machinists and Iron Founders.

Special Machinery, Light or Heavy, Designed and Built.
Confectioners' Machinery. General Jobbing.
Drafting. Pattern Making.

Factory: 205 Broadway, Cambridgeport.

DANA W. BENNETT & CO.,

TELEPHONE 1755

Insurance

82 WATER STREET, BOSTON.

WM. H. WOOD & CO., LUMBER MERCHANTS, Cambridgeport, Mass.

The C. & C. Press,

CAUSTIC & CLAFLIN.

26-28 BRATTLE STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

Printers

of this magazine,

and numerous other publications.

Everything in the Printing Line.
All Orders Promptly Executed.

The Best of Work. Full Count.

FLOWERS CARBONE'S DECORATIONS

HARVARD SQUARE.

ASK YOUR MOTHERS, Boys,
if they have ever tried

..The Sorosis Shoe.

It is the best shoe ever made for women. Price always . . . . $3.50 pair.

SHEPARD, NORWELL & CO., Winter Street, Boston.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Month	3
Communication	4
Mass Meeting	5, 6
A Fall ald What Came of It	7-9
A Language Puzzle (Poem)	9
Fun	10, 11
Girls' Corner	12
A Leaf From an Old Chronicle	13–15
New Music	15, 22
Announcements	16
How Basket-Ball Came to Greenville	17-19
Alumni Notes	20
Debating Societies	21
Latin School Notes	23, 24
High School Notes	25, 26
Athletics	27–30

RALPH LEACH,
PURE ICE CREAM
AND
FINE CONFECTIONERY

ICE CREAM. Vanilla, Chocolate, Nougatine, Strawberry, Coffee, Peach.
SHERBETS. Orange, Raspberry, Lemon, Pineapple.

747 Massachusetts Avenue,
Telephone 164-2 Cambridge.

JOHN CARTER & CO.
PAPER
100 & 102 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

You need the best!
For accurate work
Our high grade ..
Drafting Instruments
Give universal satisfaction.
Wadsworth, Howland & Co.,
Incorporated.
Manufacturers and Importers of
Drawing Materials of all Kinds,
82 and 84 WASHINGTON STREET,
.. and ..
218 CLARENDON STREET,
.. BOSTON ..
Special Rates to Students

COLLINS AND FAIRBANKS

CELEBRATED HATS

EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS FOR YOUNG MEN

381 Washington St.
BOSTON, MASS.

L. G. MacKEIGAN,

Special Discount to C. H. and L. Students.

Merchant Tailor,

DANA CHAMBERS, 21 DUNSTER ST., CAMBRIDGE.

HE OFFERS THE BEST CUSTOM WORK AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Students

BUY YOUR

Drawing Papers,
Drawing Instruments,
Pencil Rubbers, Drawing Inks,
Artist Materials, &c.,

OF

Carpenter-Morton Company,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS,

Artist and Draughtmen's Supplies, Paints and Varnishes,

77 Sudbury St., near Scollay Sq.

Special Rates to Students.

H. L. CARSTEIN,

DEALER IN

COAL AND WOOD,

Yard on Fitchburg R.R., Foot of Cogswell Ave.

NORTH CAMBRIDGE.

BRANCH OFFICES:

3 Studio Building, Davis Square, W. Somerville, O. H. PERRY, AGENT.

Opp. Porter Station, North Cambridge, H. E. FARRINGTON, AGENT.

CELEBRATED LACKAWANNA COALS DIRECT FROM MINES, ALL RAIL

FRANK E. NEWGENT,

Cambridge Tailoring and Repairing Co.

DYEING AND CLEANSING.

567 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, = Telephone, 466-4. = **CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.**

We agree to Press, Clean, and Repair one coat, pants, and vest each week (3 pieces) for one dollar per month, payable in advance. We sew rips in outsides or linings, coat hangers, holes in pockets, buckles and buttons on pants, leather on bottom when desired. All other repairs not included in above schedule will be charged extra at reasonable prices. Goods called for and delivered. Cleansing and Pressing Ladies' Garments a specialty. *N. B. — Send postal and will call at residence or place of business.*

CONTRACT PRESSING.

E&R LAUNDRY

Only Laundry in New England that Solicits STARCHED GOODS ONLY.

NO MACHINE WORK. LADIES' GOODS A SPECIALTY.

Send Postal, or Telephone, and Team will call.

684-688 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, - CAMBRIDGEPORT.

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. XIV. NO. III.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, DECEMBER, 1899.

THE MONTH.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present and the Future. The spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach."

—Charles Dickens.

Christmas1899! We all know the beautiful story of the nativity—we would not be Christians otherwise—of how God gave us his only son as a little child lying in a manger, of how the three wise men came from the east guided by a star to hail him as king, and how the shepherds received the Lord's Christmas message of peace and good cheer. We have all heard it many, many times, but the repetition has only made it dearer to us; it is one of the things of which we can never tire, because it has indeed become a part of ourselves. Christ came to us, "was crucified, dead and buried,"—but Christmas celebrates only the happy and joyous in his wondrous life—his birth.

Happy, merry Christmas! Greatest and most beautiful of holidays! What day is like unto thee in all the year? Surely we honor thee, surely we must strive to keep thy joy and kindness in our hearts all the year—to remember the Past and, heeding its lessons, to do our best in the Present and Future—this is the true spirit of the day. Pause for a moment—what would the world be without Christ, without Christmas? An answer is impossible. Christ is civilization, progress, education, everything which separates our present era from that before Christ. In brief, Christmas is the birthday of the New Universe—the beautiful beginning of an age of truer and higher civilization. Perhaps the two great Christmas sentiments are contained in the beautiful lines from Shakespeare and Lowell:

"The quality of mercy is twice blessed,
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

and the single line:

"The gift without the giver is bare."

So much for our universal holiday in its serious garb. Now let us be merry as we should be today.

A Merry Xmas! Old Earth looks quite young again in all her white splendor; the stockings are all full of presents from good old Santa Claus. What a jolly old man! The fire blazes cheerily; it is very early but I surely do smell roast pig. The pig whose voice Lamb says "Is as yet not broken, but

something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner of a grunt." Hurrah! for the pig, the goose and the turkey! Oh! Christmas is surely a merry—merry day.

"A Merry Xmas to all, and a happy good-night!"

H. W. B., '01.

The supervisory committee has decided that hereafter the "C" shall be granted under the following conditions and only after each name has been passed upon by the Committee: members of the foot-ball and base-ball and polo teams who play in a league game, and members of the crew, shall be given the "C"; members of the track team shall be given the "C. H. & L."; but any member of this team who wins a point for the schools shall be given the regular "C."

This is a very wise provision in our opinion. During the last year there has been a disgusting misuse of the "C" and "C. H. & L.", and now any boy who wears them without the full right should be deserted by all his comrades and made to feel in every way that he is disgraced. Further, no one who has the "C" or "C. H. & L." should lend his sweater except on the express condition that the "C" should be reversed, and under no condition should he lend a cap decorated with the "C."

No lockers have yet been built in the gymnasium. We spoke of this matter last month, but must again mention this crying need. At present the dressing rooms are in a constant state of disorder, for towels and clothes have to be left round on settees; besides, there is a great chance for theft. The great City of Cambridge moves slowly. For three months the Latin School has not assembled in the hall for opening exercises or had instruction in music, because of the lack of a piano. When will it come?

However, in the name of both schools, the Review wishes to thank heartily Mayor Champlin for the running track which he has had placed in the open space between the schools.

If the polo team wins the championship this season the cup will become the permanent property of the schools, and will be a worthy addition to the trophies we already have. There are a number of good polo players in the schools, all of whom should come out and by faithful practice make a winning team.

For a long time the question of separation has been constantly discussed by graduates and undergraduates of the High and Latin Schools, but nothing has been done because of the lack of a definite proposition. At length this has come, and last Friday the Latin School decided to withdraw next fall from union with the High School and enter a new league. We feel confident that in the end both schools will be greatly benefited by being placed on their own resources.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor:

As sponsor for Athletics in the school, I have frequently to listen to charges against sports in general and foot-ball in particular. The latest charge is that foot-ball is directly responsible for boisterousness, discourtesy, coarseness, and rudeness, in and out of the class-room. As I have been myself an eye-witness of such things, I cannot deny their existence; but I do deny that foot-ball is responsible for them. I hope, then, that I have all the scholars in the school as my audience when I say that it is their duty to show by their

future conduct and behavior that these charges have no foundation. For my own part I still hold that athletics have intense value for the development of moral fibre: with rare exceptions I can sustain this statement by examples taken from the members of this year's foot-ball team. Indisputable evidences of deep manliness have come to the surface in connection with the events of this season.

On the other hand the worst cases of discourtesy that I have noticed, have come from scholars who could never play foot-ball and whose general attitude toward athletics is one of indifference. In fact the very worst case is that of a girl (not a foot-ball player) who said point blank to me the other day, "You are wrong." She, however, did not happen to be right, which made the discourtesy worse. Those boys, too, whom I suspect to be responsible for the various thefts and acts of vandalism in the school would be rejected even by the most lenient coach.

But, as I have said, these things exist. I appeal, then, to the athletes, boys and girls, to show by their attitude toward their teachers that they are not responsible for such acts, so that the real transgressors, who have caused this odium to fall upon the innocent, may become conspicuous by the contrast. If it should be true in the case of any athlete that he feels guilty on that score, it is not too late for him to show by future conduct that he was only temporarily in error.

MAX BENSHIMOL.

MASS MEETING AT LATIN SCHOOL.

On Friday, December 8, 1899, every class in the Latin School held a class meeting after school, and the presidents read the communication from Mr. Benshimol which follows, and urged all to attend the mass meeting to be held in the hall that evening.

The mass meeting was called to order by Mr. Benshimol, the chairman of the Supervisory Committee, at eight o'clock, on Friday evening, December 8. The chairman began by reading this communication, the same that he had sent to the various classes:

Should the Latin School separate, next fall, from the High School, in athletics?

The reason for deciding at once is that prominent people offer *three* cups to be contended for in base-ball, foot-ball, and open-air track athletics, for five years beginning next September, by four strictly preparatory schools, namely, Cambridge Latin, Boston Latin, Hopkinson and, if possible, Somerville Latin: if not Somerville Latin, some other school to be decided on later. These teams are to constitute always the league, with no junior league, and no dropping-out. Our answer must be received next Wednesday when a constitution is to be drawn up. Therefore I beg you to decide tonight.

1. The graduates of the Latin School in general, the prominent High School graduates, the present athletic committee favor this.

2. The base-ball situation will be satisfactorily adjusted. The schools that have already won and are not to join the league will receive rewards for past victory, the Cambridge High School included; while the Latin School will be allowed to count its victory as victories toward the new cup.

3. In foot-ball we become a member of a new gilt-edged league composed of four schools that send, in combination, a larger

number of pupils to Harvard each year than any other combination of four that does not include Exeter or Groton.

4. In track athletics, those of you who know our coming prowess in this branch will understand the importance of this step to us. Besides, in the indoor meet, the team races we engage in will be only with these same teams.

I give below a few arguments for separation from the point of view of the High School and the Latin School. These can easily be multiplied.

A. The Latin School.

1. The school with 198 boys as against 154 in the High School can produce teams of its own. I cite only the class teams of this year in foot-ball.

2. Our interests in other respects are widely different, for we are strictly only a college fitting-school.

3. The object of these leagues is to prepare men for college teams: we do this, not the High School.

4. Spirit exists here which does not in the High School. This spirit is what supports a team.

5. The subscriptions here are, by actual count, about eight times as large as in the High School in proportion to numbers attending.

6. For the most part, only Latin School scholars attend the games.

7. If Boston Latin can withdraw from the Interscholastic League and separate its ancient connection with the English High School, if Brookline (a probable member of the league, if Somerville does not come in) can withdraw from the same league, surely we can take this step.

B. High School.

1. The High School, having teams of its own, will gain spirit to support these.

2. It will contribute more largely to such a team's finances.

3. Charles Sanborn, their most prominent athlete, predicts new strength and vigor for them, and ultimate superiority over the Latin School.

4. The school will see that it has, in the past, been playing really the part of subordinate to the Latin School; and, with this knowledge, will put forth its best efforts.

In conclusion, I would respectfully assure you that I have given this matter my constant attention for three years, and that I am now firmly convinced that this step will be wise and one which we cannot regret however serious it may seem at first.

After the reading of this communication it was moved and seconded that next fall the Latin School separate from the High School in athletics. Then the chairman answered a number of questions in regard to the matter. As to what the High School could do if the Latin School entered this new league, he said that two courses were open to it, either to enter the present junior interscholastic league and work up into the senior league, or, better, enter a new league which would probably result from the formation of this league of preparatory schools. As to what would become of the cups which the two schools had already jointly won, he said that they could be held first by one school and then by another. The suggestion was made that the two schools play for possession of the base-ball cup.

Mr. Charles Sanborn, a prominent graduate of the High School, was present, and said that he had always favored separation, but asked that the Latin School see that the High School had a chance to enter the same league with them. The chairman stated that as it was the aim of the donors of the cup to have a league of strictly preparatory schools, he knew that they would not agree to the High School joining the league, and he asked Mr. Sanborn to name another combination of

schools which would be as good as the one proposed. This Mr. Sanborn failed to do.

Previously, Mr. Benshimol said that he had tried for the last year to get the other schools about Boston to enter into a league with C. H. & L. combined, but had been refused on all sides.

The chairman then put the question, and the ballot resulted in an overwhelming verdict in favor of separation next fall. Only four ballots were cast against the motion, while eighty-four favored it.

It was then voted that the Latin School enter the proposed new league.

It was then decided that next fall the supervisory committee of athletics at the Latin School consist of eight members: four undergraduates, viz., an undergraduate at large to be elected by the school in mass meeting, the captains of the foot-ball, base-ball and track teams; one teacher; and three graduates elected by the Harvard C. L. S. Club.

The meeting then adjourned.

A FALL AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

It was a cold winter's dawn. A frosty greyness covered the great city like a shroud, and an occasional snowflake fell aimlessly, melting as soon as it touched anything. Tardy black shadows of the night lingered in the alleys and corners. The street lights were blotted into dim patches of brightness that seemed miles and miles away from the earth.

In one of the doorways on a quiet, residential street was curled a tiny bundle of humanity, sleeping as peacefully as did the little son of the owner of the doorway in his comfortable cot. As the greyness gradually lifted, the cold, white rays of a nearby electric light shone pitilessly down upon this little sleeper, cruelly driving away the sheltering shadows. They disclosed a dirty, tear-stained little face with a sweet thin-lipped mouth, opened just far enough to show a tiny row of pearly teeth. Long, curly eyelashes lay on the cheeks and the eyebrows were fine and beautifully arched. Curly black hair fell back from the face in a tangled mass. Tiny bare hands and wrists, cruelly chapped, stretched out from ragged sleeves, which came hardly below the elbows. His clothes were a mass of rags, and his feet were shod with rubbers, tied on by dirty strings. Surely a nobleman's son in disguise!

Soon the rising sun, struggling through the opposing clouds, shone full on his little face, driving away entirely the colder beams of the electric light. The sun accomplished what the light could not, for under his genial warmth the tired lips began to smile, and suddenly two great black eyes stared at him without winking. Then, with a start, their owner sprang to his feet, looking about him in a dazed manner. Then he sat down wearily with a gesture of an old, old man and an expression of overwhelming grief and loneliness on his face. But it soon changed to one of dull melancholy. Resting his chin in the palm of his hand and supporting his elbow on his knee, he sat for a long time watching a few sparrows picking up their frugal breakfast.

He was suddenly aroused by a loud bang of the door behind him and a gruff voice, saying, "Here, you little rapscallion, what you doin' here? Better trot along or the master 'll give you a terrible whiggin' when he comes out." He got up as quickly as his stiffness permitted and limped away just in time to avoid the "master," a short, fat man with a fiercely curled mustache.

As the little fellow walked along the numbness began to wear off and he shivered miser-

ably and tried to put his hands in his pockets; but they always came out again through a hole, so he gave it up and rubbed them together weakly. Then he began to run, at first rather shakily, to get warm. Pretty soon he found himself smartly brought to a standstill by a burly policeman and saw that he had barely escaped being run over by a magnificent great horse, drawing a hansom. As he turned away, he discovered a fat Italian woman standing in the doorway of her little fruit store. There was a broad smile on her heavy dark features, and as he came up she said good-naturedly, "First time a policeman done you any good, eh?" and she chuckled at her wit.

He looked at her a moment, grinning vaguely; then he came near her, with a side glance at a luscious orange that stood out conspicuously in a large box just within the doorway, and said, "Say, mother, what 'er all those bells ringin' for? An' what 'er all the stores shuttin' up so early for? This ain't Washington's birthday, is it?" At the same time he stepped into the doorway beside her with his back to the orange-box and his hand behind his back.

The woman understood at once what he was trying to do, but she only took both his hands in hers and said kindly, "Ain't you never bin to church? Ain't you never heard about Christmas and Santa Claus?"

The little fellow, strangely softened now, looked into her black eyes, forgetting all about his designs upon the orange. His eyes dilated and he drew in a long, quivering breath: "Golly! you bet your boots! Santa Claus an' ma an' pa an' baby an' candy an' presents an' *goose!*" He fairly yelled the last word. But suddenly two great tear-drops appeared in each of his eyes and he said, sobbingly, "But they're all dead now."

The woman dropped his hands abruptly and, putting her fat, pudgy hand on his little shaking shoulder, she walked round the store, picking out of the different boxes the best and largest of her fruits, consoling him meanwhile with the words, "There, there, kid, don't cry, you'll have somethin' anyhow," and patting him awkwardly on the shoulder.

She was just piling his arms full of oranges, apples and grapes when a gruff voice called from the back of the store, "Now then, old woman, shut up shop and we'll see about the kids' presents. Hurry up." With a sudden change of expression she pushed him out of the door, saying, "Run, kid, if the old man sees you with his fruit he'll boot you!" The child mumbled an uncertain "Thanks" and went away as fast as he could with his load. The woman shut the door quickly and with one pitying glance in his direction turned away.

There was such a crowd in the street and everyone was so happy that they made the lonely little lad miserable, and he turned down a more quiet street as quickly as possible. He sat down on the broad stone steps of a beautiful church. Cuddling up against a cold stone pillar, the shivering child greedily ate the good woman's fruit, and the clear chimes above him sang out, "Peace on earth, good-will toward men."

He had just finished an apple and was beginning on an orange, when the church-goers began to throng up the steps. A fashionably dressed young woman with soft blue eyes and a daintily curved, aristocratic mouth, on catching sight of him raised her lorgnette to her eyes and said, disgustedly, "What a dirty little fellow! How does he happen to be here?"

A tall, pleasant-faced gentleman at her side said, jocosely, "Hi, little chap, where did you steal all that fruit?" The "little chap" stopped eating just long enough to stick a saucy, be-oranged tongue out at his questioner and to wink most gravely at the lady with the lorgnette. The gentleman laughed most good-

naturedly, but the lady dropped her lorgnette in shocked surprise and requested the sexton to "remove that dirty little heathen."

But before the sexton could obey, the child had jumped up and was dashing down the steps and along the street, bumping into more than one lady and gentleman of fashion. At last, stumbling over a tree-root, he fell sprawling on the side-walk and his fruit rolled in all directions. This was too much, he could stand insult, but not injury, and laying his head back on the root of the tree, he howled dismally.

A tall, white-haired old gentleman, with bristling eye-brows and black eyes was on his way to church, when sounds of lamentation reached his ears and a large orange rolled over his shining patent-leather shoe. Looking down, he discovered our hero in a woe-begone state of collapse, rubbing his eyes with his two terribly chapped little hands and giving utterance to the most direful howls. With slow and dignified movements the old gentleman gathered the scattered fruit and, approaching the boy, touched him lightly with his cane. "There, my little man, don't take it so hard," he said a little testily. "Your fruit isn't hurt much and your mother must be waiting for it while you lie there crying. Come, come, my little man, get up!" Thus admonished he struggled to his feet and held out his hands for his fruit, the tears still running down his cheeks. But the old gentleman took hold of his shoulder, and drawing him near him, said briskly, "See here, you are shivering all over. Does your mother know you're out?"

"She's dead," he replied sullenly.

"Well, where's your father or brothers or sisters, or the one that takes care of you?" asked the gentleman.

"All dead."

As the boy looked up into his face saying these words the old gentleman started and clutched him more tightly. "He looks like Alice," he muttered under his breath, and then he said aloud, "Well, sonny, I guess we'll try and find some one who isn't dead to take care of you." And taking the little boy's hand in one hand and his fruit in the other, this peculiar old gentleman turned about and marched off down the street, while the chimes in the great church behind them rang out their happy Christmas greetings.

L. M. B., '01.

A LANGUAGE PUZZLE.

Un garçon met une fille once,
  Es war ein schöner dies.
Il sagte ihr, σὺν sigh καὶ smile,
  N'est-ce pas un mauvais res?

Ich habe morgen πέντε Stunden,
  Ce soir möcht' ich ausgehen,
Je ne peux πάντας τούτους thun,
  Nisi domi werd' ich bleiben.

Il ging aus et ein gute Zeit
  Avait il, aber als sein way
Il wended à l'école am Morgen,
  Wünscht' er, er könnt' ses leçons say.

O Weh! ὦ ἄχος! dolor, grief
  Son maître scolded et scolded,
Et cum es war nicht erstes mal
  Einen Brief au père il moulded.

—*Ex.*

"They say young Foley is wandering in his mind lately," said one man to another. "Well," was the heartless reply, "from what I've seen and heard of him, he's safe enough; he can't wander very far."

"That man called me a liar, a coward, a scoundrel, and a puppy. Would you advise me to fight for that?"

"By all means. There's nothing nobler in the world than fighting for the truth."

Do you hear the ocean moaning,
Ever moaning soft and low?
'Tis because that fat old bather
Stepped upon its undertoe.

Betty—Is he apt?

Letty—I don't know about that. But I do know he's apt to, if the lights are a bit low.

A little girl was sitting at table opposite a gentleman with a waxed moustache. After gazing at him several moments, she exclaimed, "My kitty has got smellers, too!"

"Should you be much put out if I kissed you?" he inquired.

"No, but you would be mighty quick," answered her father from the head of the stairs.

Sol. M. Fitz—I want a mourning suit.

Mr. Shears—May I ask the bereavement?

Sol. M. Fitz—Mother-in-law.

Mr. Shears—Yes, sir. Here are some beautiful fancy plaids.

He—If I asked you to marry me, what would you say?

She—Guess!

He—What—er—would it rhyme with?

She—Guess.

Professor in psychology—A very common occurrence is a little bone on the top of the lobe of the ear and it denotes—

Voices in the rear—I have one.

Professor—The pointed ears of the animal from which the people owning it have descended!

She—Do you believe marriage is a mistake?

He—No, I am a bachelor.

Mr. Closeleigh—I'll give you nothing—You can't work me!

Rural Raggs—*Work* you (with great dignity)! Sir, you mistake my calling.

De Trop—There goes Jones, the expert.

Van Bosh—Expert what?

De Trop—Expert expert.

Miss Poorkaws—I want some good books for my Chinese class, nothing wishy-washy.

Book clerk—Something washy-washy?

He—I have a picture in my mind's eye.

She—Drawn upon your imagination, I suppose.

"Did you marry your wife on account of her family?"

"Oh, no! the family was thrown in!"

Ferdy—Why do you think he is a crank?

Reggie—He says I'm one.

He—Will you be mine?

She—Your what?

He (of Chicago)—My third.

Lady—Have you lost yourself, little girl!

Child (crying) — N—no—I've lost my mother.

Teacher—Eleven years old? you are very small for your age.

Little girl—Yes'm, we always lived in a flat.

A turkey stood in a cranberry-swamp
And sang till he was sore;
For all day long he sang this song,
"We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

Jack—Do you suppose a man ever kissed the wrong girl in the dark?

Tom—No. How could a man kiss the *wrong* girl anyhow.

Mrs. Chatterly—Why do you persist in calling Johnny a "shaver"?

Mr. Chatterly—Because he talks so much.

POETRY.

Here is a Georgia boy's composition on poetry: "A poem is a thing which has rhymes at the last end. A poem also have feet, but some poems don't stand steady on 'em. Poets mostly has long hair, because times is hard, and its cheaper to let it grow. My father says poetry makes the world better, but my mother says it ain't the kind he writes. Poets have a monument when they die, as people want to weight 'em down so's they can't come back."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

1.—The Latin and High School Review.
2.—Our Foot-ball Team.
3.—Captain Alfred Dreyfus.

EXCHANGES.

We recommend the following stories to our readers:

"The Curse of Genius," *H. S. Recorder*; "Yellowstone National Park," *Penn Chat*; "A Glimpse of the Admiral at Naples," "The Bells of Sheathness Village," *Somerville H. S. Radiator*; "Walt Whitman," "Ole Miss," *Ogontz Mosaic*; "Traces of the Winter at Valley Forge," *Mirror*; "Apollo," *Blotter*; "Anne and her Gentleman Friend," *Milwaukee Mercury*. "Pilgrimage to Tarsus," *Students' Review*; "How it Happened," *H. S. Record*; "Beneath the Veil," *Jabberwock*; "Fort Anush" and "Kipling," *Chronicle*; "Two Tramps," *Aggie Life*.

"Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

Loaned by Harvard Lampoon.

Girls Corner.

Once again Christmas is drawing near, and we are all trying to think of appropriate gifts for our friends. There are many new and attractive things to be had, and also any number of those things which are "always acceptable" to fall back on, when one is a little short of ideas.

To the last class belong the sofa-pillows, for who ever had too many of these? The newest ones are made of delicate silks, in a variety of shapes, square, oblong, round, triangular, and crescent-shaped. Some are finished with a little puff, with a cord inside to prevent its being flattened; others with two full double ruffles, one narrower than the other. Very handsome covers for sofa-cushions may be made by simply inter-lacing ribbons of different colors. One of the daintiest of autograph pillows is made in the following manner: First, have a number of your friends, or rather, the friends of the one to whom you intend to give the pillow, write their names on strips of linen. Then work the names in different colored silks, and fasten the strips together by insertion. The cushion should be finished with a frill of the same shade as the cover. The effect of the color showing through the insertion is very pretty.

Little books for photographs, recipes, embroidery silks, newspaper clippings, and the like, are useful presents. The covers may be worked in ordinary embroidery, or with spangles, or perhaps painted in water colors.

During the last two or three years burnt leather work has been much in use, and now burnt work on wood is becoming popular. There are comparatively few who know how to do this novel and beautiful work. If the wood is light, and of a fine grain, the effect is very similar to that of old ivory. An almost endless number of articles can be made in this way. Boxes for gloves, or ties, lined with satin, are appropriate for either a lady or gentleman. This work may be used in desk sets, consisting of paper-weight, blotter, pen-tray, paper-cutter, and stand for the ink bottle.

The use of the tree as part of the Christmas festivities is one of the many customs that originated with the Germans.

It is said that as Martin Luther was travelling in the open country, one cold, clear Christmas Eve, he was filled with admiration at the bright stars which studded the sky. When he reached home, he tried to describe the sight to his wife and children, but words failed him. So he brought in a little fir tree and fastened some candles on the branches to show them what he meant.

Another German legend is connected with St. Winfrid. He had converted a number of the people to Christianity, and wished to destroy all signs of their Druid beliefs. So he determined to cut down a great oak, which they had formally worshipped. When he had cut a little way through the thick trunk, a great wind suddenly arose. The tree was torn from its roots, and fell backwards with a

groaning sound. As it fell, it separated into four parts, and behind it, the people saw a young fir tree. Then St. Winfrid told them that this evergreen tree was the sign of an endless life, and that it should ever after be remembered in their homes, at Christmas time, as a symbol of their new faith.

In the Middle Ages, it became the custom to have Christmas trees in Strassburg, and from there the practice spread all over Germany. Among those who first used the trees in France were the Duchess Helena of Austria and Empress Eugénie.

The custom had been known in England for a long time, but it was not until after the marriage of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, a German, that it became very popular. In this country the idea was introduced by the German colonists, and soon it became the general custom for all classes of people to have a tree on Christmas. Thus the custom has continued until our time.

A LEAF FROM AN OLD CHRONICLE.

(The anecdote related in the following lines is copied from a manuscript written by a nephew of Mr. Adler, who came to the place of residence of his uncle, where he heard the tale from the lips of the participants about five years after the events narrated. In the winter preceding his arrival, an epidemic of small-pox had so greatly decimated the tribe that they ceased their periodical migrations, and became once for all absorbed into the Algonquin tribe, so that in the words of our chronicler, "During my long Staye of over two Yeares in this Place, I neither sawe nor hearde aughte of the wilde Indiannes.")

In ye Yeare 1745, two white Menne came on Horse-backe to ye Spotte, now knowne to ye Worlde as Faire-towne. They came in ye Spring, whenne ye Nature was moste beautifull, &, seeing ye fine Grasse-lands bye ye River & beeing well-pleased withe ye Spotte, they resolved to settle there. So one of them, Mr. Adler, sette out at once on his returne Journie to Plymothe Mass. (from ye which Place he hadde come) to fetch his Familie, & also that of his Friende, Mr. Banke; & ye while he was gone, his Friende did busy himselfe withe ye Cleaning of his Farme, & also with ye Building of Houses, bothe one for his Friende, and one for himself; and before ye Returne of ye Traveller, withe ye Families, he di l build, without anie Aide at alle, ye two Houses (although little better thanne Huts, beeing made of Soddes, fastened togather with Stickes, and did raise a Croppe of goode Corn, on ye Grasse-Lande by ye River; for Wonderful to Relate, there did no Trees growe thereon, onlie Grasse; and ye Seede-corn they had brought withe them from Massachusetts.

Ye Travellers did not returne untill October; & they brought manie Things withe them withall to render Life supportable through ye Winter which was now approaching; for they were fiftie Miles from ye nearest Towne, and that was but a small one, containing scarce twentie People. But greate was the Ioie of Mistress Banke & her Children (for shee was blessed with a Familie of six) at seeing ye Husband and Father againe; but Mistress Adler had no children; & from ye Tyme of their Arrivalle untill ye Firste of December, they occupied themselves in ye establishment of their Homes, in ye Preparing for Winter.

Now in all this Tyme Mr. Banke did see no Indiannes at all; for what few did inhabitte those Partes of ye Countrie always went North at ye firste Signes of ye Spring.

so that they might spend ye Hunting-Season in ye Companie of their Relations; albeit, when ye Firste Frosts fell on ye Sande, they returned. Now this Season was an astonisinglie warm one, so that no Frosts fell untille ye Nighte after Thanksgiving; for this fell, by ye Proclamation of ye Governor of ye State of Massachusetts, on ye twentieninth of November.

On ye firste of December, however, ye Indiannes, who were called Massapoags, appeared; & verie wroth were they to find these Settlers in Possession of their Lande; & immediately they beganne to prepare Measures whereby they might force them to leave ye Place.

* * * * * *

After this, about ye first of January, Mr. Banke had occassion to goe to ye nearest Towne, ye which was called, in bitter iest, Paris, that hee might purchase some Provision for their bodilie Needes; for the small amount of Graine which hee had raised in ye Summer was not enough for ye two Families; & after his departure, Mister & Mistress Adler removed themselves into his House, as beeing ye largere of ye two, for ye better Protection of Mistress Banke and her Children, albeit, they expected no Trouble, ye Indiannes having always shown themselves peaceable enough.

Now while hee was gone, ye Indiannes having been made aware of the weakening of ye Force of their Enemies through his Absence, resolved to put an End to them once and for all; so they, preparing themselves, fell upon them one dark Night, as they were sleeping, and Carried them awaye into Captivity; but two of Mistress Banke's Children they slewe; & Mister and Mistress Adler, when they sawe them coming, fled awaye; and, getting to their Boate, which was moored near bye, paddled downe ye River toward Paris, where they arrived ye next Night, safe, but chilled with ye Colde ye which was now verie greate.

But Mistress Banke was in a terrible State; for shee was alone, a Prisoner in ye Camp of ye Indiannes, with but three of her Familie withe her; for the Indiannes did slay another of them afterward, in cruel Sport; & shee, herself, knewe not whether shee and ye others were to suffer ye same Fate, or not. But shee was a brave Woman, & so maintained a bolde Face before her Children. But it was not ye Purpose of ye Savages to slay them, but rather to lead them into Slavery.

Now when shee perceived this, by her beeing kept in the principal Abode of the Tribe, shee beganne to search for anie Avenue of Escape which lay open to them; but before shee tried anie, shee waited (as shee supposed) until a Weeke after her Capture, in Hopes that Mr. Adler would sende her Husband to her withe Aide; but he did not come, and so shee prepared to escape, withe her Children.

This was her planne. Shee told her oldest Sonne, Frede by Name, (for her Boyes were allowed to goe at Libertie in ye Camp,) to gather together a Quantitie of ye Shuckes of ye Nutte of ye Shagge-Barke Tree, the Iuice of which Shuckes will stainne ye Face & ye Handes a deep Brownne, ye which is verie like in Colour to ye Skins of ye Savages; & ye Boye, as was his Uppe-Bringing, did obey her implicitlie, and did aske no Questions. In the meantime, his Mother beganne to mingle muche more than formerlie withe theWives of her Masters, ye Savages; for uppe to this Tyme shee had, in her sorrow, kept herselfe aparte from her Neighbors; & shee beganne to weare the Indianne Costume, ye which Change pleased her Companions muche; but her Boyes had adopted it long before.

Now about two Weekes after Mistress Banke made this Change in her Custom and Manner of Life, there came a dark and rainie Night, suited to her Purpose; & then shee tooke the Shuckes, & dyed ye Faces & ye Handes, bothe of herself and her Familie

withe them, so that in ye Dark they passed verie well for Savages.

Then, taking such Foode as shee could finde in ye Village (for ye Braves, seeing her, lette her passe, thinking shee was one of ye Squaw), shee set out, with what was lefte of her Familie, on her long Walke to Paris. For six Days they continued on their Waye, having moste of ye Tyme nothing to eate but Rootes and Herbes, such like as they could gather in ye Woods (for their Provision, the which they had stolen in the villiage, lasted but two Dayes); & they slept through ye day, and travelled onlie in ye Night, for that untill the Brownne wore offe they were afraid of beeing seene either by Civilized Menne, or by Savages.

At laste they reached Paris, & founde, to their verie greate disappointment, that Mr. Banke had departed once againe for Plymouthe, having abandoned alle Hope of seeing them againe; for, hearing the State of Thyngs at his Home from Mr. Adler, he wente back there againe, but could finde no Trace of them, for they had been carried acrosse ye River, and hid in a Cave for a Month, (& it is considered probable that ye Indiannes did drugge them, as no one of them had anie remembrance of ye Affaire at alle, it being discovered longe afterwardes onlie by ye Confessions of one of ye Gang—which carried them awaye), so hee failed to find them, and returned to Paris withe those who had assissted him in his search, much caste downe in Minde, and verie Sorrowful.

But Mistress Banke, with the two now lefte of her Familie, (for one had died on ye Journey) followed her beloved Husband to Plymouth, where shee found him; and ye next Yeare they followed Mister and Mistress Adler (who had alreadie returned) back againe to Faire-Towne, & with them came newe Settlers, so manie that ye Indiannes dared not attack them; but to this Daye ye Indiannes believe that ye Evil Spiritte snatched away Mistress Banke and her Children; and so long as they remained in ye Neighborhood, they respected her accordingly.

(This is all that our chronicler has to say. One could wish that he had gone more into details over the escape, but I have set it down as he wrote it, without change.)

W. O. H., '01.

NEW MUSIC.

WHITE, SMITH CO.

"The Angel of the Lord." Christmas Song. By C. C. Stearns. The story of the birthnight of the Saviour simply and beautifully told to touching, melodious, pastoral music within the compass of all singers. Published for both high and low voices. Price 50 cents.

"Imperial Three-Step." The Twentieth Century Dance. For Pianoforte. By P. J. Breinig. This new and graceful dance was unanimously adopted at the 23rd annual convention held in New York City, September 8, 1899, by the American Society of Professors of Dancing. The music is very captivating and contains a full description by Oskar Duenweg of how it is to be danced. Price 50 cents.

"Ole Aunt Mandy's Chile." Plantation Song and Chorus. By Adam Geibel. Pronounced the cutest coon song ever written. It is by the author of "Kentucky Babe," now so immensely popular. Price 50 cents.

"A Daughter of Old New Hampshire." Song. By Adam Geibel. A fine song expressive of typical New England character. Medium voice. Price 50 cents.

"The Black Chinee." Cake-Walk Episode for Pianoforte. By Lawrence B. O'Connor. Something really novel in the prevailing ragtime coon fad.

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

PUBLISHED monthly during the school year by the undergraduates of the Cambridge Latin School and the Cambridge English High School.

Contributions are solicited from undergraduates and alumni, and may be left in the REVIEW boxes at the schools or mailed to "THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW," 26A Brattle Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Contributors will please write legibly in ink on one side of the paper only and sign their names in full.

Terms of subscription, seventy-five cents a year. Single copies, ten cents.

Address all business communications and make checks payable to the Business Manager.

Entered at Post-Office, Boston, as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRESS OF CAUSTIC & CLAFLIN, CAMBRIDGE.

Board of Editors.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

HOLLAND BENNETT, '00.

First Associate Editor.

FRED H. DOW, '00.

Associate Editors.

GRACE M. NORRIS, '00. JENNIE B. ALLYN, '00.
ELSIE D. MCWAIN, '00. EDNA P. SMITH, '00.
CHESTER A. GARFIELD, '00. HAROLD W. BENNETT, '01.
EDGAR L. SMITH, '01. PSYCHE CERES HEYWOOD, '02.

Class Editors.

MARY L. COLEMAN, '00. IDA M. STEVENS, '01.
RALPH H. CROSWELL, '01. JOHN T. GLIDDEN, '01.
FREDERICK W. RIED, '02. SYLVANUS W. WILDER, '02.
ALEXINA L. P. BOWLBY, '03. FLORENCE M. HAYDEN, '03.
LAWRENCE AMEE, '04. FLETCHER W. TAFT, '03.
GRACE R. LUKE, '04.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

CLIFFORD H. WALKER, '00.

Assistants.

LOUIS W. SUMNER, '02. PROCTOR CARR, '00.
JOHN C. DAVENPORT, '00. PHILIP R. AMMIDON, '01.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The next issue of the REVIEW will be a week later than usual on account of the Christmas vacation. It will appear on Thursday, January 18, 1900. All copy *must* be in by Saturday, January 6.

Charles A. Leitch, E. H. S. '00, has been elected captain of the track team, and Captain Proctor Carr has appointed Clyde Mayhew manager of the base-ball team. Both selections have been ratified by the supervisory committee.

Purdy, 146 Tremont street, is the class photographer for the senior classes of the High and Latin Schools. Cards of introduction may be obtained from any member of the following committees: High School, Messrs. McInnes (chairman) and Soule, Miss Foxcroft, Miss Smith and Miss Prentice; Latin School, Messrs. Carr (chairman), Parker and Regan, Miss Briggs and Miss Crocker.

Arthur W. Hastings, High School, '01, has been elected captain of next year's foot-ball team.

The supervisory committee has decided to have the captains of the track team, polo team and crew select jointly one manager for all three teams.

The class of 1900, High School, will give a hurdy-gurdy party at the Newtowne Club Hall, Friday, December 22, 1899. Tickets, fifty cents.

The class of '01, Latin School, will give a drama and dance at the Newtowne Club Hall on Friday evening, January 12, 1900. Tickets, fifty cents.

HOW BASKET BALL CAME TO GREENVILLE.

PART I.

Miss Nancy Sophia Doane, a worthy spinster of fifty odd years, was comfortablly seated in the evening express for Greenville. Her seat was otherwise filled with boxes and bundles of various sizes, while the rack overhead held an immense carpet bag. "Well, I am thankful I told Anna Maria to come for me in the democrat, because I never could get all these traps home alone. Susan was very kind; and I'm sure the children will be delighted with the things she's sent 'em, so I s'pose I can stand bringin' them home. Yes, Sister Susan was very kind and made things very agreeable durin' my stay, but ef she only knowed how her Grace's actions troubled me! Such a wild, crazy piece I never saw! I'd box my Anna Maria's ears off if she was like her. It wan't nothin' but golf, tennis and basket-ball all the continual time. And the way she talked about the girls racin' around after that ball, bumpin' their heads against the gymnasium wall, fallin' around on the floor and all such things when they were playin' that basket-ball! I s'pose it was wicked, but I was jest glad when she sprained her ankle jumpin' off the car so smart 'fore it stopped, and hed to lay abed a spell thinkin' of her insane actions." And as she spoke, Miss Nancy Sophia Doane shook her head emphatically.

Ever since her youngest brother's death she had taken care of her orphan nephews and nieces, four in number. Anna Maria, aged fifteen, was the eldest, and James, Ruth and Benjamin followed, two years apart. It was a boisterous, healthy, good-natured troop over which Miss Doane held sway; and, although they sometimes rebelled against her old-fashioned ideas, still they loved and respected her in their own way.

We will not trace the course of Miss Nancy's uneventful journey home: suffice it to say that in three hours the train reached the little station of Greenville; Anna Maria was there with the democrat to meet her aunt, and before long they were safely at home.

After supper, Miss Doane brought all her bundles into the sitting-room and distributed them with a consequential air to the children standing about her. There were many expressions of delight as they received their various gifts, but the climax was reached when Anna Maria opened hers. It consisted of a wad of seamed leather, from which protruded a small, black rubber tube, a bicycle pump and a narrow strip of pigskin. James thought he knew what it was, but dared not say the terrible word *foot-ball* in his aunt's august presence; so kept quiet and began to inflate the ball. When it was full of air he found that it was not a foot-ball, for it was entirely round; but the difficulty was solved when Ruth read, stamped on the leather, "The Official Basket-Ball." Then and there they commenced a game of catch. Poor Miss Nancy was completely overwhelmed. Here was one of those miserable basket-balls in her very own house; her children were playing with it, and lamps, windows and bric-a-brac were consequently in danger. At this sight she was fairly struck dumb with horror and indignation for a few moments, but after a while managed to gasp, "Anna Maria, if you don't stop throwin' that ball round, I'll take it away from you and you'll never see it ag'in."

This was enough; the game was instantly stopped. Anna Maria glanced at her aunt, who was still panting from the effects of her scare, and asked what was the matter.

"Well," said Miss Nancy, "I was goin' to

tell you all this anyhow, and I might as well now as any other time. That ball," pointing to the offensive article, "is jest a girls' foot-ball. In my opinion that tells the whole story, but that you may realize how unsafe the game of basket-ball is to both mind and body let me tell you how it has completely spoiled your Cousin Grace."

Then she fully described the horrors of basket-ball, as she imagined them, and ended by saying, "Anna Maria, I guess you'd better let me burn the ball." But Anna Maria was pretty well acquainted with her Aunt Nancy, and knew just about how much to deduct from what she said (meaning no offense to Miss Doane, who, of course, thoroughly felt every word she spoke). From her aunt's tale she already felt very much interested in the new game, and so greatly alarmed and disappointed at the suggestion of burning the means of enjoying it, and hastened to say, "Why you just said that if we didn't stop playing in the house you'd take the ball away, and now you say you'll take it after we did stop. I don't think that's fair."

Luckily for Anna Maria, Miss Nancy had a very tender conscience and this reasoning of her niece convinced her that she had forfeited her right of seizure and of forbidding the children to play the hated game. Then she appealed to their good sense, but they refused to commit themselves.

A few minutes later Anna Maria discovered, among the wrappings, a letter from her cousin Grace. Surmising that it was on the subject of basket-ball, she discreetly decided not to read it until she was alone. She was right. Grace told in the letter how interested she was in basket-ball, that she had thought there would be a fine chance for playing it out in the country, and therefore had sent a ball, that the game might be introduced and enjoyed in Greenville. Then followed a full explanation of the way it was played. Grace was such an enthusiast over the matter and wrote it up so clearly, that Anna Maria felt sure she understood it perfectly.

The next day at school, she gathered all the girls together, showed her new ball, read Grace's letter, and proposed that they form a team. Two of the girls already knew how to play, one having recently moved from the city where the game was "quite a fad," and the other having learned during the summer while visting city relatives. As these two were most anxious to renew, and the rest to begin, their acquaintance with the fascinating sport, Anna Maria's proposal was unanimously carried.

That afternoon a very enthusiastic company of girls collected in a large, level field selected by Anna Maria, who was not ignorant of the fact that it was two miles from her own home. But, alas! when they thought to start and play they suddenly remembered they had no baskets, and how could they play basket-ball without baskets? Lines had been improvised by scattering, in the thick grass, bits of paper such as are used in hare and hounds. For that afternoon, they used the goals the boys had erected for foot-ball, just tossing the ball over it in place of baskets; but realizing that this was too easy, they asked themselves what should be done. Immediately an idea struck Anna Maria, "I have it, girls. You mustn't ask me anything about it, but I'll promise that we'll have baskets tomorrow"; and her bright face dimpled with merriment at thought of them. Although the girls' curiosity was thus aroused, she gave them no satisfaction.

The next day, had Aunt Nancy been on the watch, she would have seen the girls smuggling a large flat bundle out of the house; but, luckily for all concerned, she was utterly unconscious of the circumstance. When this bundle was opened later, in the field, Anna Maria triumphantly held up, by their long strings, two immense sun hats, Aunt Nancy's

pet hobby and her niece's pet abominations. Shouts of laughter greeted their appearance, but, fastened firmly and conveniently on the goal-posts, they served their purpose just the same.

Naturally the girls were very enthusiastic over basket-ball and assembled almost every afternoon to play. September and October soon passed away and by that time, coached by the two who had played before, they had really become very skilful at the game. All except the Doane girls got regular suits; but of course, since they were playing without their aunt's knowledge or consent, they could not hope to have them.

Perhaps it will be well to explain here how the girls had accomplished so much without encountering Aunt Nancy's opposition. The day after the ball came, Anna Maria had taken it to school with her, and her aunt had not seen it since then. She often wondered what had become of it, but was so indignant over the whole matter she would not condescend to speak of it to her charges. Besides, as she herself used to say, "she warn't no hand to neighbor," so that she had not heard it mentioned outside. Of course Anna Maria was too shrewd to allude to the matter under the circumstances, while she strictly forbade Ruth's doing so. She had given the ball to the team, and a girl who lived near the field kept it at her house. Aunt Nancy often wondered what kept the girls away from home so much, half suspecting that the awful basket-ball had more than a little to do with it; yet, as she had never seen them playing, nor heard them talking about it, she was greatly mystified.

One charming afternoon in the very last of October, Mrs. Bruce, one of Miss Doane's particular friends, came with her carriage to see if she could not beguile Miss Nancy Sophia into taking a drive. Anna Maria was off (to basket-ball), and Ruth was just preparing to take her departure. But the prospect of a drive with her friend on so beautiful a day was most pleasing to Aunt Nancy. So after requesting Ruth to stay home and "see to things" Miss Doane put on her poplin gown and the two worthies started on their way rejoicing.

The trees were gorgeous in autumn splendor; here and there, along the roadsides, flamed clumps of late goldenrod, lingering as though loth to die; the farmers were gathering the last of their crops, and the squirrels, too, were busy picking up the nuts which were beginning to fall. How they enjoyed it all, this picturesque scenery bathed in a flood of sunshine, and what a pleasant time they had "reminiscencin'!"

At last Mrs. Bruce, who had no children and so had not heard of Aunt Nancy's antipathy to basket-ball, said, "Suppose we turn down this way and see the girls play; when I went by the other day I saw a lot of girls on the field having a great time witb a ball. I really enjoyed watching them—but, dear me, what a foolish old woman I am, you know all about it, your Anna Maria was playing."

Aunt Nancy pricked up her ears. Ah! she was going to get at the root of the matter after all. "Yes, Mary, let us drive there at once, please." She straightened up and worked herself into a frenzy of righteous indignation.

(To be continued.)

Miss Grace C. Davenport, C. L. S. '98, gave a very enjoyable whist party at her home in Watertown, Saturday, November 25.

Miss Alice Chamberlain, '96, is president of the Science Club at Radcliffe.

Miss Florence Janes, '96, is president of the Semitic Club at Radcliffe.

The Radcliffe C. L. S. Club will give the three-act play, "The Man in the Case," for the benefit of the Club Scholarship Fund, on Friday evening, January 12, and Saturday afternoon, January 13, at Fay House. Miss Katherine Berry, C. L. S. '94, Radcliffe '98, is to take part. Tickets may be obtained from any of the members of the Club or from Miss Bates, C. L. S. '98, or Miss Arnold, C. L. S. '02.

Robert D. Wrenn, '91, was one of the principal coaches of the Harvard 'Varsity Eleven this fall.

Howard Whiting, E. H. S. '91, was married to Miss Dearborn in November.

W. A. Lackey, '91, is submaster of the High School, Pawtucket, R. I.

J. E. Lansing and K. L. Mark, '94, are in the Graduate School at Harvard, the latter as an assistant.

R. W. Coues, formerly of C. L. S. '91, is assistant recorder of Harvard College.

David Dickinson was a member of the Latin School, class of '85.

J. H. Shannon and F. T. Lewis, '93, are holders of Harvard Medical School scholarships.

A. S. Apsey, '89, was, on November 7, again elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

Miss Constance Alexander, C. L. S. '89, had, in the November Century, a poem, which was illustrated by Joseph Jefferson, the actor. She is also preparing a new school edition of "Ivanhoe" to be published by Silver and Burdett of New York.

Robert Herrick, '86, has just issued a "Composition and Rhetoric for Schools," and an edition of "The House of Seven Gables."

Alexander Agassiz, '51, has just brought out a report of the results of his investigations into the Coral Reefs of the Fiji Islands.

Louis F. Berry, '88, was married October 10, 1899, to Miss Marion Love.

Dr. John Orne, formerly instructor in the High and Latin Schools, has been appointed to the important position of Curator of Arabic manuscripts in the Semitic Museum at Harvard.

Miss Alice D. Chamberlain, '96, and Miss Mabel L. Abbot, C. L. S. '98, hold excellent scholarships at Radcliffe.

Miss Madeline Abbott, '88, was married on October 6 to Mr. Charles E. Bushnell.

Miss Florence A. Locke was married on October 31 to Frank M. Laurence, a graduate of the High School.

Harriet C. Taylor, '95, is teaching at the High School, Waltham.

Guy Bancroft, '97, has just been elected a member of the Institute of 1770 at Harvard.

HIGH SCHOOL.

The third meeting of the High School society was held on November 3, 1899. The meeting was presided over by the president, Mr. McInnis. One honorary member was admitted, Mr. George Beane.

The question discussed was: "Resolved, That parents should prevent their sons from taking part in foot-ball." The affirmative was ably supported by Mr. Clarke, '00, and Mr. Connolly, '99. The negative was upheld by Mr. Stephens, '99, Mr. Deeran, '00, and Mr. Banks, '01. The debate was very good, especially the remarks of Mr. Deeran, '00. For some unknown reason there were no judges appointed.

After the regular debate came the usual hash debate. One of the subjects, which was probably intended to be a sequel to the regular subject of the evening, was: "Resolved, That parents should prevent their daughters from playing basket-ball." There were many other interesting subjects discussed.

Mr. Connolly and Mr. Deeran gave a few remarks on the importance of a debating society and the importance of everyone improving his opportunities to speak.

On November 17, 1899, the society debated the subject: "Resolved, That the policy of Great Britain in South Africa is unjust." The affirmative was upheld by Miss Allyn, '00, Mr. Clarke, '00, and Mr. Elder, '02; and the negative by Mr. Stephens, '01, Mr. Deeran, '00, and Mr. Stephens, '99. The remarks of all were both interesting and instructive. The judges, Mr. Connolly, Miss Harding and Mr. Donovan, awarded the debate to the affirmative.

At this meeting the attendance was the largest it has been this year.

At a special meeting, held Monday, the 27th of November, the time of the meetings was changed from 8 to 7.30 o'clock.

LATIN SCHOOL.

On Friday, November 10, the society met and discussed the following question: "Resolved, That McKinley merits the support of the American people in the coming election." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. White, '02, Thompson, '00, and Blanchard, '00, while Messrs. Ammidon, '01, Bicknell, '02, and Sumner, '02, defended the negative. The debate was very interesting, Mr. Ammidon, '01, making an especially effective speech. The jury, Miss Jackson, Mr. Counihan and Mr. Burton, awarded the debate to the negative. When the debate was thrown open to the house, there were many speakers from the floor.

On motion of Mr. Blanchard, '00, it was voted to elect a member of the society to represent it at an entertainment to be given by the Enterpris Club. However, everyone nominated for this purpose refused to allow his name to be used, so the matter was tabled.

On motion of Mr. Good, '00, the president was empowered to appoint a committee of three to buy the usual turkey for the janitor's Thanksgiving. The president selected Messrs. Bennett, '01, Ammidon, '01, and Burton, '02, for this task; and, according to the janitor, the committee made an excellent choice. The following were elected to membership: Messrs. Conlin, '00, Detlefsen, '03, Bailey, '04, and Miss Rogers, '02.

At a special meeting held at recess on Monday, November 20, it was voted that hereafter only members of the Latin School or graduates of that school should be admitted to the meetings of the society.

The first class debate of the series was held on Friday, November 24. The subject was: "Resolved, That Great Britain is justified in the war against the Boers." 1904, represented by Messrs. Good, Gaughn and Bailey, had the affirmative, and 1903, represented by Taft, Wyman and Detlefsen, had the negative. Mr. Gaughn and Mr. Detlefsen summed up for their respective sides. The best speeches of the evening were made by Messrs. Wyman, Taft and Good. The jury, consisting of Miss Coleman, Mr. Counihan and Mr. Thompson, awarded the debate to 1903, and said that they considered the debate most excellent.

Mr. Blanchard, '00, stated that he thought the motion passed at the special meeting unconstitutional, and moved that it be reconsidered. The motion was lost. Mr. Rogers, '04, was elected to membership.

NEW MUSIC.

OLIVER DITSON AND CO.

Sopranos and tenors will be pleased to learn that J. C. Bartlett's evening hymn, "The Day is Ended," with violin obligato (originally issued for low voices in E flat), has just been issued for high voices in G (50c.). The valuable experiences of an able teacher and singer are in evidence in this song. The words, admitting of a variety of moods, have been set to a delightful melody, which gracefully flows through tender and fervent passages and reaches its climax in a most effective fortissimo ending. While the violin obligato adds much to the charming song, it is by no means essential.

Piano teachers will find Otto Hackh's three new compositions for the piano, "Gavotte Renaissance" (50c.), "Valse Rustique" (40c.), and "Barcarolle" (etude, 50c.) good teaching pieces. This does not mean that they are purely technical—they are light, fluent solos, of the third grade, popular alike with teacher and player, and pleasing to the listener.

"Valse Arabesque," by John Orth, Op. 10, No. 1 (50c.), is a waltz that pianists will do well to "take note of." It is charmingly waltzy, light and airy, nothing better to cultivate a refined and delicate touch,—and a point which makes all Mr. Orth's work so attractive to teachers and players alike, is that it is much easier to play than it sounds.

"Etude Brilliante," by the same author, in A flat, Op. 10, No. 3 (50c.), is something that pupils will like to practice, and which will help their execution as much or more than the often-disliked exercises, besides being "as pretty as a piece" when learned.

David Stanley Smith, an undergraduate of Yale, is a most promising composer. He received honorable mention in the recent Musical Record Prize Competition for his "Rose Song," a composition that would be creditable to a composer of rare attainments. The song, now on sale (40c.), is a most sympathetic tonalizing of the beautiful verses of Charlotte Fiske Bates.

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

1900.

A class social was held November 22, at the home of Mr. Whittemore. Shadow pictures afforded much merriment during the first part of the evening, and after refreshments the class was delightfully entertained by Mr. Whittemore, who read from "Mr. Dooley in Peace and War," and played some selections on his violin. Mr. Conlin also gave much pleasure by his selections on the piano. About thirty members of the class were present, and Mr. Bradbury, Miss Bacheler and Miss Carpenter were the guests of the evening.

Purdy has been chosen class photographer. What an ordeal is before us—almost equal to going to the dentist!

Shall we seniors ever again have the privilege of enjoying opening exercises in the hall? We are living in hopes that a piano will soon come to us, for we have discovered great musical talent in a certain member of our class.

We all were pleased to see Miss Carpenter, a former member of the class, who visited us recently.

The basket-ball team will be happy to receive any donations the members of the class may care to give. Those so disposed will please speak to Miss McWain.

Wanted: More height for Geometry class.

1901.

The class held the second social of the season at the home of Miss Beard. The attendance was larger than usual, and all enjoyed the games. First prizes were won by Mr. Hubbard and Miss Robinson. Miss Beard added very much to the pleasure of her guests by singing several selections.

Miss Robinson, former president of the "Sigma Gamma," has resigned the office. The present officers are: President, Miss Hood; 1st vice president, Miss Salmon; 2nd vice president, Miss Daggett; secretary, Miss Barbour; treasurer, Miss Sears.

The social committee are making preparations for the class drama, which will take place on January 12. The play has been chosen, and the parts assigned.

At its last meeting the class voted to change the constitution so that any member of the class might vote and attend socials, instead of continuing the system of monthly dues, which proved unsatisfactory.

The basket-ball team is thriving and hopes to retrieve the honors lost in foot-ball. Those who do not attend practice are now required to pay a fine.

How much midnight oil have you spent trying to make x—y—z equal abc? Isn't it awful?

Wonder who it was that found out the deutsch for "rubber."

Greek translation: Thence he proceeds thirty-five parassaugs into the spring.

A recent discovery—the "Argumentative Mood."

1902.

'02, '02, rah, rah, rah, rah!

Victory seems to be with our foot-ball team. Let us keep it up in other things as well, especially studies.

Our girls composed special songs for the 1900 game. How's that?

Thanks are due Burton as captain and Durrell as manager, for their efficient services to the foot-ball team.

We all are very sorry for Hastings, who sprained his wrist in the second 1901 game. Bailey took his place.

We have a large delegation in the Debating Society now. Keep it up.

The S. H. L. club has bought some very pretty pins.

Basket-ball is as ever, the watchword of 1902 girls. Beat 1901 at all odds.

Certain teachers of 1902 seem to be against athletics as a whole, and do not spare their efforts to make it known. Let us as a class give them no opportunity to find fault on account of studies. We don't realize it as they do. We cannot hear our own mistakes as others do.

Briggs, '02, has been ill for quite a long while and the class will welcome again his ever mirthful face.

Did you see the "missing link" in the cellar, Tuesday before Thanksgiving? He didn't belong to 1902; we thought he might belong to 19—well, you know.

Ammidon, '01, ceases to be a visitor to Miss Spring's room, discussing the prospects of his class team.

What do you think of the Chemistry laboratory, now you are in it?

1903.

Miss Hutchins has been appointed to the social committee, to succeed Miss Eaton (resigned).

The first inter-class debate between 1904 and 1903 was won by 1903. The speakers from 1903 were Detlefson, Wyman and Taft. Wyman's speech deserves special mention.

Evans cut his head badly in one of the practice games of foot-ball. Five stitches were needed to make it heal.

How pretty those blue flags with the gold 1903 on them looked at the foot-ball game.

If D—t—e—s— does not look out he will have to get a new pointer for the 5th Division in Geometry.

The girls have been practicing basket-ball faithfully for quite a while, and we expect to hear from them soon.

By the way, who was giving the principal parts of "Huggo" the other day?

Find a seat where you have no one to whom to whisper.

Is there a drawing class in the Latin School? We should mistrust so by the time spent by some of its members in drawing pictures.

1904.

The first social of the class was held at the home of Miss Ida Reeves, on Sacramento street. About fifty members of the class were present, and one of the teachers, Miss Monroe. An informal social time was enjoyed, followed by games and refreshments. Praise is due the social committee for its successful management of the first social.

Although we did not win the debate with 1903, we should be proud of our debaters, S. Bailey, Gaughn and Good, who fought gallantly for their class.

Hopewell is a howling success and will make a great foot-ball player. His brilliant playing saved the team from worse defeat many times this season.

The tennis tournament was played off, all but the semi-finals, which were postponed on account of the condition of the courts. The winners were Harlow, Potter, Cunningham and Bailey. It is hoped that the tennis court is soon to be marked out on the floor of the gymnasium.

There are so many colors in view that the meeting for the selection of class colors has been postponed until a few colors retire from the field.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

1900.

The socials are certainly well supported this year. Keep up the good work, 1900!

Wouldn't it be a good idea to have a professional hair-cutter in the class?

Those who are left in the harmony class feel sure that those who dropped out made a great mistake. The work is becoming more and more interesting every day, and it is quite nice to feel that it is the first class in harmony in any high school in the United States.

1900, don't forget the Debating Society.

Five young ladies from the class of 1900, Miss P—l—r, Miss M—h—d, Miss P—t—e, Miss F—c—t and Miss S—m—h, enjoyed a delightful ride in a *single buggy* to the remotest part of Waverly one cold afternoon not long ago. Although the horse went at *break-neck* speed all the way, no serious accidents occurred. Of course a lengthy conversation with an inmate of the insane asylum on a dark and lonely road was not the pleasantest thing which could happen. Anyone desiring information regarding what happened on suddenly turning a very sharp corner, will receive a full account from Miss P—— or any one of the young ladies, though Miss P—— could describe it better, perhaps.

A social was held on November 24, 1899, at the home of Mr. Fred Dow, on Sacramento street. There were eleven tables of whist, Miss Easton and Mr. Taylor winning the first prizes, and Miss Deady and Mr. Sargent the consolation prizes. The consolation prize was a small drum, and the fact that it was taken by Mr. Sargent caused great merriment. Mr. Huling, Mr. Sargent, Miss Deering and Miss Dodge were the guests of the evening.

At a meeting held on November 27, the class voted to send flowers to Miss Adams and Miss McHugh, two members of the class, sick with diphtheria.

Mr. Deeran of this class gave a lecture a short while ago on "American Discoveries."

1901.

The S. O. R. S. is not very active this year.

H—sm—r makes an excellent chemistry instructor. He has a pleasing manner.

How we miss the heavy tramp of the R. M. T. S. boys, which had become so dear to our hearts.

We are not blood-thirsty, but the next person who asks for a Police News, when we are selling this paper, must suffer the consequences.

The social held at Miss Winegar's house, on Mt. Auburn street, was very successful, notwithstanding the efforts of an unusually large number of pessimists, who did all they could to prevent it. The social was in the form of an auction party, and Mr. Blake made a very persuasive auctioneer, so much so that several persons bid against themselves. The prizes went to Misses White and Woods, while Mr. Batchelder drowned his sorrows in the caresses of a cotton dog. There were about twenty-five present.

The girls of 1901 cannot be called slow, even if the class as a whole is. A basket-ball sociable has been held at the home of Miss Himeon, on Norfolk street, at which many of the girls and their friends were present. Among those were Misses Howe, Mahady, Winegar, Duvey, Hopkins, Cameron, Young, I. Stevens and Himeon, Messrs. Hosmer, Maguire, Stuart, Gove, Whittemore, Flem-

ing, Upham and Blake. After a very pleasant evening the party broke up at an early hour.

A few weeks ago Mr. Brigham was absent on account of illness. It is well worth mentioning that it was the first time he has been absent since he was in the seventh grade of the grammar school. Not many have such a remarkable record.

Why do not some of the girls who play basket-ball object to being kept after school on certain days of the week?

On October 31 a class meeting was held, at which the former president, Mr. Rhoades, presided. The following officers were elected: President, Mr. Hosmer; vice president, Miss Sprague; treasurer, Mr. Gove; secretary, Miss Woods; constitutional committee, Mr. Rondina (chairman), Miss Young, Miss White, Mr. Crawford and Mr. Chase; social committee, Mr. Blake (chairman), Miss Rundstrom, Miss Haines, Miss Ida Stevens and Mr. Brigham.

1902.

Show your class spirit by wearing a class pin.

Who put the thrilling account of the Webster vs. 1902 foot-ball *game* on the bulletin board?

The social committee consists of Mr. Currie (chairman), Mr. Priest, Miss Boyce, Miss Newton and Miss Dora Smith.

Heard in the French class: *Au milieu d'eux marchait un porte-clefs.* "In their midst walked a door-key."

The first social of the class was held November 23, at Mr. Currie's home. The affair was a great success, and was well attended. The prizes were won by Mr. Powers and Miss Newton. Of the teachers, Miss Goerwitz and Miss Smith were present.

1903.

What made you jump, "E—lie—jah?"

Who is drum-major of class 1903?

One of the girls that plays basket-ball in class 1903 does not need any introduction to the Latin School gymnasium floor.

The girls who play basket-ball just worship the ball, for they are on their knees most of the time.

Is it quite the style to wear your necktie round your shoe?

"The Laugh's on Him."

Loaned by Harvard Lampoon.

FOOT BALL

CAMBRIDGE 21; M. I. T., 1903, 0.

Cambridge played a short game with Tech, 1903, on the common, November 7, and defeated the latter 21 to 0. Cambridge made most of her gains around the ends, although Mayhew and McGirr did some good line bucking. Paul Parker played a good game for M. I. T., and it was his tackling that prevented Cambridge from running up a much larger score.

SALEM 23; CAMBRIDGE 0.

On Saturday, November 4, Cambridge went down to Salem and was defeated 23 to 0. In the first half Cambridge had a strong wind and a bad slope in the field against her, while Parker made a poor kick-off; in the second half the team was weakened by the loss of Carr. The Salem team was much heavier than the Cambridge one, and added to this advantage by playing good foot-ball.

C. H. & L. 25; NEWTON HIGH 0.

Saturday, November 11, Cambridge defeated Newton 25 to 0 in 15 and 10 minute halves, on the N. A. C. grounds.

Newton kicked off, and Mayhew catching the ball carried it to the centre of the field, and after nine rushes by Crawford, McGirr and Mayhew it was pushed over the line. The goal was not kicked.

On the next kick-off, Cambridge fumbled, and Newton got the ball, but was forced to kick. After twelve rushes, mostly around the ends, Mayhew was pushed over the line; he fumbled, but fell on the ball together with a Newton man. The referee at first called it a safety and then changed to a touchdown. The Newton captain protested. Cambridge naturally refused to give in, and the Newton team began to withdraw from the field, so that McGirr had to give them the three points to prevent the game from being called.

During the rest of the game the Newton supporters displayed a very disagreeable spirit, and rushed upon the field cheering when a Cambridge fellow was injured. Two more touchdowns were made in this half and one in the following. McGirr kicked the three goals. McGirr was injured in the last play of the game; having caught a punt, he was running with a clear field for a touchdown, but was overtaken by two fleet-footed Newton men, who brought him heavily to the ground. The line-up:

Cambridge.	Newton.
Murphy, l.e.	l.e., Daniels
Hastings, l.t.	l.t., Marshman

Barnes, l.g. . . . . l.g., Henderson
Houston, c. . . . . c., Andrews
Williams, r.g. . . . . r.g., Tolman
Leitch, r.t. . . . . r.t., Kenway
Jones, r.e. . . . . r.e., Bradley
Parker, q. . . . . q., H. M. Andrews
McGirr, l.h.b. . . . . l.h.b., Cheney
Crawford, r.h.b. . . . . r.h.b., P. Johnson
Mayhew, f.b. . . . . f.b., Broad

C. M. T. S. 6; C. H. & L. 5.

On Monday, November 20, Cambridge played the Training School at Charles River Park and was defeated 6 to 5 in twenty and fifteen minute halves.

H. Parker kicked off for Cambridge, and Murphy tackled Mott, who caught the ball, on the fifteen yard line. Warren of C. M. T. S. was sent around our left end for ten yards, but in the scrimmage he dropped the ball, which H. Parker picked up and carried to Training School's six-yard line. Cambridge worked centre and guard plays, and after two downs Williams was pushed over the line. The goal, being at a difficult angle, was not kicked. C. M. T. S. kicked off to Crawford, who advanced the ball to our twenty-two-yard line. After six tackles and end plays Cambridge kicked. Houston got down the field before the ends and tackled the runner. After a few plays Cambridge recovered the ball on a fumble, but soon lost it again in like manner. C. M. T. S. had the ball on her forty-yard line and tried our left end, but Clarkson got the man from behind, for a loss. After an exchange of the ball on fumbles, Training School got it, and in thirteen rushes, chiefly through left tackle, carried it to our twenty-five-yard line, where she was held for downs. Cambridge gained ten yards by a double pass, but a little later was forced to kick. After two unsuccessful rushes, C. M. T. S. kicked and recovered the ball on a fumble. Interference with the centre gave them five yards and brought them to our five-yard line. Here Cambridge made a stand and held for downs on her two-yard line. Rondena did good work in stopping a dive through left tackle. Cambridge, showing poor judgment, tried to get the ball away from her goal line before kicking, but a fumble gave Training School the ball, and they soon made a touchdown through the centre. Lang kicked an easy goal. The score, six to five, remained unchanged during the rest of the game.

Cambridge kicked off, and on the next play C. M. T. S. punted. It was our ball on our forty-five-yard line. Crawford failed to gain through centre, Mayhew went through left guard for five yards, Crawford lost four around left, Clarkson went through right tackle for twenty. On the next play but one, Parker made a pretty pass to Murphy, who was standing far out to the left, and the latter gained forty yards before he was stopped. Cambridge soon lost the ball on a fumble. Training School kicked to Crawford, who gained twenty yards with Parker's interference. Time was soon called, Cambridge holding the ball on Training School's thirty-yard line.

In the second half the ball travelled up and down the field with the advantage rather favoring Training School. Once again Training School was held for downs within a yard of scoring. Toward the end of the game both teams punted a good deal, hoping to score on a fluke. When the game closed it was Training School's ball in the centre of the field.

The game was extremely interesting to watch, and if it had not been for the fumbling of Cambridge at critical moments, the result might have been a more satisfactory ending to the season. Great credit is due to the team for having placed Cambridge well up in the list of Interscholastic teams this season, and they have well earned their sweaters. Now for the Track Team!

The line-up:

C. M. T. S.	C. H. & L.
Doyle, l.e	l.e., Murphy
Whalen, l.t	l.t., Hastings
Stewart, l.g	l.g., Barnes
Fiske, c	c., Houston
Ward, r.g	r.g., Williams
Carrick, r.t	r.t., Leitch
Watkins (Holden), r.e	r.e., Rondena
Mott, q	q., H. Parker
Warren, l.h.b	l.h.b, Clarkson
S. Parker, r.h.b	r.h.b., Crawford
Lang, f.b	f.b., Mayhew

SUMMARY.

Our foot-ball team has completed a very satisfactory season. Unfortunately we are not in any league, so that our prowess has not called for as much attention from rival schools as it would have if we had been playing for a trophy. The team practiced regularly and with good spirit until Newton High put McGirr out of the game, and then for nearly a week there was no practice. This was, no doubt, a great factor in our defeat at the hands of Training School.

Salem High is the only school besides the Training School that has won a game from us, unless the Everett game on the common is counted.

The scores:

C. H. & L.—	12	Winchester	0
	6	Hopkinson	0
	12	Medford	0
	52	Arlington	0
	0	Everett	6
	18	Brookline	6
	11	Boston Latin	0
	0	Salem High	23
	21	M. I. T., 1903	0
	25	Newton High	0
	5	C. M. T. S	6
Total points, C. H. & L.	162	Opps	41

CLASS SERIES.

1903 and 1904 of the Latin School played the first game of the class series on Thursday, November 2, at Charles River Park. 1903 won through superior team play by a score of 5 to 0. Both classes were well represented in the grand stand. Taft scored the touchdown for 1903 and did the best all-round playing for his team. Hopewell and O'Connor played the best game for 1904.

The line-up:

1903.	1904.
Carrington, l.e	l.e., Sullivan
Dolan, l.t	l.t., Conlin
Baxter, l.g	l.g., Ryder
Howe, c	c., Stevens
Caher, r.g	r.g., Ahern
Waldo, r.t	r.t., Cunningham
Davis, r.e	r.e., Cahill
Moore, q	q., Taylor
Ellis, l.h.b	l.h.b, Potter
Taft, r.h.b	r.h.b., O'Connor
Jameson, f.b	f.b., Hopewell

On Monday, November 13, 1901 and 1902 played a tie game—6 to 6—in 35 minutes of play.

Both teams were weak on the defence. The features of the game were the holding for downs by 1902 on her goal line, the difficult goal kicked by Jones, '01, and the general playing of Rogers and Burns of 1902 and James A. Wolff of 1901.

The line-up:

1901.	1902.
Sullivan, l.e	l.e., Fish
Good, l.t	l.t., R. Carroll
Wolffe, l.g	l.g., Ried
Carstein, c	c., Pierce
Farrington, r.g	r.g., Turner
Lennell, r.t	r.t., Hastings
J. Carroll, r.e	r.e., White
Gauthier, q	q., Burton
Rideout, l.h.b	l.h.b., Burns
Jones, r.h.b	r.h.b., Rogers
James, f.b	f.b., Brainard

Picture Framing. C. E. HARLOW, 32 Boylston St., - Harvard Sq.

The tie was played off on the following Thursday. 1902 won 5 to 2, both scores being made in the first half. The second half was played by moonlight.

On November 21, 1902 defeated 1903, scoring 22 points, while their opponents were unable to cross their line. 1902 won through superior weight and team play.

The line-up:

1902.	1903.
Fish, l.e	l.e., Carrington
Carroll, l.t	l.t., Price
Foster, l.g	l.g., Baxter
Pierce, c	c., Howe
Turner, r.g	r.g., Cahir
Bailey, r.t	r.t., Waldo
Burton, r.e	r.e., Davis
Hood, q	q., Moore
Burns, l.h.b	l.h.b., Ellis
Rogers, r.h.b	r.h.b., Taft
Brainard, f.b	f.b., Jameson

The last game of the series was played on Tuesday, November 28, between 1900 and 1902. 1902 defeated the seniors 6 to 0, thus winning the school championship. The feature of the game was White's long run for a touchdown on Murphy's fumble of a punt.

The line-up:

1902.	1900.
Fish, l.e	l.e., Murphy
Carroll, l.t	l.t., Estabrook
Ried, l.g	l.g., Davenport
Pierce, c	c., Thompson
Murray (Sumner), r.g	r.g., Lothrop
Bailey, r.t	r.t., Ellis
White, r.e	r.e., Good
Burton, q	q., Counihan
Burns, l.h.b	l.h.b., Regan
Rogers, r.h	r.h., Parker
Brainard, f.b	f.b., Nelligan

HARE AND HOUND RUNS.

A series of hare and hound runs has been organized at the suggestion of Mr. Benshimol. The first was run, over a course of about three miles, on Wednesday, November 30, starting from the gymnasium at half-past three. The hares were Williams of the Latin School and Soule of the High School. The hares were given seven minutes' start, but the first two hounds, Andrews and Garfield, finished three minutes after the hares had come in.

VICKERY, 3 Central Square. Picture Framing.

BILLINGS & STOVER,

1360 Massachusetts Avenue, - Harvard Square.

Prescription Pharmacists.

Do You Know that our Stock of Toilet Requisites is Extensive, of Superior Quality, and Prices Right?

Bronchial Trouble.

Loaned by Harvard Lampoon.

Students' Attention

CALLED TO THE NOVELTIES OFFERED IN . . . .

Cravats, Gloves, Caps, Negligee Shirts, Etc.,

. . . BY . . .

The L. E. FLETCHER CO.

134 Boylston Street, Boston.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN UNKNOWN PATRIOT.

By FRANK S. CHILD. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, $1.50.

An absorbing story of the "Secret Service" in Connecticut during the Revolution. Fairfield is the central point, and Nathan Hale, Aaron Burr, and other well-known persons figure in the tale.

A JERSEY BOY IN THE REVOLUTION.

By EVERETT T. TOMLINSON, author of "The Boys of Old Monmouth." With illustrations. Crown 8vo, $1.50.

A capital story, founded on the lives and heroic deeds of some of the humbler hero s of the Revolution against invading Britons and the lawless Americans.

A YOUNG SAVAGE.

By BARBARA YECHTON. 12mo, $1.50.

The story of a wild Western girl, civilized in New York.

SQUARE PEGS.

By MRS. ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY. 12mo, $1.50.

"A strong, pure and noble piece of fiction." *The Indepen dent*, New York.

THE OTHER FELLOW.

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH. Illustrated. 12mo, $1.50.

Eleven short stories, told with the dash, the dramatic effect, and the practised skill of his other volumes.

A PRETTY TORY.

By JEANIE GOULD LINCOLN. Illustrated. 12mo, $1.50.

A story of the Revolution, of Marion's men, General Morgan, the Battle of Cowpens, including a charming love story.

THE BOYS OF SCROOBY.

By RUTH HALL, author of "In the Brave Days of Old." With a frontispiece illustration. 12mo, $1.50.

A wide-awake story of the time of Queen Elizabeth. Three Scrooby boys have stirring adventures, and one of them comes to Plymouth with the Pilgrims.

The KING'S JESTER.

And Other Short Plays for Small Stages. By CARO ATHERTON DUGAN. Square 12mo, $1.50.

Eleven original plays, just suited for schools or private theatricals.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS. SENT, POSTPAID, BY

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY, BOSTON.

POVALL Inman Square, Cambridgeport. SHOES

CHARLES WAUGH & CO.
856 to 868 MAIN STREET, and 9 STATE STREET,
CAMBRIDGEPORT, - - MASS.

Manufacturers of
FIRE DEPARTMENT AND POLICE WAGONS, AMBULANCES, ETC.

Keyler's

146 TREMONT STREET.

Bonbons and Chocolates, Fancy Boxes, and Baskets Suitable for Christmas Gifts.

Chas. R. Leake, Jr.
Photographer.
DEVELOPING
& PRINTING FOR AMATEURS.
Bromide Enlargements, Framing, etc.
11 Province Court, Room 29, BOSTON.

Large and Small Orders Promptly Filled.

FRENCH DYE HOUSE.

Dyeing and Cleansing of all Kinds at Lowest Prices. . . .

ROBERT B. BROWN & CO.,
6 PEARL STREET, CAMBRIDGEPORT.

MANNING'S
5, 10 AND 25 C.
498 Massachusetts Ave.
Near Brookline St. Transfer Station.
STORE.

CLASS PINS

Prize Medals, Etc.
Designs on Application.
JOHN HARRIOTT,
3 Winter Street,
BOSTON, - MASS.

AHERN . . .
AUCTIONEER,
REAL ESTATE,
INSURANCE,
1388 Mass. Ave., Harvard Sq.
64 Fifth St., East Cambridge.
. . . Telephone No. 515-3 . . .

Orinda Kaughphy.

A BLEND of two of the finest Coffees produced in the World.

ERNEST W. CLARK,
Plumber and Gas Fitter,
1440 and 1442 Massachusetts Ave.,
Harvard Square, - - Cambridge, Mass.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. Prices Right.

GEO. H. WHIPPEN,
Ice Cream and Confectionery,
Mail Orders promptly attended to.
Catering for Weddings, Parties, etc.
TELEPHONE, 823-2. 279 BROADWAY, CAMBRIDGEPORT.

Fine Teas and Coffees
FOR FAMILY USE.
ORIENTAL TEA CO.,
87 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

Fred LaLond Successor to Griffith
Hair-Cutting Room
No. 34 Brattle St., Street Floor, Cambridge.
Seven Men in Attendance.

"The very finest goods
AT
The very lowest prices."

Every-
thing
in
Sporting
Goods

John P. Lovell
Arms Co.
163-165 WASHINGTON ST.
BOSTON.

Do Not Buy Your
WALL PAPERS
... FROM ...
SAMPLE BOOKS
Which are in every town within ten miles of you, and have your house look like every other house in town. Call and see our Immense Stock of

- - - NEW - - -
WALL PAPERS
For Season of 1899.

15 Per Cent Discount
Allowed on your purchase on presenting this advertisement. Our goods are marked to sell 20 per cent. lower than any Book Concern or Department Store in this Country.

THOMAS F. SWAN,
12 Cornhill, - Boston, Mass.
[Next door to Washington Street.]

FALL STYLES READY.
Well Tailored Clothing for Young Men at Moderate Prices. It will pay you to Call and Examine Styles and Prices.
SPITZ BROS. & MORK, 65-69 Summer Street, BOSTON.

ANDREW J. LOVELL & CO.,
Grocers,
1853 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE,
NORTH CAMBRIDGE.

COAL
RICHARDSON & BACON,
CAMBRIDGE.
WOOD

FAMILY TRADE A SPECIALTY FOR FIFTY-FOUR YEARS.

WE SELL THE BEST
Skating Boot in town for ... $3.50 a pair.
For Gentlemen or Ladies.
In extra high cut, heavy soles, and the right shape.
LEIGHTON BROS. & CO.

E. C. Litchfield,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
STUDIO:
655 Massachusetts Avenue, Arlington.

BALL'S
... HOME-MADE ...
BREAD
... TRY ...
RUSSELL'S CHOCOLATES.
Put up in Pound and Half-Pound Boxes.
THEY ARE THE BEST.

Winter Weather is Backward But we are not : : :

We are up to Date! Prices are Right!

AND OUR SHOES ARE RIGHT!

YOUNG LADIES' STYLISH FOOTWEAR, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, in Box Calf and Goat Skin on Mannish Lasts.

YOUNG MEN'S SHOES on Latest Style Lasts at $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, and $4.00.

Large assortment of First Quality Overshoes and Rubbers, every pair guaranteed. Money refunded if goods are not satisfactory.

Repairing neatly done. Our shoes shined free of charge.

P. H. MORIARTY,

HARVARD SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

J. E. Purdy & Co.

Class Photographers for 1900

CAMBRIDGE LATIN and ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOLS.

For the fourth consecutive year we are serving nearly a score of neighboring schools and colleges; a situation which indicates at least tolerable satisfaction on all sides. To the unprejudiced mind there can be no possible doubt as to the merits of our productions, the efficiency of our service, or the general satisfaction accorded all patrons. By doing business on a large scale (the largest of its kind in America), we are enabled to make low prices, wonderfully low, in truth, if you secure one of the Class Rate Cards. All seniors in Cambridge High and Latin Schools have them, and anyone may profit hereby.

STUDIO: 146 TREMONT STREET,

BOSTON.

CAMBRIDGE MASS JANUARY 1900

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW

VITA·SINE·LITERIS·MORS·EST

CONTENTS.

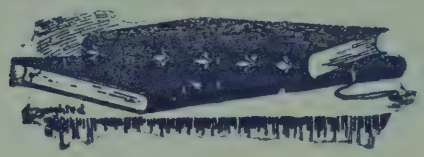
	Page
THE MONTH	3-7
THE HOUSE OF PERONNE	7-13
ALUMNI NOTES	13, 14
FUN	15
HOW BASKET-BALL CAME TO GREENVILLE. (Part II)	17-20
THE RETURN OF CATILINE	20-21
DRAMA AND DANCE	22
SCHOOL NOTES	25-28
ATHLETICS	29-31

For full contents see page 1.

Vol. XIV
No 4

McNAMEE

WE BIND THE "REVIEW."



...Bookbinding

Magazines and Library Books Bound In the most substantial manner.

26A BRATTLE STREET, ...CAMBRIDGE.

A. J. LITTLEFIELD & CO.,

PROVISION DEALERS,

1847 Massachusetts Ave., (Lovell's Block,) North Cambridge.

Drop us a postal and a competent man will call for your order. Special attention will be given to all orders, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Established 1842. JOHN P. SQUIRE & CO.,

INCORPORATED.

Packers and Curers of

Pork, Lard, Hams and Bacon

Also Manufacturers of the Celebrated

"Arlington" Sausage and Kettle Rendered Leaf Lard.

21, 23 & 25 F. H. Market and 39 & 40 No. Market St.

BOSTON, MASS.

BARBOUR-STOCKWELL CO.

General Machinists and Iron Founders.

Special Machinery, Light or Heavy, Designed and Built. Confectioners' Machinery. General Jobbing. Drafting. Pattern Making.

Factory: 205 Broadway, Cambridgeport.

DANA W. BENNETT & CO.,

TELEPHONE 1755

Insurance

82 WATER STREET, BOSTON.

WM. H. WOOD & CO., LUMBER MERCHANTS, Cambridgeport, Mass.

The C. & C. Press,

CAUSTIC & CLAFLIN.

26-28 BRATTLE STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

Printers

of this magazine,

and numerous other publications.

Everything in the Printing Line.

All Orders Promptly Executed.

The Best of Work. Full Count.

FLOWERS CARBONE'S DECORATIONS

HARVARD SQUARE

H. L. CARSTEIN,
DEALER IN
COAL AND WOOD,
Yard on Fitchburg R.R., Foot of Cogswell Ave.
NORTH CAMBRIDGE.

BRANCH OFFICES:
3 Studio Building, Davis Square, W. Somerville,
O. H. PERRY, AGENT.
Opp. Porter Station, North Cambridge,
H. E. FARRINGTON, AGENT.
CELEBRATED LACKAWANNA COALS DIRECT FROM MINES, ALL RAIL.

Established 1847
R. H. STEARNS & COMPANY
DRY GOODS
Tremont Street and Temple Place
BOSTON

Fine Teas and Coffees
FOR FAMILY USE.
ORIENTAL TEA CO.,
87 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

CLASS PINS
Prize Medals, Etc.
Designs on Application.
JOHN HARRIOTT,
3 Winter Street,
BOSTON, - MASS.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE MONTH	3-7
THE HOUSE OF PERONNE	7-13
ALUMNI NOTES	13, 14
FUN	15
ANNOUNCEMENTS	16
HOW BASKET-BALL CAME TO GREENVILLE (Part II)	17-20
THE RETURN OF CATILINE	20-21
DRAMA AND DANCE	22
DEBATING SOCIETIES	23, 24, 26
GIRLS' CORNER	24
HIGH SCHOOL NOTES	25, 26
LATIN SCHOOL NOTES	27, 28
ATHLETICS, BASKET-BALL AND HOCKEY	29-31

RALPH LEACH,
PURE ICE CREAM
AND
FINE CONFECTIONERY

ICE CREAM. Vanilla, Chocolate, Nougatine, Strawberry, Coffee, Peach.
SHERBETS. Orange, Raspberry, Lemon, Pineapple.

747 Massachusetts Avenue,
Telephone 164-2 Cambridge.

JOHN CARTER & CO.
PAPER
100 & 102 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

You need the best!
For accurate work
Our high grade ..
Drafting Instruments
Give universal satisfaction.
Wadsworth, Howland & Co.,
Incorporated.
Manufacturers and Importers of
Drawing Materials of all Kinds,
82 and 84 WASHINGTON STREET,
.. and ..
218 CLARENDON STREET,
.. BOSTON ..
Special Rates to Students

COLLINS AND FAIRBANKS
CELEBRATED HATS
EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS FOR YOUNG MEN
381 Washington St.
BOSTON, MASS.

L. G. MacKEIGAN,
Merchant Tailor,
Special Discount to C. H. and L. Students.
DANA CHAMBERS, 21 DUNSTER ST., CAMBRIDGE.
HE OFFERS THE BEST CUSTOM WORK AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

This is the Way

We are measuring for Trousers in our Custom Department at the semi-annual remnant sale, at $4.85 and Suits at $17.85. Our present sale is far surpassing all previous ones, showing that our friends have not forgotten our last year's efforts, and that they were sufficiently well satisfied to repeat their orders, and bring their friends. . . . . .

OAK HALL CLOTHING CO.,
95 to 105 WASHINGTON STREET.

FRANK E. NEWGENT,
Cambridge Tailoring and Repairing Co.
DYEING AND CLEANSING.
567 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, = Telephone, 466-4. = CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

We agree to Press, Clean, and Repair one coat, pants, and vest each week (3 pieces) for one dollar per month, payable in advance. We sew rips in outsides or linings, coat hangers, holes in pockets, buckles and buttons on pants, leather on bottom when desired. All other repairs not included in above schedule will be charged extra at reasonable prices. Goods called for and delivered. Cleansing and Pressing Ladies' Garments a specialty. *N. B. — Send postal and will call at residence or place of business.*

CONTRACT PRESSING.

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. XIV. NO. IV.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, JANUARY, 1900.

THE MONTH.

We understand that a number of the most influential graduates of the High School are taking steps toward the foundation of an alumni association similar to the one formed by the graduates of the Latin School last year. In our opinion there is a much greater need of an association of this kind among the graduates of the High School than among those of the Latin School. The majority of those who attend the Latin School continue their studies in colleges where they have Latin School Clubs, and besides make many new and valuable friends; but each class of the High School is widely scattered immediately after graduation. Many of its members enter at once on the work of life, while a few pursue further study; therefore, they have little chance to meet their old class-mates. We think, then. that such an organization, encouraging, as it would, occasional reunions, should meet with hearty support. We might add that just at present there is an opportunity for this association to be of great advantage to the undergraduates, for since the High and Latin Schools will no longer be united in athletics after next fall, the High School, as well as the Latin School, is more than ever in need of the lively interest of its alumni.

Beginning with this month, the Review will hold its annual contest for the positions of class editors and assistants on the business staff. From now until the March issue, all class editors and business assistants should consider themselves on trial; if by that time we find some who do better work than the present holders of the positions, we shall make the consequent changes; in some of the classes there is only one class editor at present, but in March we shall fill all these vacancies. It is our aim to have at least two representatives from every class.

We hope that the classes of 1901 in the two schools will take especial interest in this competition. They must remember that next year the vacancies among the associate-editors will be filled from the winners of this competition for class editors, while the next business manager of the Review will be picked from the assistants. If the class of 1901 does not immediately push forward some good candidates, the business branch of the Review may be controlled by 1902.

The question of when the 19th century ends suppose that most of our friends have formed has been very thoroughly debated, so that we an opinion and do not care to hear the matter

further discussed; still, lest some of our readers should be in doubt, we will repeat what was said in these columns last May and attempt to prove that we are as yet in the 19th century. The first year was the year one, and one year had not been completed until January first of the year two; the second year was complete on January first of the year three; in like manner it may be shown that the 100th year, or the first century, was complete on January first, 101. Therefore it is plain that the class of 1900 is the last one of the 19th century, and that the class of 1901 is the first of the 20th century.

We believe that if next year the High and Latin Schools, separated, are to accomplish anything in hockey, which is a new game, they should each begin to work up material now by means of class teams. The REVIEW will see that the champion team in each school has some suitable reward, provided that the classes in the two schools organize teams and play a series of games.

SEPARATION OF SCHOOLS.

There seems to have been a grave misunderstanding at the High School in regard to the action of the Latin School in deciding to withdraw next fall from the union in athletics. It has been said that the Latin School should have consulted the wishes of the High School in the matter; that the Latin School thinks itself so much better than the High School that it does not care to remain combined with its old ally; that the Latin School should at least have refused to join a league in which the High School was not included; finally, that in the whole affair the Latin School was seeking its own interests and that it did not care what became of the High School.

Immediately after the mass meeting at which the Latin School decided to separate next fall, there was so much ill feeling at the High School that prominent people there talked of separating in base-ball next spring, to take a sort of vengeance on the Latin School and to show people that the High School had as much spirit as the Latin. Since, however, matters have been fully explained, this talk has, to a great measure, abated. We shall here endeavor to show that the charges which have been made against the Latin School are without foundation, and we hope that hereafter there will be the greatest good will between the two schools, even when they have separated.

It is a well known fact that, although it requires the consent of two parties to make a union, it is only necessary for one of the parties to signify his intention to withdraw from the union in order that the separation may be complete. This question of separation of the schools had been very thoroughly discussed, and almost everybody had formed some opinion on the matter long before the mass meeting came. Therefore, when the crisis did arrive and a definite proposition was offered for consideration, the Latin School was ready to answer immediately. People at the High School knew that it would probably be necessary to separate next fall. At the mass meeting a number of prominent High School undergraduates were present, and one of the graduates of that school was very active in the debate. He said that he believed in separation, but that he thought the Latin should enter a league with the High School. The latter proposition we shall speak of later. It was necessary that the Latin School decide on the night of the mass meeting because a delay might have spoiled the chance for joining the proposed league. Further, the High School was given ample time to make arrangements for its future single course, having eight months' notice of the intention of the Latin School. It is therefore plain, we think, that the Latin School did nothing in which it should have consulted the High School.

The idea that the Latin School looks down on the High School should not be seriously considered for a moment. It seems to have arisen from a few entirely unwarranted remarks of one or two fellows at the mass meeting. These boys were simply talking for effect, and their words were a disgrace to the Latin School. That the Latin School fully recognizes the value of the High School in athletics is shown by the facts that no one desired to separate until after the base-ball season, and further, that many of those who voted for separation would never have done so if they had not been fully satisfied that no other schools would enter a league with the High and Latin Schools combined.

In regard to the point that the Latin School should enter a league with the High School, we can say that although the league between Hopkinson, Boston Latin and Cambridge Latin and a fourth school is to be composed of strictly preparatory schools, and therefore it would be impossible to include the High School, at the same time we are fully assured that the Latin School desires to have games with the High School and Training School in all sports. Further, we know that the High School, as represented by some of its prominent members, is favorable to such a proposition; consequently in behalf of the High and Latin Schools, the Review hereby challenges the Training School to a triangular league in foot-ball, base-ball and out-door track athletics.

The Latin School could not remain combined with the High School and join with other schools, for they were afraid of us; neither could the High School have joined a league united with the Latin School for the same reason; therefore, either one school or the other would have been obliged to take the step that the Latin School has, if it expected to play in any organized schedule next year. By separating so early the Latin School has given an opportunity to the High School to join some league. In base-ball the solution will be very simple. The High School will be allowed to remain in the present league, taking the place of the High and Latin Schools, and to count the former victories of the two schools combined as its own, so that it will have a better opportunity than any other school to get final possession of the cup, especially in case that C. H. & L. wins the championship again this spring. This arrangement has been brought about by Mr. Benshimol. Further, the graduates of the Latin School will on Thursday, January 25, present individual cups to the members of the championship base-ball team, of whom many are High School men. Certainly the Latin School cannot be said to be on the lookout for its own interests only.

We hope that we have cleared up some of the misunderstandings in this editorial, but before closing we should like to urge the High School to hold a meeting as soon as practicable, and then appoint a committee to act for it. The High School should begin now to make definite arrangements for next fall. We should also advise the forming of a supervisory committee of athletics, similar to that now in existence, which should be composed of graduates, undergraduates and teachers.

GYMNASIUM QUESTION.

At present there is a great deal of conjecture as to what the authorities will finally do in regard to the use of the gymnasium. We think that the only way properly to solve the problem, so as to get the full benefit from the gymnasium, is to have two gymnastic trainers appointed, one for the girls, another for the boys. Already Cambridge has a calisthenic teacher for the girls, but as yet she has done nothing at the High Schools. It is equally necessary that the boys should have such a trainer. The idea that the boys do not need gymnastic exercises is absurd, for we know of many boys in the High and Latin Schools who are in want of nothing so much as such

training. The argument that the boys have their athletic sports, while the girls do not, no longer holds, for basket-ball has come to stay.

Light dumb-bell exercises and calisthenics should be made a part of the regular course, and compulsory on every boy and girl who attends either of the schools. Everyone should have this drill twice a week during the school session. This is done at Newton and Brookline, and surely if these High Schools can find time for it, the Cambridge schools can. However, if it is thought that the present school session is not long enough for this work, we should advocate adding half an hour to it. Still we do not see why it should be necessary to make this addition. It is plain that, unless gymnastics are compulsory, the very ones who most need them will refuse to take them; it is also clear that it would be impossible to get a regular attendance after school hours. We publish below a letter from Mr. Chase, formerly teacher of physics at the Cambridge Latin School and now holding that same position at Newton, in which he shows the method at Newton of working the gymnastics in with the other work. Mr. Chase did not expect the letter to be printed when he wrote it.

High School, Newton, Mass.,
January 9, 1900.

Dear Mr. Bennett:

I am glad to furnish the information that you seek concerning the arrangement of our school programme allowing the girls to have two hours per week for calisthenics and the boys an equal amount of time for military drill.

For this purpose our school session for four days per week, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, is divided into six equal periods. The exercises mentioned are held during the fourth period, which immediately precedes recess. The boys' military drill comes on Tuesday and Friday, while the girls' exercises are on Monday and Thursday.

During these periods there are—except in a few special cases—no regular recitations, thus affording an opportunity to pupils for getting assistance and individual attention from teachers *during the school session.* There are, then, for each pupil, two school periods per week, in which he or she may be sure of securing a personal interview with any teacher. Ordinarily a pupil is expected to consult only one teacher during one of these periods; and the passing from room to room to be done only at the beginning and end of the period.

To guard against irregularities and abuses, each pupil wishing to take advantage of this opportunity is required to secure from the teacher whom he wishes to consult, a permit (on a printed form) signed by that teacher. This permit is presented to the room teacher before the pupil leaves his study room.

Both pupils and teachers value highly the opportunities for conference that this arrangement affords.

On Wednesday there are five regular recitation periods.

Sincerely yours,
H. J. Chase.

As we have been informed they do at Newton, and as has been done at Cambridge this year, we should leave the gymnasium open under proper restrictions, for those scholars who wish to use it in the afternoon.

The apparatus for the gymnasium should be of the simplest form. Dumb-bells, chest weights, possibly Indian clubs, and a mattress for putting the shot would cover the requirements. We do not believe in *trapezes*, spring-boards, and the like apparatus, for not only would they unnecessarily crowd the gymnasium, but would also be a source of serious injury to those scholars who do not know how to use them.

In our opinion the two gymnastic teachers should have a sort of general supervision over all athletics in the schools, in order to prevent over exercise, and to see that all coaches of the various teams are capable persons. This is especially necessary for the girls' basket-ball. We understand that the school committee has some such plan in view.

It has been proposed that the Latin School

gymnasium be used by the Training School, the High School, and incidentally the Latin School itself. It is absurd to think of the Training School using the Latin School gymnasium. The boys there have ample exercise in their shops and in their fire drill. The Latin School gymnasium is not large enough to hold all Cambridge. With the High School it is somewhat different. This year the girls and boys of the High School have had equal rights in the gymnasium with those of the Latin School, and we think that they should until some suitable place can be fitted up at their school. We think, however, that it is essential that the city should fit up a gymnasium at the High School, for there are enough scholars at the Latin School to work the gymnasium to its full capacity. The present arrangement cannot last long.

We are aware that the course we are urging will be an expensive one for Cambridge, but nevertheless we think it necessary. It has long been felt that physical training is as essential as mental, and now that the city has begun by building a gymnasium, it should treat thoroughly the whole question. There is no use in doing a thing half way and so accomplish nothing.

THE HOUSE OF PERONNE.

CHAPTER I.

LE ROI EST MORT. VIVE LE ROI!

In the days of olden France—days which to us seem long, long ago,—there flourished a quaint but busy little town by the name of Peronne, situated on the border line of France proper and Burgundy, and therefore a point of much importance. The King of France and the Duke of Burgundy both realized the fact, as we shall see.

Peronne was a typical feudal stronghold, having in its very centre, a dark, sombre, old chateau, with deep dungeons and high and isolated towers. The whole city was completely surrounded by walls, and without the walls by a deep moat, as it well had need to be, for Peronne was a prize to gain, which much would be risked for. Gay knights of Burgundy and France, accompanied by their fair ladies, all flocked hither in great numbers, escorted by their gay and costly retinues and handsome, dashing equipages. In short, Peronne was the centre through which all travel from the court of the king to that of his great vassal, the Duke of Burgundy, was wont to pass. Surely, then, a more fitting scene for adventure in all the broad and varied realms of France could scarcely be found.

To return more particularly to the castle: the building was very large—tower after tower, wing beyond wing—but the whole of a most melancholy and dreary aspect. Around the chateau was a great park which tended, with the shadows of its great and ever whispering trees, to render the place still more gloomy. Leading from the main entrance of the chateau to the highway was a beautiful avenue, passing straight as an arrow through the grounds, so that on the dark night on which our story begins, the weary passer-by might at least, by looking up this broad drive, have seen the warmth and glow of all the splendor within the brilliantly lighted castle —might at least have caught a glimpse of the fair ladies and gay gallants, all so bravely clad, promenading back and forth in the great ball rooms.

In the midst of all this pomp and revelry stands Marquis de Peronne, of all the fine

gentlemen surely the finest, of all the bravely clad gallants surely the gayest. Three score years had left but little impression on his face. Tall, finely proportioned, with remarkably regular features, and a bearing inimitable in its grandeur, he surely would be the most noticeable as well as the most handsome man in the room, were it not that his face, beautiful as it was, altogether lacked character.

This gay, handsome gallant—compare him with his two sons: Monsieur Charles, the elder, who is promenading with the belle of the evening, and Monsieur Jean, the younger, who stands apart from all the gayety in such a cold, sarcastic manner. Monsieur Charles, although not so handsome as his father, was still a very fine looking gentleman, and his chin, his mouth, his firmly set jaws and his clear eyes were all expressive of deep thought and unwavering determination. The younger brother, Jean, was decidedly not beautiful, rather the opposite. Small, spare, with restless, shifting eyes and haggard face, he was clearly a plotter and schemer, an uncertain person, changeful and never to be relied upon. But now we must leave the ball-room for it is already past midnight and the day of the great parade.

The day of the great parade was a festal day of the gayest kind in Peronne, for of course everyone wished to see the Marquis and his company of a thousand men—all mounted, for the usefulness of infantry had not yet been demonstrated. Surely it is a great day for Peronne. Now the horses prance and the bugles call. Listen! "Way for Le Marquis—Le Marquis de Peronne!" and indeed he rides forth between his two sons, apparently in earnest conversation.

"Oh! Charles, Jean, my sons," said he, "what shall I do? Whither shall I turn? I am in constant fear lest our good king die. *Bonté de Ciel!* Let Burgundy go his way, and France his, but only leave me Marquis de Peronne—Marquis de Peronne."

Monsieur Charles endeavored to cheer his father, assuring that all would be well, but Jean had already formulated a scheme in his fertile brain.

"Father," quoth he, "why should you not get two sets of liveries for our servants, two uniforms for our troops—then, in truth, might you please all. Then by Heaven! would you remain Marquis de Peronne."

"Oh! Jean, my son! You are the prop of my old age."

At length they approached the square where the main body of troops was assembled. Here were hundreds of gallantly clad gentlemen, each on his own good horse, with his own true sword at his side. Surely, it was a brave sight. "Forward!" came the word of command, "Halt, Salute!" and a thousand swords flashed bright in the sun, a thousand horses stood champing at their bits, a thousand brave men salute their lord. Yes, truly, it is inspiring.

But who is this that rides so fast, that swaying in his saddle checks his foam-flecked steed before the astonished throng? He speaks: "God Rest His Majesty, Charles, King of France!" cries he in a hoarse voice. "The king is dead! Long live the king! Long live Louis, King of France, the eleventh of his name! Vive le Roi!" and he falls from the saddle.

A thousand swords flash, a thousand noble chargers rear, a thousand voices shout with one accord, "Long live Louis XI! Vive le Roi!"

Again the bugle sounded, the messenger was cared for and the parade began. Yet hold a moment. What? Another messenger! What says he? "The king is dead—long live our king—long live Charles the Bold of Burgundy, our rightful sovereign! Down with the French usurper!"

It was Monsieur Charles himself who gave the command this time, nor did he appear at all loath. Again the swords flashed in air—again a thousand voices rang, "Long live

Charles the Bold, King of France!" nor was the cheering less hearty, for all loved a bold man and a good blade.

The rest of the review does not concern us; it is enough to know that a very disheartened man rode home between his two sons. A man who had won peace for a single day, but at what a price! His troops had declared allegiance to two kings. "Yes," he said, "it is our only plan; we will have two uniforms, one for Burgundy and another for France, for whatever else may be, I will be Marquis de Peronne."

At length the square is almost deserted. The people who had thronged it so densely have all dispersed. In the centre was a marble fountain, and opposite, as if addressing it, stood a queer, sharp looking man wrapped in a long black cloak. But it was the marble fountain that spoke. "Yes! Yes!" it said, "These are great times. Two kings in one day—monarchs for a sou—well—may I die if I ever! Ha! Ha! Ha! Here's the chance for your good Doctor Bonhomme. Queer, isn't it? Ha! Ha!"—very singular words to come from the mouth of a marble fountain accustomed, for fifty years, to spout nothing but water.

CHAPTER II.

MADEMOISELLE.

Her name was Marie de Lasalle, Lady in her own right of the famous and ancient Chateau de Lasalle, although as yet scarce eighteen years of age. We will not attempt to trace her spreading family tree in all its minuter branches, nor even in its greatest branch of all, for it would be far too grand for a humble story. However, perhaps it will not be going too far from the path of our narrative to say that Marie was own cousin to the Duc de Boulong, and therefore cousin five times removed to the Duc d'Orleans. She was quite Scotch in her careful observance of this tie and spoke of the great French Pretender merely as her cousin. Perhaps this bond accounted for her strong political feelings which, be assured, were in no way complimentary to his royal highness, Louis, the eleventh of France.

In appearance she was a handsome woman, a dark and rather stately brunette, with flashing black eyes and masses of raven locks—perchance a little martial and high-spirited to gaze upon—but possessed withal of a most beautiful smile, which at times played in a frolicsome manner about her chin and mouth, and lighted up her whole face with a mischievous gayety, displaying two delicate dimples. Neither could the most stately and decorous matron find any fault with the solemn and stately air which she wore on state occasions nor, on the other hand, could the most light-hearted maiden long for any other companion when in her company. Perchance her mind ran rather too much on brave soldiers and gay gallants and chevaliers, but it was the spirit of the day, and what then, she surely did no wrong, for even the most beautiful woman can scarce hope to be young but once. Perhaps she was over scornful toward mental acquirements, or in fact toward anyone who thought twice before drawing sword, for she could brook no indecision or hesitation in word or deed.

Her castle, the Chateau de Lasalle, was one of the most ancient and famous in all France, having been built many, many years before and handed down from father to son for generations. It abounded in great vacant halls, used only in times of unusual festivity, and lined with tapestries and the portraits of hundreds of Lasalles. One hall in particular—a dining-hall long unused—was devoted to the portraits of the daughters of this old and famous house; rows upon rows of damsels gayly or soberly clad, handsome or plain as the case might chance to be. And now most beautiful of all hung the portrait of the fair Marie.

Just one more word before we take an author's privilege and glide swiftly and silently

back to Peronne, which, by the way, is scarce ten miles distant. The more I think of it the more it seems to me we have seen this same young lady before—yes! surely she is the same whom, not so long since, we left promenading with Charles de Peronne.

Behold! We have flitted, as I warned you, and are again home in Peronne, only now all is dark and quiet.

Night had come to an extremely anxious and crest-fallen Marquis de Peronne. Indeed, he had lodged the troublesome messengers in opposite extremities of his spacious castle; but how could one chateau, however large, hold them both safely when all France was absolutely unable to contain their masters? It is also true, that each of these envoys was waited upon by servants arrayed in livery highly complimentary to his lord, be he Burgundy or France; that the marquis, piloted by M. Jean, visited each of them, in order that neither might have reason to suspect the cordiality of his reception, but at the best, affairs were in a strained and unnatural state and some bolt must needs give.

The strain, the excitement, the uncertainty, were all too much for the old Marquis, and during the night he was taken terribly ill. He lay in a great chamber, unnaturally sombre from the very heaviness of its furnishings, and its dark, rustling tapestries, but dimly lighted by a single taper held by a liveried attendant at the foot of the bed, owner and lord of all—sick, perhaps dying.

The massive door creaked mournfully, and with cat-like eye and tread, in stepped he of the black mantle whom we have seen before in the public square, with a most grave and concerned expression on his face, and a voice to make the very stones weep, so touching was the sympathy of its deep and mellow tones. No laughter now on his lips, no cunning twinkle in his eye, he was a man, outwardly at least, more than usually fitted for his position. It is high time: let me introduce you to Jacques Rossignole, court physician to his grace, le Marquis de Peronne.

Slowly and reverently he advanced to the bed of state, bending over the white, drawn face of the unconscious marquis and scrutinizing it carefully. After a moment he took the candle from the attendant, motioned him and all the other servants to withdraw, set the candle on a table near the bed, and, after all had departed, once more bent over the marquis and spoke with his lips almost in contact with the sick man's ear. "M. le Marquis," he said, "what can I do to aid your grace?"

He received no reply, the old man merely groaned and murmured in his delirium: nor, in fact, did he seem to expect any, for he had already straightened himself and stood wrapped in thought in the middle of the room. "Ah!" said the right bed-post, "Ah! if this old man should die!"

"Ay!" thus spoke the left post, "there would be the chance for a man of parts. Two sons —Burgundy — Louis — Peronne—Lasalle—what a chance!"

"Ay!" quoth Rossignole, who had slowly been drawing from among the folds of his cloak a bottle, the contents of which at this moment he poured hastily down the old man's throat, watching him all the while with his cat-like eyes, "Ay! And he dies."

The frail frame quivered, the eyes opened and fixed and—le Marquis de Peronne was dead.

For a moment Rossignole was thoroughly unnerved and could not look upon those eyes which seemed to accuse him with their dull stare, but with a great effort, he at once recovered his self-control. He himself closed the dead man's eyes and called the attendants back into the room; then, with false tears in his eyes he said in a voice apparently choked with grief, "le Marquis is dead"; and at length left the room, but only after passionately kissing the cold hands and crossing them on the

silent breast—so wonderful a hypocrite was this man.

The next morning heard still another proclamation read before the assembled troops and Monsieur Charles was proclaimed Marquis de Peronne. "Long live Charles—Vive Charles, Marquis de Peronne!"

We have already described Charles to some extent, but now that he has come forward so prominently—in fact, has become the head of the House of Peronne—perhaps a few words more would not be altogether out of place. As we have already said, Charles was a Chevalier, a Gentleman of France, but still a man of considerable character, although lacking the quick penetration of his brother. He was hasty, would brook no insult, either real or imaginary, of word, look, or deed, tall of figure and very handsome, and his whole appearance that of a dashing young gallant. But despite the hastiness referred to, he was almost universally admired and beloved both for his personal prowess and, in his calmer moments, for his justness and sound decision, but at all times and above all, for his natural kindness and generosity. There is something about some characters which attract to them great numbers of friends, something not possible to be analyzed; but if anyone ever possessed this strange quality in a greater amount than the rest of mankind, surely that person was Charles de Peronne. Such a man naturally preferred the gallant and bold Charles of Burgundy to the cowering, deceptive King of France.

In all these respects, M. Charles was exactly the opposite of his dark and crafty brother Jean. Jean the fox, the crafty one of the family, was a man of judgment, but over sly, always scheming and plotting; a man who appeared in every respect just what he was, the deceiver and perjurer. Just such a man as might have been own brother to Louis of France; and he admired the King as a pupil admires his master. So it chanced that although Peronne was now in the hands of one of Burgundy's sympathizers, or perhaps to put it more accurately,—for Charles as yet took no absolute stand,—one of Burgundy's fellow-haters of Louis XI, still France had supporters, devoted and cunning, within the walls.

For the time being, quiet seemed to reign again. Even Monsieur Charles was diplomat enough to send each of the messengers back to his master with no definite reply. To the Duke's envoy he gave a message filled with promises of fidelity and vows of support; to the French envoy he also gave a message, and, at least, said nothing hostile to the great king. However, perchance the very nicety of the address and the extreme care with which each single word was weighed might have served to arouse the suspicions of a less suspecting monarch. Be that as it may, when the time for departure came, one messenger left highly pleased and in the best of humor, while the other, although he could not find any grounds for complaint, seemed but half satisfied. But it was a happy day for M. Charles when both were gone, for although neither messenger had met the other, still the strain of anxiety had been tremendous.

It is impossible, in a short story, to follow all the minute changes of detail which take place from day to day, and so we must even now flit across a space of a couple of years with hardly a word, for however long each year seems as we live it, nevertheless in the perspective of five centuries it is but a very small time.

During these two years matters changed but little, if any, at Peronne, except that Charles seemed to have a growing tendency to uphold the cause of Burgundy. King Louis, as we expected, was much disturbed by the answer he received by his first messenger and determined to see if his suspicions were well founded, and with this point in view, managed to keep one envoy at Peronne almost continually on one plea or another, but he had been able

to get no satisfaction. They all suspected Charles at once, but he was cautious and would neither say nor write anything incriminating. At last, just at the end of the two years, becoming terribly impatient, Louis sent la Barée, his most trusted messenger, to Peronne as a last resort. But he met with no more success than the others, that is, in getting an open avowal from le Marquis. However, as he passed out of the city altogether discouraged, he was accosted by a respectable and well spoken gentleman of middle age, who desired company on the road if the other was agreeable. The stranger was dressed altogether in black and was so concealed by his great cloak that his face was only partly visible, the more so since the twilight was already deepening. But his voice betrays him—that same deep, resonant, unusual voice which we have already heard in the square and at the death-bed of the old Marquis. Rossignole, for it was unquestionably he, was mounted on a horse of still more sable hue—if such a thing was possible—than his garments. His bearing was of the most studied respect and reverence.

He made a sweeping and courtly bow with his sable-plumed hat, and—"Monsieur," said he, "I beg a few words and permission to ride with you."

Now la Barée did not fancy the man from the first, rascals are always suspecting other men of being as bad as themselves, but where thus courteously addressed he could hardly refuse so simple a favor. "Monsieur," he said, "I listen:—but let us hasten for I must ride many miles tonight, and tomorrow eve his Royal Highness will await me in Paris."

This was just the assurance that Rossignole desired. His voice lost somewhat of its unnatural tone of respect; "Ah! Sir!" said he, "so I thought, and of this it is I would speak. You saw yonder young Marquis. Surely one needs no great penetration to be able to place his sympathies—surely, although I doubt not he has been courteous, for courteous he is by nature, you must see as well as I that he is Burgundy's man. You have also seen his brother—probably he has even made vain and foolish promises to you, for he is one of those men who would kiss the devil for gain or just to oppose M. le Marquis. Now you see me, the only true friend of our rightful king in all Peronne. It was I who saw the old Marquis when he departed this life—I alone—tell this to your master; tell King Louis that I, Jacques Rossignole, court physician at Peronne, am altogether at his service—body, mind and soul. I, the nightingale of the sweet voice, but the sharp beak. Ay! tell it him."

La Barée rode in silence, astounded. Could this be the very person who five minutes before had so humbly begged leave to speak—this man whose face shone with cruel cunning, whose eyes flashed with the spirit of evil, and whose voice, in his excitement, was nothing less than a welding together of command and threat. All he replied was, "Monsieur, as Messenger, I am at your service," and rode on in silence.

"And give the king this," said Rossignole, drawing forth a sealed packet, "Louis knows his man and will know me."

La Barée replied, "I will, Monsieur." Then Rossignole continued, "I am the evil spirit of this town. He may not need me tomorrow or the next day—but be it days, months or years, when he calls I shall be ready. Give me a chance to work my devil's brain, give me the arch-fiend for a master! Ay! give me Louis, your French saint, and I'll give Louis Peronne." Then he stopped suddenly as one who has said far more than reason prompts. Again, to La Barée's surprise, his voice assumed all its former gentleness. "Ah! Monsieur is very kind." Gallantly and as became a gentleman of that time he bowed so low that the sable plume in his hat swept the ground; "Ah! Monsieur, for the present, adieu."

Le Barée returned the civility, saying,

"Monsieur Rossignole, your message is in my keeping; Monsieur, adieu."

Quickly Rossignole wheeled his horse, wrapped his cloak, which he had allowed to fall back in his excitement, more closely around him, pulled his hat far over his eyes as if fearing recognition, and cantered back to the town.

La Barée heaved a great sigh, as if relieved, dug his spurs cruelly into his noble steed and left the evil vision behind.

As Rossignole entered the city he met the two brothers riding side by side. Putting on his professional air he approached, threw back his cloak and said he, "Monsieur le Marquis, Monsieur Jean, how are you this evening?"

(To be continued.)

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Ellen T. Batchelor, '96, is on the dramatic committee of the Idler Club at Radcliffe.

The number of alumni visitors at the school this season has been unusually large. Among these have been Messrs. Dow, Pierpont, Durrell, Adams, Lansing and Creelman, and the Misses Prescott, Colby, Bullen and Wendell.

Gilbert, '94, who has been teaching in the school of William Everett at Quincy, has just been appointed to a position in the Hotckiss School at Lakeville, Conn. This is where G. W. Creelman, '92, is.

The Rev. Charles Carroll Fiske, a graduate of the old High School, recently died in Brooklyn, where he had been preaching for some years.

It is interesting to note that the Harvard committee for the New England Ice Polo League, which committee controls the inter-scholastic and inter-preparatory league, is composed entirely of Latin School graduates. These are F. P. Bonney, chairman, George A. Goodridge and Donald Barnes. The recent meeting of the league was held in the room of Arthur Goodridge and H. H. Murdock. At this meeting, Lee Beardsell, captain of the Harvard hockey team, spoke very strongly in favor of hockey as against polo.

F. E. Thayer, '95, was a substitute on the Harvard chess team that recently won its sixth consecutive victory.

Randall Capen, '91, holds a very important pulpit in Maine. He is one of the many splendid contributors of Watertown to the Latin School.

The Latin School Smith Club held its second annual meeting at the Colonial Club during the Christmas recess.

Miss Chamberlain, '91, is in the office at Radcliffe. She is also a member of the junior class there.

Miss Stratton, '94, was recently confirmed by the school board as assistant in the High School; also Miss Davis, '95, and Miss Reynolds, '95, in the Latin School.

In the list of scholarship holders of the first and second groups for 1899-1900, are the following C. L. S. men:—

H. H. Fox, '96, John Harvard.
A. L. Richards, '96, Lady Mowlson.
A. F. Downing, '97, Pennoyer.

P. H. Kelsey, '98, Bassett.

A. D. Wyman, '97, Bigelow.

Mr. Richards has also been recently awarded a Bowdoin prize.

Messrs. Nelligan and Walker, '97, are in the Harvard Medical School this year.

J. A. L. Odde, '94, has returned from Danville, Ill., to teach at Winchester, Mass., for the remainder of the year.

The class of '97, Latin School, held a very enjoyable reunion at Miss Wesselhoeft's on January 2. A short farce entitled "Poison" was given by seven members of the class and provoked much mirth. At the business meeting which followed, Mr. C. A. Peters was elected president, Miss Cogan, vice president, and Mr. E. A. Dunlap, treasurer. There were twenty-four present, and all voted it a very pleasant occasion.

The class of '98, Latin School, held a reunion during vacation in the form of a dance at the Newtowne Club hall on Thursday, December 28, at which about seventy members and friends were present. The hall was very prettily decorated with evergreen, and the whole affair was a very great success. It is to be hoped that the class will hold another dance next year. Mrs. Sparrow and Mrs. Barbour were the matrons. The officers of the class are: S. L. Barbour, president; Miss Valborg Kastman, vice president; H. J. Winslow, treasurer; and P. H. Kelsey, secretary.

In the Radcliffe Magazine for December, Miss Constance G. Alexander, '89, has a poem entitled, "To One of B. G. G.'s Borders for 'The House of Life.' "

Miss Maude Fellows, C. L. S., '94, Radcliffe, '98, is teaching at the High School, White River Junction, Vt., and Miss E. A. McGlinchy, C. L. S., '95, Radcliffe, '99, at the High School, Winchendon, Mass.

The following C. L. S. graduates hold scholarships at Radcliffe: Alice D. Chamberlain, '96, Maria Denny Fay; Mabel L. Abbott, '98, Josiah M. Fiske; Mabel D. Watson, '96, Austin.

Hugh Bancroft, '94, and Guy Bancroft, '98, are members of the Governing Board of the Weld Boat Club.

Henry B. Wenzell, C. H. S., '71, is secretary of the Harvard Club of Minnesota.

R. L. Raymond, C. L. S., '91 is a member of the law firm of Raymond, Potter & Westengard, Boston.

W. A. Lackey, '91, is sub-master of the Pawtucket High School.

N. W. Tilton, '96, was captain and stroke of the boat which won the race of the four-oar shells at Harvard in the fall.

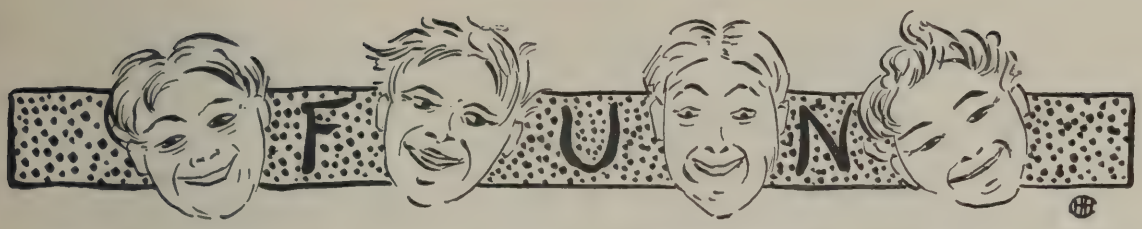
A. S. Apsey, '89, has been re-elected to the Massachusetts House.

NEW MUSIC.

From White-Smith Pub. Co.:

"One Comfort Sweet is Mine." Words by Wm. H. Gardner, music by A. C. MacKenzie. High voice in B flat, medium voice in G, low voice in E. Price, 50 cents. One of the best sacred songs written by these authors.

"The White Horse Inn." Words by Wm. H. Gardner, music by A. C. MacKenzie. A jolly, rollicking song of the olden time. Baritone or tenor in C. Bass or baritone in A. Price, 50 cents.



"So the duke is casting his net for an American heiress?"

"Yes—his coronet."

"What would a little chicken say if he saw an orange in his nest?"

"The orange marmalade."

Miss Somergurl—I am an orphan, you know.

Tapley—Well—er—whose consent must I ask to marry you?

Miss S.—You might ask mine.

Miss Gadsby—Can you keep a secret, Mr. Dumber?

Mr. D.—O yes.

Miss G.—Then I won't tell it to you.

Little Johnnie—Does Santa Claus fill his own stocking, pa?

Pa—No, my boy; he doesn't have anything left.

Jagway—How do you feel over Christmas, old man?

Travers—Very poorly. I find I'm obliged to give my creditors a Christmas dinner.

Pike—It is wonderful how little a man can live on in this world.

Dike—Yes, especially when compared with the amount he wants.

Briggs—This statue is much larger than life-size, isn't it?

Miss Waldo—O yes, but no larger than he thought he was.

Teacher—How do you pronounce Caesar in English and Latin?

Soph.—Sieze'er and Kiss'er.

Teacher (serenely)—Is that gum in your mouth?

Boy—Yes, ma'am.

Teacher—Give it to me.

Boy—Wait and I'll get you a piece that ain't chewed.

Professor—I'm glad you're *first* at *last*, you you have always been *behind, before.*

Student—(Exit.)

Columbus made an egg stand, but some Italians of less renown have made a peanut stand.

"They say that if Representative Roberts from Utah is refused his seat in Congress he will go to England."

"Well, 'God Save the Queen.' "

Small Boy—Say, ma, cats can see in the dark and so can Ethel. Last night, 'fore the gas was lighted in the parlor she said to Charlie, "Why, Charlie, you didn't shave today."

EXCHANGES.

We recommend the following stories to our readers: "The Losing of the Cane," Drury Academe; "At Sour Apple Gap," Authentic; "A Thanksgiving Bluff," Milwaukee Courier; "Mike's Escapade," Bridgeport Epsilon; "A Trip to Naples and Vicinity," H. S. Bulletin; "Trip to Chinatown" and "Three Maids' Madness," The Adelphian; "Pride Goeth Before a Fall" and "Some Remarkable Trees," Students' Review; "The Red Seal," St. Paul's Life; "Mr. Jones Takes Exercise," Cutler Fortnightly; "The 19th Century," Bugle Notes; "A Wife for a Touchdown," White and Blue; "Declaration of Independence," University Herald; "Miriam," Central Luminary; "An Original Hallowe'en," Chestnut Burr.

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

PUBLISHED monthly during the school year by the undergraduates of the Cambridge Latin School and the Cambridge English High School.

Contributions are solicited from undergraduates and alumni, and may be left in the REVIEW boxes at the schools or mailed to "THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW," 26A Brattle Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Contributors will please write legibly in ink on one side of the paper only and sign their names in full.

Terms of subscription, seventy-five cents a year. Single copies, ten cents.

Address all business communications and make checks payable to the Business Manager.

Entered at Post-Office, Boston, as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRESS OF CAUSTIC & CLAFLIN, CAMBRIDGE.

Board of Editors.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

HOLLAND BENNETT, '00.

First Associate Editor.

FRED H. DOW, '00.

Associate Editors.

GRACE M. NORRIS, '00. JENNIE B. ALLYN, '00.
ELSIE D. MCWAIN, '00. EDNA P. SMITH, '00.
CHESTER A. GARFIELD, '00. HAROLD W. BENNETT, '01.
EDGAR L. SMITH, '01. PSYCHE CERES HEYWOOD, '02.

Class Editors.

MARY L. COLEMAN, '00. IDA M. STEVENS, '01.
RALPH H. CROSWELL, '01. JOHN T. GLIDDEN, '01.
FREDERICK W. RIED, '02. SYLVANUS W. WILDER, '02.
ALEXINA L. P. BOWLBY, '03. FLORENCE M. HAYDEN, '03.
LAWRENCE AMEE, '04. FLETCHER W. TAFT, '03.
GRACE R. LUKE, '04.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

CLIFFORD H. WALKER, '00.

Assistants.

LOUIS W. SUMNER, '02. PROCTOR CARR, '00.
JOHN C. DAVENPORT, '00. PHILIP R. AMMIDON, '01.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The next issue of the REVIEW will appear on Thursday, February 15, 1900. All copy *must* be in by Saturday, February 3, 1900.

The class of 1900, High School, will give a drama and dance at the Newtowne club hall on Friday evening, February 9, 1900. The drama is entitled, "A Fool for Luck." Tickets fifty cents.

The class of 1901, High School, will presen "A Bachelor's Banquet" in the Newtowne Club hall, on Wednesday evening, February 21, 1900. The drama will be followed by a dance. Tickets fifty cents.

The senior class at the Latin School will give "The Doctor" at the Newtowne Club hall on Friday evening, February 2, 1900. After the drama there will be dancing. Tickets fifty cents.

Following is the schedule for the hockey games:

January 17—Somerville High, Spy Pond.
January 26—R. M. T. S., Spy Pond.
February 1—Melrose High, Spy Pond.
February 6—Newton High, Spy Pond.

There will be a mass meeting of the two schools on Thursday evening, January 25, 1900. The object of the meeting is to present the league base-ball cup won last spring, and also individual cups to the players.

All those who intend to have their pictures taken should do so as soon as possible in order to avoid the rush of May and June. Purdy's cards of introduction, good for any one, may be obtained from any member of the senior classes.

HOW BASKET-BALL CAME TO GREENVILLE.

PART II.

Aunt Nancy was not long kept in suspense, for the field, where a glorious game of basket-ball was in progress, was soon in sight. But what were those two things at either end of the grounds that really looked quite familiar? Miss Nancy shrieked weakly and pointed toward them, clutching Mrs. Bruce's arm frantically. Tell me, Mary, do my eyes deceive me, or are them my girls' sun-hats a-hangin' on them poles? Surely they never dared—but they are, they are, ain't they?" looking at her friend helplessly, for she could not believe that the girls would appropriate their sun-hats, her particular hobby, in so disgraceful a way.

"Why," said Mrs. Bruce, "I should think they were sun-hats. Why, how queer, how remarkably queer!"

Further dissertation on Mrs. Bruce's part was prevented by a stern command from Miss Doane—"Stop this horse immejately and to once; I'm a-goin' to git out." She spoke so sharply that her order was obeyed in such haste as to nearly precipitate her over the wheel. Out of the buggy climbed Miss Nancy Sophia and stalked in "double quick" into the field. The girls had stopped playing and many stage whispers warned Anna Maria. "Oh, there's your Aunt Nancy; what are you going to do?"

There was no necessity of answering this question, for straight to her niece went the person in question and possessed herself of an ear. Then she said to one of the girls (who, by the way, was so stiff with fright as not to be able to move), "Will you have the kindness to remove them hats and give them to Mrs. Bruce in the carriage yonder?"

With these words she faced squarely about and walked away, leading her reprobate charge by the ear. When she reached the carriage, she looked from Anna Maria's ear to the one seat in the buggy, and back again; then, realizing the utter impossibility of taking Anna Maria into the buggy with her, she said in a severe tone to her friend, "I have enjoyed this afternoon very much, Mary Bruce, but I am sorry to say that my niece's actions compel me to leave you here, that I may safely take her home. But you will do me a great favor if you will bring to my house them hats one of the girls will bring you."

And without waiting for the answer which Mrs. Bruce was too amazed to make, Miss Nancy Sophia started on her two-mile walk home. Her hurt dignity and pride had set her a hard task, to walk two miles in the blazing sun over a dusty, unshaded road, pulling Anna Maria, who made no remonstrance, after her in the manner alluded to. Or, perhaps it may be said that Anna Maria pulled her along at times, for she was much taller than her aunt, who had to elevate her arm considerably to reach her niece's ear.

Before they had gone a quarter of the distance, to say that Miss Nancy's feet and arms ached, would be putting it mildly. Ached! Why, every step she thought must be her last; but no, she would not give in to that young "hussy," and so on she trudged, her head aloft, her eyes fixed and glassy, and her mouth set.

Two long, weary miles! but they had to come to an end at last, as all things must. Miss Doane nearly gave up before the house came in view, and had to swallow enough of her pride to permit herself to change arm—and ears—for her right arm was nearly paralyzed. When she caught sight of the house she summoned all of her remaining courage and strength and plodded on. She walked around to the back door, opened it, and, not to do things by halves, marched up the back stairs

to Anna Maria's room, through the open door of which she flung Anna Maria, with the last vestige of her heaven-sent strength and energy.

Thereupon, she stalked grimly down stairs, slamming the door passionately behind her. She went to the back window and, throwing up the sash, called as lustily as her diminished powers allowed, "Re-uth, Re-uth, come in to once." Then she limply collapsed into the nearest chair, thinking, "I'm mighty glad *she* ain't so mortal crazy over basket-ball—one's enough for me; and she sighed deeply and wearily. All that evening her attitude toward Ruth, on account of her supposed abstinence from the hated game was indulgent in the extreme, so much so as to excite the latter's suspicion. She noticed Anna Maria's absence and innocently inquired, "Where is Anna Maria? Hain't she got home yet?" Instantly Aunt Nancy's eyebrows knit angrily and she shut her teeth together with a vicious snap, "Yes, she's up in her room and she'll stay there a while, too."

Then Ruth knew the inevitable had happened, that her aunt had discovered the secret and she gratefully thanked her lucky stars that the timely arrival of Mrs. Bruce's invitation had forced her to stay at home. As her aunt's air did not invite question, she wisely refrained from making any investigation and demurely went about her work.

After supper was eaten in a most embarrassing silence, Aunt Nancy laboriously toiled up stairs where her niece sat waiting her sentence: "Where is that ball, Anna Maria Doane? I'll give you till tomorrow to bring it home, and then in punishment for your actions you'll stay in every afternoon this winter, you won't have any Christmas, you shan't go to singin' school, and I'll burn that ball this time sure."

Then Anna Maria found her tongue; she sat up facing her aunt, her cheeks ablaze, her dark eyes snapping with indignation, rebellion and defiance. "I have given that ball to our team. It is not mine and you can't have it—so there—unless, of course, you come to one of our games and take it away, but then you'd be stealing."

Miss Nancy Sophia, in her exhausted state, found no words to express her surprise, and, completely stunned by the very thought of going to a game she turned and left the room.

The next morning Anna Maria had her plan ready. She walked down to breakfast, and announced that a match game was to come off over in the field that afternoon, and that *she* was going to play. Contrary to expectation, this unheard-of boldness upon the part of her formerly submissive niece inspired Aunt Nancy Sophia with admiration rather than with a spirit of opposition. So much to her own and more to Anna Maria's surprise she said nothing against her playing that day. She started for school with Ruth, in high spirits, hardly able to persuade herself that she really was not forbidden to play.

But worthy Miss Doane was haunted all the morning by the consciousness that she was allowing the girls to hasten to their destruction by letting them play the savage game which had such an effect upon them as to make even Anna Maria, the dutiful and obedient, actually take affairs into her own hands and openly and boldly defy her superior. The thought was most maddening to so scrupulous a person; and when afternoon came, and she knew the game was going on, she could stand it no longer, but took up her sunbonnet and cape and started in hot haste to get the ball, once and for all.

Before she came in sight of the field, sounds of cheering and applause were borne to her astonished ears. "That ever girls should be so absolutely lackin' in composure and sedateness!" she groaned. She walked on until she reached a thick copse of firs, and, seating herself where she could see but not be seen,

she decided to take a few observations. There were the sun-hats mockingly flaunting on the pole tops, and with a gasp of horror she leveled her eyes at sight of the girls' attire, for they were wearing what, in her opinion, "no woman ought to wear." Yet, much to her surprise, she saw the daughters of the squire, minister and postmaster, whose opinions bore great weight with her. They were letting their girls play—why, perhaps it was not so "awfully awful" after all. The game was well on and excitement was intense; the girls were playing skilfully. "It's just like foot-ball," she thought, "too brutal; why, that was Anna Maria—she put the ball right in. The child really looks pretty with her flushed cheeks and dancin' eyes! How they be a-clappin' an' for Anna Maria too! Well that was pretty cute!"

Again the ball started in the centre. Ruth —for she too was playing—caught it, threw it to the squire's daughter who, in turn, cleverly sent it into Anna Maria's hands. "Anna Maria's got it again," exclaimed Aunt Nancy, becoming interested in spite of herself. "Why, what's she a-bouncin' it for? They'll git it away from her! Look out, Anna Maria," she caught herself screaming aloud, "they'll get it away from yer"—then sank abashed against the tree saying to herself, "I guess no one heard me." In a few minutes she summoned up sufficient courage to slyly peek out to see if she had been detected when lo! she just caught sight of her niece putting the ball in the basket again. "Good for her, good for her, she'll win yet!" she muttered excitedly.

Again the ball was thrown up in the centre, sent over to the squire's daughter, but she, alas, was off her guard, and her opponent got the advantage. "Oh!" groaned Aunt Nancy nervously, "I'm afraid Anna Maria won't—Hurrah! she's got it, she's got it!" as Anna Maria made a flying leap into the air, caught the ball, and threw it in once more just as the referee called, "Time."

The first half was over; now was her chance to take the ball away, yet singularly enough she had no such inclination. Instead, she sat convincing herself of the healthful qualities of the sport, thinking how graceful and lithe the girls had grown, how it gave them much needed exercise, how it taught them not to mind every little knock they received, how it taught them presence of mind and coolness of action, how it was approved by even the squire—why, she could think of scores of things in its favor.

But now the second half was beginning; the girls were breathlessly watching the ball in the referee's hands, but they were scarcely more interested than Miss Doane. Clearly the Greenville team was the stronger, for Anna Maria as "home" had it nearly all her own way. Aunt Nancy was evidently impressed, and her admiration for her niece grew apace. Once, twice and three times Anna Maria scored for the home team, but the fourth time —alas! it was the last—in the zenith of her glory she turned to "throw in," and stepped on her long skirt, gave a convulsive throw which, nevertheless, got the ball in the basket, then fell backward to the ground. When she did not immediately get up Miss Doane jumped from her secluded seat in consternation and ran to where the heroine lay surrounded by the other girls. She had wrenched her ankle slightly in falling, just enough to prevent her playing any more that day.

Imagine, if you can, Anna Maria's profound and intense amazement on seeing her Aunt Nancy, the hopeless enemy of basket-ball rushing across the field with her sunbonnet awry and her cape askew, shouting, "Don't you mind, Anna Maria, you got it in and tomorrow you'll have your—your—" "Bloomers?" asked Anna Maria breathlessly. "Yes, then you can play like the rest." Anna Maria's amazement deepened; *this* her aunt—this animated person who was forgetting to scold and threaten? But she was quick to grasp a

situation, and fearing to create more of a sensation, she calmly named a substitute and ordered the game to proceed. Then she turned to her aunt, who just now began to realize what an exhibition she had made of herself; and such a sheepish, shame-faced, odd expression as dawned on her face. She looked as if she were praying that the earth might open and swallow her. But her clever niece, since she was not scolded or punished, was willing to compromise by appearing not to notice her aunt's confusion. So she merely said, "I'm all right—but may I truly have a suit like the rest? Because you know my old skirt did that," pointing suggestively to her ankle. "Yes, you both will have them, and if I don't buy you some baskets to use instead of them old sun-hats, which are really blemishes to the landscape, my name ain't Nancy Sophia Doane."

The game was finished by this time, with a score of seven to nothing, and not a few who had heard the last statement enthusiastically uttered by Miss Nancy. "Three cheers for Miss Doane!" they shouted; and after these had been given with a will this sedate old lady, waving her cherished sunbonnet recklessly by the strings, cried, "Three cheers for the Greenville Basket-ball Team!"

We Two.

THE RETURN OF CATILINE.

A NEW YEAR'S TALE.

One 31st of December, when I was very young, only seven years of age, in a fit of scientific investigation I hurled my white and furry pet Catiline down a flight of stairs. My object in so doing was to investigate the truth of the ancient adage that "a cat has nine lives," and furthermore to see whether or not another old saying was true, that "a cat always falls on its feet." The latter supposition was triumphantly verified—Catiline fell on his feet; but belief in the first saying was forever extinguished in my mind, since my furry pet died from the effects of concussion of the paws. Still, beyond the mere momentary effects on my person upon the discovery of the accident, which may be better imagined than described, nothing came of it until the occurrence of the events which I am about to relate.

One 31st of December, just seven years after the untimely end of Catiline, I was in my bed dreaming sweet dreams of peace, when that stillness which always comes upon the earth at midnight fell upon me as a shadow. I invariably sleep through a noise, but the awful stillness of the mystic hour, when not only a new year, but a new century was being ushered in, awakened me. I heard the chimes of the midnight bells as they rang out their clear notes: "One ! Two! Three!" As I lay thoroughly awake a century seemed to pass between each peal; "Four! Five! Six!" Would they never cease! "Seven! Eight! Nine!" The preternatural stillness was not broken by a single sound save the solemn ringing. All the deeds of my life seemed to pass before me, clear as crystal: "Ten! Eleven! Twelve!"

The last chime rang out, and, as it did, *mirable dictu*, there sprang upon the bed an indescribable something, white, transparent, at times melting away and seeming to blend itself with the bed-post, and, again, growing large under my gaze. Hush! It advances! It presses upon me, apparently light and vaporous, yet heavy as lead. I would get up! I would! I would arouse the house! Yet I cannot. I lie as one in a trance, brain, eyesight, hearing, all my senses save those of speech, perfectly clear. But I can not move a muscle.

As it advanced, it more and more began to assume the form of a cat,—my cat! Yet I missed the cheerful purr which Catiline in his palmy days was wont to give forth. Instead,

the face of the shade had a stern and forbidding expression. But together with my astonishment and fear, a sense of the ridiculousness of the situation began to possess me. I in my bed, my family near at hand, every one within earshot, yet unable to speak or move, as I lay at the mercy of the shade of my own dead Catiline.

Behold! advancing its head to within a foot of my own, it speaks: "I am the shade of Purrius Catiline. Seven years ago I was cast down a flight of stairs, another victim to the advancement of science. Two days my shade is permitted once more to wander through the scenes of my childhood. Tonight I would take vengeance upon you for my death while in the prime of my existence, but I visit an old-time friend. Tomorrow night at twelve, I come." Then Catiline lifted his misty paw (would that the claws had seemed as transparent as the rest of him!), described three circles about my head, muttering meanwhile a charm in the feline language, and thrice gently smote me on the forehead, nose and chin.

I sank into a sound slumber from which I was awakened at seven o'clock in the morning by the hideous invention on the chair beside me, known to man as the alarm clock.

The next day I spent in horrible anxiety. I consulted all the books that pretend to treat of the spirit world. I flung them aside in disgust. My appetite, usually so robust, failed me. My thoughts were of how I should escape the vengeance of Catiline. I paid no attention to what went on around me. The asininity of my replies to the simplest questions is beyond belief. Every sound, every word, carried that terrible message, "At twelve, I come." But I dared not shirk. An attempt to stay up later than usual would have led to inconvenient inquiries. At ten I went to my room.

But sudden as the electric bolt there flashed through my brain an idea. I acted on it. I took down from the shelf my choicest ghost book, "How to Summon Back Spirits of the Departed," and read as follows: "Put in the form of a cross the object of the person's dearest desires." Quick as thought I was in the pantry. Two bones were crossed; in each corner a chunk of meat. I waved a turkey bone as a wand three times over the cross, one for each of the years a certain faithful kinsman of mine had been dead. I gave a magic incantation:

"Veni, veni, Brute Caius,
Bone brute, et immaius."

Then with blissful peace upon my mind I went to bed.

No sooner the light out, than I heard an indistinct scratching that seemed to issue from the bookcase. Then nearer and nearer, and finally a bark, a rush, and the shade of my deceased dog Brutus was upon the bed. After welcoming me with effusion, he took his accustomed place under the comforter. I slept. At twelve, as on the night before, I awoke. Again the chimes. Again was I spellbound.

At the last peal the misty shade of Catiline appears on the foot of the bed. Slowly it advances until it reaches my head. Then with one white paw poised in the air, Catiline, rather unnecessarily, I think, announces his presence. "I am the shade of Purrius Cat—!" He got no farther. Bristling with anger at the sound of the voice of the shade of his ancient enemy, Barkus Brutus gave a rush from under the comforter. There was a fearful swishing and caterwauling which grew fainter and fainter in the distance until it ceased altogether.

But every December 31st, as the last chime rings in the new year, I hear in the distance a barking and caterwauling. By this I am assured that the shades of Brutus and Catiline are still warring in the winding paths of Hades.

P. R. A., '01.

DRAMA AND DANCE.

The season of amateur drama was opened auspiciously by scholars of the class of '01, Latin School, who presented "From the Best Motives," a two-act farce, from the pen of Lilli Huger Smith. For some inexplicable reason, this name was substituted for the author's much stronger title, "A Bank Deception." The cast was as follows:

Mrs. Francis Charmington . Marguerite Beard.
Madelina Dering . . . . . Caroline Edgerly.
Reginald de Bluster . . . . . Irving Linnell.
George Washington Wheelshaft . . . . . Harold Jones.
Frederick . . . . . Harold Bennett.

The plot, which is sufficiently plausible, has for its theme two familiar types which are developed to the extreme: one is the young woman with hero-worshipping propensities; the other, the young woman possessed of the idea that she has a great mission in life. The working out of this theme deals with the attempts of two young men to win them by masquerading as hero in dissipated youth in need of reform. The dialogue was frequently clever and the action was uniformly rapid throughout the performance. In fact, the farce as presented on this occasion was unusually enjoyable, for it was both fresh and admirably adapted to the abilities of those who took part. Indeed, each seemed to fit his part so well that it is difficult to decide which should receive first mention. Perhaps the most finished performance and that deserving the most praise was Miss Edgerly's "Dora Vanderveer." Her work was distinctly above the standard of amateur drama, and she lent to her personal charm both skill and good judgment. In a word, she can act! At all times she proved herself more than equal to what was required of her and never for a moment betrayed that unfortunate self-consciousness or distressing fear which often seizes the young aspirant to dramatic honors. Miss Edgerly's success should be all the more gratifying since it is said she had but a few days in which to prepare her part.

Yet this very lack of time proved a good omen, for Linnell, who played "Reginald de Bluster" on equally short notice, certainly did very well with the principal male part. The portrayal of this character required considerable skill, and Linnell came out a victor. In the scene of his return from Cuba, his acting was especially pleasing.

Miss Beard played Mrs. Charmington, an attractive widow—the kind who bemoan the death of their first husband while busily engaged in looking for the second. Miss Beard made her thoroughly gracious and very delightful—just as widows should be, and deserves praise for her successful impersonation. Miss Salmon, who played "Madelina Dering," both looked and acted her part exceedingly well.

Harold Jones played "George Washington Wheelshaft" with a deal of sincerity, and no small amount of histrionic ability. Indeed, he was especially pleasing, and the scene in which he thirsts for revenge on de Bluster was thoroughly well sustained and vigorously rendered.

Harold Bennett was fortunate in having perhaps the most sympathetic rôle, for he escaped, to a certain degree, the task of effacing his youth and assuming the speech and manner of a grown person. We almost regret that he did not sacrifice the inevitable moustache, for even in amateur farce we can imagine a smooth-shaven youth. But it is pleasant to record that Bennett took advantage of his opportunities and enforced a playful, mischievous spirit into his part which was thoroughly in accord with "Frederick's" youth.

While each part, viewed separately, was satisfactorily performed, it is as a whole that this production should linger in the memory as one of unusual merit.

I. K. H., '01.

DEBATING SOCIETIES.

HIGH SCHOOL.

The Debating Society met on Friday, December 8, 1899, Mr. McInnis presiding. Mr. Stephens, '99, reported that a society would like to repeat our last year's drama, with the same cast. Our society was to be held liable for no expense, and was to receive ten dollars should the drama prove successful. The society voted that the drama be given under the above conditions.

The subject, "Resolved, That the United States should construct and operate the Nicaraguan canal," was discussed by the speakers in a very interesting manner. The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Oakes and Deeran and Miss White, and the negative by Messrs. Blake and Wilder. The judges, Miss Allyn and Messrs. Peters and Stephens, awarded the debate to the affirmative. The debate was then thrown open to the house, and afterwards a hash debate was called, during which a large number of interesting subjects were discussed.

Mr. Huling was present and spoke briefly to the society.

The society held a mass meeting December 22, Miss Allyn presiding.

As most of the speakers for the regular debate of the evening were absent, the debate was thrown open to the house. The subject discussed was, "Resolved, That all nations should adopt a common currency."

Mr. Huling and Mr. Karnan spoke on the affirmative, and Mr. Connolly on the negative. No judges were appointed, but the affirmative without doubt got the best of the debate. A number of other subjects were discussed, among which were, "Resolved, That the High School scholars should be allowed to use the Latin school gymnasium," and, "Resolved, That the Filipinos be given their liberty." A great many spoke.

LATIN SCHOOL.

The second class debate was held on Friday evening, December 15, 1899, between 1901 and 1902. The question was, "Resolved, That the United States should adopt an income tax." The class of 1902, represented by Messrs. Burns and White and Miss Heywood, supported the affirmative of the subject, while Messrs. Ammidon and Good and Miss Barbour of the class of 1901, defended the negative. The debate was very closely contested, but the best speaking of the evening was done by Mr. Ammidon, '01. The jury, Messrs. Wyman, '97, and Witte, '98, and Miss Wyman, '00, after long consideration, finally awarded the debate to 1901.

On motion of Mr. Detlesfen, '03, the rule for restricting the attendance at the meetings was reconsidered, and after much discussion was finally referred to a committee of five on motion of Mr. Thompson, '00. The president appointed as a committee, Messrs. Blanchard, '00, Good, '00, Thompson, '00, Burns, '02, and the president (ex-officio). Mr. Sumner, '02, moved that a committee be appointed to arrange for the usual mock trial; the motion was laid on the table until the next meeting. Mr. Carstein, '01, and Mr. Rogers, '04, were elected to membership.

On Friday evening, December 2, 1899, the society held a very short and poorly attended meeting. The committee appointed at the previous meeting to consider the restriction of the attendance, reported an amendment to the constitution which, according to the rule, was laid over until the next meeting. The president was empowered to appoint a committee

of three to arrange for a mock town meeting. After a few members from the floor had discussed the subject, "Resolved, That the United States Senators should be elected by the people," the meeting adjourned.

The third class debate in the series took place on Friday, January 5, 1900, between the classes of 1901 and 1903. There was a large attendance, and the debate was very exciting. Messrs. Ammidon, Bennett and Linwell of 1901 upheld the affirmative, and Messrs. Wyman, Taft and Detlesfen of 1903 the negative on the question, "Resolved, That

(Continued on page 26.)

GIRLS' CORNER.

About nine years ago, an industrial school for factory girls was established in Matteawan, New York. Like most institutions of the sort, it was begun in a small way, but it has grown steadily, until at present there are over two hundred pupils. The amount of good that it has accomplished is incalculable. Nearly all of the girls who attend are at first very ignorant about even the most simple of household duties. Here, they are taught cooking, laundry work and dressmaking. Classes are held every afternoon for the girls who are still in school, and every evening for those who work in the factories. They all enjoy the work very much, and realize what a benefit it will be to them, in their after lives, to know something about housekeeping.

The most novel feature of the school is the training of girls for domestic service. The course is nine months' long, and the number of pupils is limited to six. These are chosen from city orphan asylums, and they are from fifteen to twenty years old. These girls live at the school, and do all the housework there. Each one spends three weeks successively as kitchen-maid, cook, assistant laundress, head laundress, waitress, and chambermaid. Thus they become thoroughly trained in all branches of housework. They receive their board and instruction in payment for their services. When they have graduated situations are obtained for them. Mrs. Sargent, who is at the head of the school, is very careful that the girls go to work for refined people, where they will come under only the best of influences. Mrs. Sargent supports the school wholly with her own fortune and so is at liberty to carry out her own ideas. The results show that she understands thoroughly how to manage the work she is doing.

"What she could, not what she could not do, not what she thought might be done, not what she would like to do, not what she would do if she had more time, not what somebody else thought she ought to do, but what she could."

A year or two ago the women of Cambridge became very much interested in the question of wearing feathers on hats. Meetings were held, and many astonishing statistics were given to show the number of birds that were slaughtered for their plumage. Some of the facts that were made known were really appalling; but a while ago we read of something which seemed to us to surpass them all. This was in regard to the three feathers in the crown of the Prince of Wales. These were taken from a certain species of bird of paradise, which is now extinct. They had to be taken from the bird while it was alive, or they would have lost their lustre. For twenty years attempts were made to get them, and more than twenty hunters lost their lives before the three were obtained. They are valued at $50,000.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

1900.

The drama committee consists of Messrs. Taylor, chairman, Wyeth, Holt and McInnes, Miss Foxcroft, Miss Haff and Miss Mahady.

Taylor, Shannon, McInnes, Wyeth and the Misses Mahady, Smith and Tupper take part in 1900's drama.

The drama given by 1901 will occur on February 21. Behind, as usual, 1901!

The offer made by Mr. Alfred C. Fuller, giving a rare cast of Venus de Milo to either school which should raise twenty dollars ($20) first, was quickly taken up by the English High School. The total sum raised was fifty-two dollars and seventy-three cents ($52.73). How about that high school spirit?

Mr. Dow and Miss Mahady obtained very good results for the Venus de Milo fund in the senior class.

A literary party was held at Mr. Derry's house on Trowbridge street, Wednesday evening, January 10. Mr. Hastings and Miss Sullivan captured the prizes. Dancing and singing was enjoyed by all present and the party broke up having spent a very pleasant evening.

1901.

The drama committee consists of Messrs. Blake, chairman, Hosmer and Glidden, Misses Cameron and Himeon. John T. Glidden has been appointed business manager.

The basket-ball team as a social club is a great success; let us hope that it will prove to be an even greater success when it comes to match games.

Don't get discouraged by the harmony marks!

Mr. C—— has become so strong of late that even the desks give way to his muscular grasp.

There is a faint rumor that every one who studies harmony must believe in expansion.

How the girls did shriek when the match was put in the kerosene in chemistry! How many intend to try it at home?

The basket-ball girls are certainly enterprising, as they took advantage of the recent snow by giving a sleigh ride on Thursday evening, January 4. The party consisted of the basket-ball girls and their friends. They took in many of the surrounding towns during the ride, after which they heartily indulged in a very delicious supper at the home of the hostess, Miss Duvey. The sleigh was very kindly furnished by Mr. Duvey, and everything was done to make the evening a very pleasant one. Among those present were Misses Duvey, Howe, Mahady, Stevens, Hopkins, Cameron, Winegar, Young and Himeon, Messrs. H. Gove, Fleming, Fish, Farrin, Blake, Hosmer, Howe, Dow and Chauncy Reed. Mrs. Ludwick kindly acted as chaperone. The last part of the evening was spent in music and dancing. After thanking the hostess for a very pleasant evening, the party broke up, hoping to meet again under similar circumstances.

A social was held Wednesday, January 10, at Miss White's house on Mt. Pleasant street. Several games were played, and the few that were present had a pleasant time. The game of hidden books was not very easy, judging by the very amusing answers. Ida Stevens and Miss Duvey took the first and second prizes respectively. Miss Winegar still weeps over the consolation prize. At a class meeting held be-

fore the social, it was voted to exclude outsiders from the social. This probably accounts for the small number present, as the motion was a very unpopular one. Should the class be selfish for the sake of one or two?

1902.

The first social of the basket-ball team was held December 19 at the home of Miss Edna F. Wales, 59 Walden street. The evening was spent very pleasantly in playing games and guessing advertising signs. Mr. Warren took first prize. Miss Florence Smith of the High School and Miss Emma Lowe, coach of the team, were present.

We are glad to see Miss Gertrude Powers and Miss Mae Doherty with us again.

Miss Fannie Johnson has left school on account of a long illness, through which she has passed.

Miss Boyce, one of the captains of the basket-ball team, severely sprained her side while playing basket-ball the other day.

1903.

1903 subscribed over twenty dollars ($20) to the Venus de Milo fund.

Who fell into the mud-puddle?

Well, grandma, your hair is getting thin.

Can we be trusted and left alone again without a teacher?

The basket-ball team is progressing rapidly. Ask 1900 about it.

On December 14, 1899, Miss Blanche Chase entertained a few of her friends at her home. Refreshments were served by "Three Little Maids." Among those present from 1903 were Misses Bettinson and Ferdinand and Messrs. Stuart and Leighton. The party broke up at an early hour, all having greatly enjoyed themselves.

HURDY-GURDY PARTY.

The Hurdy-Gurdy Party, which was given by the class of 1900, High School, on Friday evening, December 22, 1899, was a very pleasant opening of the social season. About thirty couples enjoyed four hours of dancing on the excellent floor of the Newtowne Club gymnasium, while Marie Grosse furnished her usual good music. During an intermission in the dancing, refreshments were served by Caterer Whippen, and Marie Grosse played a tambourine solo which was much enjoyed by the company.

Miss Rogers and Miss Smith kindly acted as matrons. The floor director was Mr. Dow, who was assisted by Mr. Wyeth and Miss Foxcroft, Miss Mahady, Miss Smith, Mr. Taylor and Mr. McInnes. Mr. Taylor was the business manager of the affair.

DEBATING SOCIETIES.

(Continued from page 24.)

there should be free trade between the United States and Cuba." Although Messrs. Wyman and Taft made some very witty remarks which were much to the point, nevertheless 1901 presented many sound arguments and won the debate. The jury consisted of Miss McWain and Messrs. Thompson and Miiler, all of 1900. When the debate was thrown open to the house, Mr. Good, '00, brought the house down by his witty speech.

The society adopted an amendment to the constitution which makes the following provisions: first, that admission to the meetings of the society shall be by tickets only, except to teachers or graduates of the Latin School; second, that tickets shall be good only for members of the Latin School or the direct family of members of the society; third, that the president and two members of the society, appointed by him, shall each have power to distribute at their discretion four special tickets for every meeting, which shall be good to admit any one. The president appointed Messrs. Burton, '02, and Taft, '03, to give out special tickets; and Messrs. Sumner, '02, Ammidon, '02, and Counihan, '00, as a committee on the mock town meeting.

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

1900.

A New Year's greeting to one and all!

Miss Alexander, the English teacher, has moved to 1 Parker street, Cambridge.

Be sure to sell all the tickets you can for our drama; it is to be "the affair" of the season and the date is February 2.

A very enthusiastic class meeting was held Friday, December 8. The purpose of the meeting was the election of a drama committee, which is as follows: Mr. Carr, chairman, ex officio; Mr. Bennett, Mr. Whittemore, Miss McWain and Miss Coleman. Mr. Conlin and Miss Hopkins were elected class pianists.

The class held a very enjoyable social on Saturday evening, January 6, at the home of Miss Grace Norris. Games occupied the first part of the evening, and after refreshments a phonograph afforded quite a little amusement to the company. Our guests were Mr. and Mrs. Benshimol and Miss Harris.

Now that our basket-ball team has beaten 1904, the girls will have a chance to practice hard, which they need to do. We have material enough to beat 1902, with whom we play our next game, but it is the practice that we do or do not get that will decide the matter.

"And from his tear, a large eye rolled." I wonder why they laughed.

What do you think of the bow-legged man that was lame in the other foot, and on whose sugar-loaf head sparse hair grew?

1901.

A New Year's meeting of the "Sigma Gamma" was held at Miss Sears's home. There was a large attendance.

It is to be hoped that the Π Σ will receive some more members soon, as the initiation ceremonies are very interesting to the spectators at least.

Even if the boys cannot come to the basket-ball games we hope they will still keep up their interest.

Have you succeeded in getting your name on some of those lists in Latin composition? If not, you are less fortunate than most of us. Try again.

The magnetic influence in the lecture room seems to attract chiefly toward the back seats.

Have you ever noticed the superfluity of daylight in German recitation room?

The class have defeated 1903 and 1902 in debating; now for 1900!

German translation: Upon this bench of stone—I mean this rock of stone—he seated himself.

Get a paper telescope for your Sallust, but *never* use it.

Did you receive Bulfinch's "Age of Fable" for Xmas?

Latin, as she is translated in the second class: "The green youth bore himself away from the bosom of his race to seek other walls. His mother cried to him, 'Son, whither do you rush?' He poured forth his voice and answered his beloved parent, saying, 'The senior is too hard on me, I must flee hence.' Then embracing among themselves, they sent forth a flood of tears."

In the third division, the marks on some of the Greek papers are something *remarkable.*

1902.

What's the matter with our basket-ball team?

Burns, White and Miss Heywood deserve great credit for upholding the class as they did at the debate with 1901. Miss Heywood, especially, deserves great praise, as this was her first regular debate. Although we lost, the decision was close.

All should support the Upper Class Dramas this year, both Junior and Senior. Remember we will run a drama next year. Show that we are a social as well as athletic class.

Briggs is back again after a severe illness.

Have you caught any of Shakespeare's puns yet? They are almost as good as those cracked by some of our wits.

Macbeth seems to be a "Comedy of Errors" to the division that recites the last hour on Fridays.

We miss Fish very much in Miss Spring's room.

Why didn't our polo captain call out the team when there was ice?

There seems to be a feeling among the boys who played on the foot-ball team that it is about time they got their promised initials.

Some of the girls think that those whose good playing allows them to play in the match games, should be entitled to the class initials. This is undoubtedly right. 1903 already has them. Wake up, Athletic Committee.

1903.

How many failed in that geometry mid-year? It was not very hard, was it?

The social committee seem to have a very hard time in securing a date for the next class social. But it is most time for one.

How about those fifty lines of Latin a day to review? Oh my!

The basket-ball team has been very successful so far in all of its practice games, having received but one defeat. Keep it up, girls.

Hurrah for 1903 in the hare and hound runs. She is all right! Andrews came in first in the first one held, and Ellis won the second.

Why was W-m-n obliged to change his seat? We hope he will behave better now.

All boys who can, should come out for the 1903 ice polo team. There is good material in the class, and if all take hold we shall have a team. We must do as well as the girls have done in basket-ball.

We defeated 1904 in the debate, and pushed 1901 very hard.

More girls should join the debating society, also boys. 1904 has more members than 1903.

1904.

The French division has been formed, and about thirty scholars have started in to master those awful sounds.

The meeting for the election of the class color will probably be held in a week or two.

Marion Alley has been elected captain, and Mary Earl manager, of the basket-ball team.

The polo team has been started, but so far no captain or manager has been elected.

ATHLETICS.

BASKET BALL.

HIGH SCHOOL.

Last fall the girls of the High School showed considerable enthusiasm in regard to basket-ball. As soon as permission to use the Latin School gymnasium had been obtained, teams were formed in each class, and coaches were secured. Since then, practice has been kept up quite faithfully, for the most part.

1900 has an excellent coach, Miss Annable, of the Radcliffe 'varsity, and there is material in the class for a good team; but very few girls come out to practice, and the present outlook is not very promising. Miss Foxcroft is the manager.

1901's team, with Miss Jennie Mahady as captain, and Miss Alma Howe as manager, is the most enterprising and successful team in the High School. Several practice games have been played, and the class has not yet met defeat. This is undoubtedly due to the spirit with which the girls have played, as well as to Miss Chapman's fine coaching. Besides practicing faithfully, the girls have found time to give a social and a sleighing party. The suits are red and white, and are very pretty indeed.

1902's team, as well, has done very good work under the direction of Miss Lowe, Radcliffe, 1902. They have played several practice games with other classes in the two schools, and two with Radcliffe teams. Miss Boyce is the captain, and Miss Place the business manager.

The girls of 1903 have shown a great deal of enthusiasm, and many have come out to practice, but no games have been played yet. The team has been working under the direction of Miss Foxcroft, 1900, but a regular coach will probably be secured before long.

LATIN SCHOOL.

In accordance with Mr. Benshimol's kind offer of a banner to the winning class in football and basket-ball, the basket-ball contest began early in January, and Friday afternoon, January 5, found the gymnasium crowded with girls. There was a great deal of excitement and suspense during the two games which were played. The class teams of 1901 and 1902 played the first game, and the players were very evenly matched. During the first half not a goal was made by either side, and it looked as though each was determined to win. Very early in the second half 1902 put two balls into the basket owing to the fouls of 1901, and when time was called the score stood 4 to 0 in favor of 1902. The playing was very good on both sides, but 1902 surely gained the victory from their faithful practice.

The players were as follows:

1901's team.	1902's team.
Homes.	Homes.
Miss Beard.	Miss Arnold.
Miss Jackson.	Miss Hubbard.
Miss Scorgie.	Miss Lewis.
Centres.	Centres.
Miss Moller.	Miss Dallinger.
Miss Sears.	Miss Myles.
Miss Oliver.	Miss Shaw.
Guards.	Guards.
Miss Salmon.	Miss Eaton.
Miss Robinson.	Miss Heywood.
Miss Sullivan.	Miss Wilson.

The second contest game immediately followed, and this was played by the class teams of 1900 and 1904. During the first half of the game, while Miss Earl played pumping centre the playing was quite even, although 1900 once got the ball into the basket; but in the second half, many good points were

brought out in the 1900 players which were pleasant surprises. Miss Wyman deserves especial mention for her coolness and accuracy in throwing the ball into the basket. 1904 made a mistake in changing Miss Earl from the centre to a "home." The score was 7 to 2 in favor of 1900. The players were as follows:

1900's team.	1904's team.
Homes.	Homes.
Miss Lerner.	Miss Mandell.
Miss Wyman.	Miss La Pierre.
Miss Hopkins.	Miss Telford (1st half).
	Miss Earl (2d half).
Centres.	Centres.
Miss Coleman.	Miss Earl (1st half).
	Miss Gilmore (2d half).
Miss Brewster.	Miss Locke.
Miss McWain.	Miss Dickey.
Guards.	Guards.
Miss Hildreth.	Miss Luke.
Miss Norris.	Miss Alley.
Miss Huling.	Miss Clarke.

The next contest game will be between the class teams of 1900 and 1902 at some date to be named.

On Saturday, January 6, the team from 1903, C. L. S., went to Newton and played a splendid game with the Newton school team. The score was 3 to 0 in favor of C. L. S., 1903, but 5 to 0, counting according to the new Radcliffe rules. Two other games have been played outside of Cambridge, one by 1900 with Newton which resulted in a defeat for the Cambridge team, and one by 1903 with Somerville, which resulted in a tie.

HOCKEY.

At a meeting of the representatives of the schools comprising the Interscholastic Ice Polo League, held December 22, 1899, in Gray's hall, it was voted that instead of polo, the game played this year should be the Canadian game of hockey, which is now played by all college teams. It has been clearly demonstrated that this game is a much better game than polo, and will in the course of time supersede its less scientific predecessor. At this meeting the Quebec rules were adopted, and they are printed below.

All classes are urged to organize class hockey teams and play a championship series for two reasons: 1st, the New England Skating Association has offered a "suitable trophy" for the winning class in such a series, provided that all the games are played; 2d, it is of the greatest importance, if we wish to hold our former good standing on the ice, that every skater should be familiar with the game, so that in organizing next year's team no time may be lost in elementary practice; besides, those who are familiar with the game will stand a much greater chance of making the team.

HOCKEY RULES.

1. A team shall be composed of seven players.

2. The game shall be commenced and renewed by a face in the centre of the rink. Rink shall be at least 112 feet by 58 feet.

3. A goal is placed in the middle of each goal line, composed of two upright posts, four feet in height, placed six feet apart, and at least five feet from the end of the ice. The goal posts shall be firmly fixed. In the event of a goal post being displaced or broken, the referee shall blow his whistle, and the game shall not proceed until the goal is replaced.

4. The puck shall be faced by being placed between the sticks of two opponents, and the referee then calling play.

5. Two halves of twenty minutes each, with an intermission of ten minutes between, will be the time allowed for games. A game will be decided by the team scoring the greatest number of goals during that time. In case of a tie after playing the specified time, play will continue for ten minutes more, when in the

event of the score still being even, another game will be played at a time and place mutually agreed upon. Goals shall be changed after each half.

6. No change of players shall be made after a game has commenced, except for reasons of accidents or injury during the game.

7. Should a game be temporarily stopped by the infringement of any of the rules, the captain of the opposite team may claim that the puck be taken back and a face take place where it was last played from before such infringement occurred.

8. When a player hits the puck, anyone of the same side who at such moment of hitting is nearer the opponent's goal line is offside, and may not touch the puck himself, or in any way whatever prevent any other player from doing so, until the puck has been played. A player must always be on his own side of the puck.

9. In the event of any offside play, the referee shall demand the immediate surrender of the puck to the opposing side, their opponents to stand at a distance of not less than five yards from the puck. If the offense be committed within ten yards of either goal line, it will be faced in the ordinary way.

10. The puck may be stopped, but not carried or knocked on by any part of the body. No player shall raise his stick above the shoulder. Charging from behind, tripping, collaring, kicking or cross-checking shall not be allowed, and the referee must rule off the ice, for any time in his discretion, a player who, in his opinion, has offended deliberately against the above rule.

11. When the puck goes off the ice behind the goal line, or a foul occurs behind the goal line, the puck shall be brought out by the referee to a point five yards in front of the goal line, at right angles from the point at which it left the ice and there faced. When the puck goes off the ice at the side it shall be similarly faced three yards from the side.

12. The goal keeper must not, during play, lie, kneel, or sit upon the ice, but must maintain a standing position.

13. A goal shall be scored when the puck shall have passed between the goal posts from in front and below an imaginary line across the top of posts.

14. The captains of the contesting teams shall agree upon a referee, who shall also act as timekeeper; and two umpires, one to be stationed at each goal, which positions shall not be changed during a game, except by mutual consent.

15. All disputes on the ice shall be settled by the referee, and his decision shall be final.

16. All questions as to goals shall be settled by the umpires, and their decisions shall be final.

C. H. & L. 2, English High 0.

On January 11th, Cambridge won her first league game on Franklin Field, defeating Boston English High 2 to 0 in two 15-minute halves.

In the first half, neither side scored, but Cambridge came near doing so twice. In the second half Clarkson and Murphy each shot the puck through Boston's goal. Boston's team was much lighter than ours, and we ought to have run up a larger score, but the crowd on the ice prevented good team play; besides, the team had had but one day's practice on ice before the game.

The two captains did the best playing for their respective sides, but Reed of Boston made some good stops in goal. The following is a list of the players:

C. H. & L.	B. E. H. S.
Clarkson (capt.).	Sumner (capt.).
Mayhew.	Fogarty (Gallagher).
Parker.	Bryant.
Murphy.	Dolan.
Hastings, c. p.	c. p., Gleason.
Haworth, p.	p., Kuhns.
Carr, g.	g., Reed.

THE PLACE TO GET $5.00 FOR $3.00 IS ROSENBERG'S BRANCH
538 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE.

Keyler's

146 TREMONT STREET.

Bonbons and Chocolates, Fancy Boxes, and Baskets.

THE

Reservation of desks made daily by mail or upon personal application.

The School is the MOST MODERN and HIGHEST GRADED Institution of its kind in America. Its plans and methods are widely but unsuccessfully imitated.

Reliable instruction by experienced teachers and assistance in obtaining recognition from the business public are both of inestimable value to young people just entering commercial life, and they can best be attained by attending a school of RECOGNIZED STANDING.

The Shorthand and Typewriting departments are distinct from, but equal in perfection of equipment to the Commercial departments.

Pupils of either sex admitted on equal terms. PROSPECTUS POST FREE. Office, No. 608 Washington Street. Hours, 9 a. m till 4 p. m.

J. W. BLAISDELL, Sec'y.

AHERN . . .

AUCTIONEER,
REAL ESTATE,
INSURANCE,

1388 Mass. Ave., Harvard Sq.
64 Fifth St., East Cambridge.
. . . Telephone No. 515-3 . . .

J. FRANK FACEY

Printer

Telephone
811-2 Cambridge

NOTHING lends a greater charm to your printing than to clothe it in a dress of clear, sharp, up-to-date face of type, especially when supplemented by the brains of an artistic and skilful compositor. We have a large variety of the latest and most modern type faces. Customers should recognize, appreciate and take advantage of this fact. . . . .

36 PROSPECT STREET
CAMBRIDGEPORT

WE SELL THE BEST

Skating Boot in town for ... $3.50 a pair.

For Gentlemen or Ladies.

In extra high cut, heavy soles, and the right shape.

LEIGHTON BROS. & CO.

Fred LaLond Successor to Griffith

Hair-Cutting Room

No. 34 Brattle St., Street Floor, Cambridge.

Seven Men in Attendance.

"The very finest goods
AT
The very lowest prices."

Everything in Sporting Goods

John P. Lovell Arms Co.
163-165 WASHINGTON ST.
BOSTON.

ERNEST W. CLARK,
Plumber and Gas Fitter,
1440 and 1442 Massachusetts Ave.,
Harvard Square, - - Cambridge, Mass.

H. F. SANBORN,
Successor to Merrill & Glazier,
Hay, Straw, Grain and Feed,
FLOUR DELIVERED FOR CASH AT WHOLESALE PRICES.
495 Main Street, - - - Cambridgeport, Mass.
Telephone Cambridge, 361-2.

JERE. MOYNAHAN. THOS. F. RAFFERTY.
ESTABLISHED 1874.
Moynahan & Company,
Cambridge and Prospect Streets.
Plumbing. Stoves. Furnaces.
Tel. 831-4.

.. .. TRY .. ..
RUSSELL'S CHOCOLATES.
Put up in Pound and Half-Pound Boxes.
THEY ARE THE BEST.

J. E. Purdy & Co.

Class Photographers for 1900
CAMBRIDGE LATIN and ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOLS.

For the fourth consecutive year we are serving nearly a score of neighboring schools and colleges; a situation which indicates at least tolerable satisfaction on all sides. To the unprejudiced mind there can be no possible doubt as to the merits of our productions, the efficiency of our service, or the general satisfaction accorded all patrons. By doing business on a large scale (the largest of its kind in America), we are enabled to make low prices, wonderfully low, in truth, if you secure one of the Class Rate Cards. All seniors in Cambridge High and Latin Schools have them, and anyone may profit thereby.

STUDIO: 146 TREMONT STREET,
BOSTON.

CANTA
BRIGIA

CAMBRIDGE MASS FEBRUARY, 1900

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW

VITA·SINE·LITERIS·MORS·EST

CONTENTS.

	Page
THE MONTH	3
COMMUNICATIONS	4
PRESENTATION OF CUPS	5
ADVICE WANTED	7-9
DRAMA AND DANCE, E. H. S., '00	9
DRAMA AND DANCE, C. L. S., '00	11
PREPARING FOR COMPANY	15
THE HOUSE OF PERONNE, Chapters III and IV	17-23
NOTES	24-28
ATHLETICS	29-31

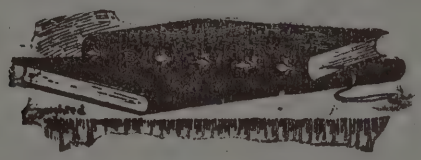
For full contents see page 1.

Vol. XIV
No 5

Frederick G. Hall 8 9 8

McNAMEE

WE BIND THE "REVIEW."



Magazines and Library Books Bound In the most substantial manner.

...Bookbinding

26A BRATTLE STREET, ...CAMBRIDGE.

A. J. LITTLEFIELD & CO.,

PROVISION DEALERS,

1847 Massachusetts Ave., (Lovell's Block,) North Cambridge.

Drop us a postal and a competent man will call for your order. Special attention will be given to all orders, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Established 1842.

JOHN P. SQUIRE & CO.,

INCORPORATED.

Packers and Curers of

Pork, Lard, Hams and Bacon

Also Manufacturers of the Celebrated

"Arlington" Sausage and Kettle Rendered Leaf Lard.

21, 23 & 25 F. H. Market and 39 & 40 No. Market St.

BOSTON, MASS.

BARBOUR-STOCKWELL CO.

General Machinists and Iron Founders.

Special Machinery, Light or Heavy, Designed and Built. Confectioners' Machinery. General Jobbing. Drafting. Pattern Making.

Factory: 205 Broadway, Cambridgeport.

DANA W. BENNETT & CO.,

TELEPHONE 1755

Insurance

82 WATER STREET, BOSTON.

WM. H. WOOD & CO., LUMBER MERCHANTS, Cambridgeport, Mass.

The C. & C. Press,

26-28 BRATTLE STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

CAUSTIC & CLAFLIN.

Printers

of this magazine,

and numerous other publications.

Everything in the Printing Line.

All Orders Promptly Executed.

The Best of Work. ✦ ✦ ✦ Full Count.

FLOWERS CARBONE'S DECORATIONS

HARVARD SQUARE

C. BRIGHAM COMPANY

Wholesale and Retail Dealers
in Dairy Products. . . . .

Milk, Cream, Butter, Eggs,
Condensed and Evaporated Milk.

158 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

Telephone, Cambridge 263.

Established 1847

R. H. STEARNS & COMPANY

DRY GOODS

Tremont Street and Temple Place

BOSTON

Fine Teas and Coffees

FOR FAMILY USE.

ORIENTAL TEA CO.,

87 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

CLASS PINS

Prize Medals, Etc.

Designs on Application.

JOHN HARRIOTT,

3 Winter Street,

BOSTON, - MASS.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Month	3, 4
Communications	4, 5
Presentation of Cups	5, 6
Advice Wanted	7-9
Drama and Dance, E. H. S., '00	9
Derating Societies	10
Drama and Dance, C. L. S., '00	11
Witty Words	12, 13
Girls' Corner	14
Ppeparing for Company	15
Announcements	16
The House of Peronne, Chapters III and IV	17-23
Alumni Notes	23
A Policeman the Culprit	24
School Notes	25-28
Athletics	29-31

RALPH LEACH,

PURE ICE CREAM

AND

FINE CONFECTIONERY

ICE CREAM. Vanilla, Chocolate, Nougatine, Strawberry, Coffee, Peach.

SHERBETS. Orange, Raspberry, Lemon, Pineapple.

747 Massachusetts Avenue,

Telephone 164-2 Cambridge.

JOHN CARTER & CO.

PAPER

100 & 102 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

You need the best!

For accurate work
Our high grade . .

Drafting Instruments

Give universal satisfaction.

Wadsworth, Howland & Co.,

Incorporated.

Manufacturers and Importers of

Drawing Materials of all Kinds,

82 and 84 WASHINGTON STREET,

. . and . .

218 CLARENDON STREET,

. . BOSTON . .

Special Rates to Students

COLLINS AND FAIRBANKS
CELEBRATED HATS
TRADE MARK
381 Washington St.
BOSTON, MASS.
EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS
FOR
YOUNG MEN

L. G. MacKEIGAN,
Special Discount to
C. H. and L. Students.
Merchant Tailor,
DANA CHAMBERS, 21 DUNSTER ST., CAMBRIDGE.
HE OFFERS THE BEST CUSTOM WORK AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

FRANK E. NEWGENT,
Cambridge Tailoring and Repairing Co.
DYEING AND CLEANSING.
567 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, = Telephone, 466-4. = CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

We agree to Press, Clean, and Repair one coat, pants, and vest each week (3 pieces) for one dollar per month, payable in advance. We sew rips in outsides or linings, coat hangers, holes in pockets, buckles and buttons on pants, leather on bottom when desired. All other repairs not included in above schedule will be charged extra at reasonable prices. Goods called for and delivered. Cleansing and Pressing Ladies' Garments a specialty. *N. B. — Send postal and will call at residence or place of business.*

CONTRACT PRESSING.

A. T. GREENE. J. S. DAVISON.
GREENE & CO.,
723 Massachusetts Avenue
CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.
STEAM HEATING.
WATER HEATING. FURNACE HEATING.
SHEET METAL WORK.
PLUMBING. GAS PIPING.
VENTILATION.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY
WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY
A Dictionary of ENGLISH,
Biography, Geography, Fiction, etc.
What better investment can be made than in a copy of the International? This royal quarto volume is a vast storehouse of valuable information arranged in a convenient form for hand, eye, and mind. It is more widely used as a standard authority than any other dictionary in the world.
The International Should be in Every Household.
We also publish Webster's Collegiate Dictionary with a valuable Scottish Glossary, etc.
"First class in quality, second class in size." *Nicholas Murray Butler.*
GET THE BEST
Specimen pages, etc., of both books sent on application.
G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. XIV. NO. V.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, FEBRUARY, 1900.

THE MONTH.

During the last few years there has been a great increase in the number of secret societies in the schools, especially at the Latin School. This year the teachers have found that some scholars are not giving as much time to their lessons as they should, and often this has been laid at the door of class athletics. We confidently state that in our opinion the real cause of this cutting of lessons is to be found in the secret societies. There are a great many organizations in the schools which are open to everyone, and which do a great deal of good; but when there is added to these a number of exclusive clubs which hold frequent meetings and take scholars from home at evening when it would be better for them to be in bed or at their lessons, we think that it is altogether too much. Athletics have this in their favor, that they give scholars much needed exercise in the afternoon, for, as we have before said in these columns, physical exercise is as essential as mental drill; but no such argument can be brought forward in favor of secret societies.

However, this interference with the studies is only one of the minor evils of these organizations. While they may be permissible in private schools and even advantageous in colleges, they have no place in public schools, where everyone should be on equal terms. They divide classes into contending factions, they cause ill feeling among friends, and they have a tendency in some cases to make a distinction between rich and poor.

The influence, too, on the morals of the members is very bad. A nice, clean fellow attends school. No sooner is he taken up by one of the societies than he becomes what is commonly termed "fresh"; to begin with, he often has to go about in some foolish dress as an initiation; then he must get used to late hours and make frequent visits to the theatres, too often cheap ones; next he picks up any slang and profanity which any of his fellow members happen to use, and sometimes sticks a cigarette in his mouth; in short, he attempts to lord it over his former friends and swaggers round as a man particularly distinguished.

We hope no one will think that this editorial has any especial personal reference to himself. The last thing that we desire is that any personal feeling should enter into this matter, for some of our best friends are members of these secret organizations. We have tried to make our remarks general, and simply ask our schoolmates to look the matter squarely in the face. Then, if anyone finds that the evils we have enumerated do exist we ask him to drop his secret society.

As we are aware that many may violently

disagree with us, we invite communications on the subject, and will be glad to publish arguments on either side.

Now that hockey and foot-ball are passed, and track athletics, rowing and base-ball are about to come on the scene, let us take a short review of the athletic situation. Our victorious base-ball team of 1899 brought us out of the obscurity into which we had fallen and placed us again among the first schools in athletics, our foot-ball team last fall strengthened our position, and now our hockey team continues to hold us above our neighbors.

Next month the Boston Athletic Association holds its annual indoor meet in Mechanics Hall. If we are to do ourselves credit there, our track team must get down to hard work and receive more support than at present. We should advise as last year, an inter-class meet in order to increase the enthusiasm and bring out the men. It might be held on the track between the two school buildings.

There are two fellows in the schools who have had considerable experience in rowing. With them as a nucleus we should have no difficulty in putting a winning crew on the river.

A number of last year's players on the championship base-ball team will be in their old positions again this spring. The well known energy of Captain Carr, together with Fred Clarkson's pitching, will bring us victory a second time, provided all take an interest in the team either by coming out for it or by going to the games.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor:

In your last issue appears the following, copied, I believe, from one of the Cambridge papers:

"The Rev. Charles Carroll Fiske, a graduate of the old High School, recently died in Brooklyn, where he had been preaching for same years."

No such name appears even as that of a person who was *ever* in the Cambridge High School. It is very common to see in the papers a statement that a person is a graduate of our schools who is not one—but may have been in the school named a few months.

The paper published by our own pupils certainly should not make any such mistakes. The means of verifying any such statement are close at hand. The name of every person that has ever entered the school is recorded on our books, with date and other particulars, and since September, 1856, not only this, but his per cent in each of his studies, even if the person remained but a single month. As for *graduates*, with an indexed history covering the years from 1848 to 1890, it is but the work of a few minutes to find out the truth.

Now and then I see a statement that a person named graduated at the head, or near the head, of his class, when in fact he never graduated at all; or graduating, was nearer the foot than the head.

In such things I trust the Review will state the facts or nothing.

W. F. Bradbury.

10 Garden St., February 8, 1900.

To the Editor:

Your favor of the 4th ult. is at hand. The standing of the proposed Cambridge English High School Alumni Association is as follows:

In March, 1899, the class of '98, Cambridge English High School, voted:

That since every effort made by the various classes to hold together has, almost without exception, failed; and

That since, because of their apathy, the graduates tend to become more and more estranged to the school and its interests;

Therefore, be it resolved that the president be given full power to take the initial steps in

the formation of a High School Alumni Association.

Many things urged this action; the separation of the two schools in athletics called for some representative body to direct and have supervision over the business of the undergraduates; then, too, the fact that many of the graduates enter, almost immediately, upon their life work, thus separating themselves day by day from their classmates and school. In short is was seen that something must be done to prevent the graduates from considering that when they have received their "sheepskins," they have severed their last tie with the school and its interests. Instead, the alumni must unite and awaken their interest in their Alma Mater. They must be as a sort of governing board, who, broadened by their contact with the world, are now capable to look back to guide and advise those who fill the halls, where they spent so many happy years, and where they formed so many friendships to last through life.

Consequently in a short time a number of representative alumni were collected who at a preliminary meeting discussed the best plans to follow, and elected committees. Four meetings in all were held, at which the officers were elected, a constitution drawn up and accepted, and other minor details tended to. At the last meeting in June, 1899, a committee, composed of Frank Lambert, '97, chairman, William Parker, '96, and George Holbrook, '96, were appointed to arrange for a general assemblage of the alumni. However, owing to the lack of necessary funds, they have been greatly impeded in their work, but it is probable that they will soon be ready. The committee will gratefully accept any assistance if any alumnus cares to help. All checks should be made payable to Frank Lambert, '97, secretary of the general committee, 622 Massachusetts avenue, Cambridgeport. It is sincerely hoped by all who have been working on this enterprise that when the public meeting is held, no one will linger behind and refuse to take a hand in helping a much needed association.

Thanking you for your interest in the affair, and also for space in your columns, I am respectfully yours,

John C. Fearns, '98,
President.

PRESENTATION OF CUPS.

On Thursday evening, Januury 25, 1900, the members of the Cambridge High and Latin School championship base-ball team of 1899 received individual cups, the gifts of the alumni. At the same time the schools were presented with the interscholastic cup, which is offered by the Boston Athletic Association. This interscholastic cup runs for five years, and is held each year by the school that wins the championship. Then it will be given permanently to the school which wins the most yearly championships. Cambridge already holds as its own property the base-ball cup offered some years ago, and now this cup, which has been held one year by Brookline and another by Somerville, has come to this city, where we hope it will stay. Next year the High School will take the place of the Cambridge High and Latin Schools in the league, and will be allowed to count the victories of the combined schools as its own, so that if the two schools together win this spring, as there is every reason to think they will, the High School will have a better chance than any other school of holding this cup permanently.

The meeting at which the cups were pre-

sented was held in the Latin School hall. Mr. Benshimol called the gathering to order, and introduced Mr. Stearns of the class of '95 as the chairman of the evening. After making a few remarks, Mr. Stearns called upon Mr. Stone, '89, to present the individual cups to the players. Mr. Stone said that he was glad to do this, for he was sure that every man richly deserved a reward for the thoroughly sportsmanlike manner in which the games had been played. He then gave to each member of the team and to the manager a small silver cup, on which was cut the name of the player together with his position.

After this the chairman introduced Mr. M. E. Webb, Jr., who, in behalf of the Boston Athletic Association, presented the inter-scholastic cup to the schools. The gift was accepted by Mr. Stone, who then spoke at some length on the separation of the schools. He said that he had been reluctantly brought to the firm conviction that separation was best because he saw that, as the aims in life of those who attend the Latin School are different from those who attend the High School, there is a natural tendency to separate; that it is to be expected that the members of the Latin School will clan together, and in like manner, those of the High School: further, that this does not necessarily mean that the scholars of the Latin School do not respect those in the High School, or vice versa, but merely that the closest friendships are between those who expect to go into the world with like purposes.

When Mr. Stone had finished, every member of the team was called upon by those present and forced to make a few remarks. Finally, Mr. Benshimol was clapped to the front, and said a few words, in which he explained fully why the cups had not been presented sooner. One of the schools in the league challenged one of Cambridge's players as a professional. After a thorough investigation the charge was found to be utterly without foundation; but, then, the cups could not be given until the school had finally withdrawn its protest. Speaking of Walter Clarkson, he commended his excellent spirit, and predicted a bright future for him.

In the course of his remarks at the first of the evening, Mr. Stone said that the alumni, who gave the cups, hoped to be obliged to do it again, and again. Each of the four classes of the Latin School in Harvard—'98, '97, '96 and '95—contributed a fixed amount, and the balance was made up by individual donations.

Following is the batting and fielding average of the 1899 base-ball team, as computed by F. E. Thayer, '95, the official scorer:

BATTING AVERAGE.

	A. B.	B. H.	T. B.	Av.	Times* up to bat.	Times reached 1st	S. O.	S. B.	R.
Sullivan	23	10	11	.434	25	15	5	2	5
Gallagher	25	9	13	.360	26	10	2	4	7
W. Clarkson	24	8	10	.333	25	13	0	9	6
Carr	21	7	7	.333	27	17	2	10	10
Murphy	23	7	7	.304	25	12	2	6	8
F. Clarkson	24	7	9	.291	26	14	6	7	8
Stevens	22	5	5	.227	25	12	2	4	7
McGirr	18	4	7	.222	25	12	4	7	4
Gilman	24	5	6	.208	24	9	5	3	7
	204	62	75	.303	228	114	28	52	62
Opponents	151	20	21	.132	178	58	61	13	18
12 innings off F. Clarkson	42	10	10	.237	57	32	7	5	7
33 " W. Clarkson	109	10	11	.091	121	26	54	8	11

*This includes times the men received bases on balls, etc.

FIELDING AVERAGE.

	Po.	A.	E.	F. Av.
W. Clarkson, p.	0	15	0	1.000
Gallagher, 3.	6	4	0	1.000
F. Clarkson, p.	2	3	0	1.000
McGirr, c.	50	3	1	.981
Sullivan, 1.	40	1	1	.976
Carr, s.	8	14	1	.956
W. Clarkson, c.	14	3	2	.888
Stephens, field	5	1	1	.858
Murphy, 2	4	7	2	.846
F. Clarkson, field	2	2	1	.800
Gilman, field	4	2	2	.750
McGirr, field	0	0	1	.000
	135	55	12	.941
Opponents	129	50	44	.811

ADVICE WANTED.

(Anyone having advice to offer will confer a great favor by addressing "Anxious," care Latin and High School Review).

I am in a terrible dilemma. One subject has been uppermost in my mind for some time, and I have been unable to come to any conclusion about the matter. I have at last decided to appeal to the editors of the Review, who now kindly allow me to present my case and ask my readers' advice. In brief, this is my story:

Once there was a Harvard freshman. He was very green. I was that freshman. (N. B. I am still a freshman, but not so green as I used to be.)

It was the day of the annual struggle on the gridiron between Harvard and Yale. Now I have always been of a bashful turn of mind, and although a great admirer of the fair sex, have been content to worship from afar. However, since I was now in college, of course I must do as the other fellows did; so, with a great deal of stammering and blushing, I managed to ask a charming young lady of my acquaintance to go to the Yale game with me. To my surprise, she accepted—I don't know why, unless it was that she was glad enough to go with anyone that turned up. Although I was quite unused to this sort of thing, I determined not to let her know it, as I had watched the process dozens of times, and of course knew all about it.

On the appointed day I called for her bright and early, and found her dressed in a charming crimson gown, ready for the fray. As there was still some time before the game, and as the street cars were very crowded, we decided to walk, and at every corner I punctiliously crossed to the outside of the walk, trying, as I did so, to bow and raise my hat with an air of easy grace. (Not so simple as it looks, however.) After we had walked several blocks I discovered, to my chagrin, that Miss —— had with her a heavy golf cape, which I had not offered to carry. "Break number one," I remarked to myself, as with profuse apologies I relieved her of the burden.

At last we reached the field without my committing any worse blunders than trying to walk up her dress occasionally and dropping her cape in a mud-puddle. Although there were still three-quarters of an hour before the game, there was a crowd in front of the gate, and so in order to be already when our turn came, I felt in my pocket for the tickets, and —they were not there! I felt in another pocket, and still another, but without success. I was ready to collapse, and must have turned pale, for Miss —— said, "Why what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No," I gasped, "but I've left the tickets at home! Can you wait here till I run home and get them? I am sure I shall be back in time for the game, but I know you think I am the stupidest fool that ever lived."

She did not venture any opinion as to this, but agreed to wait; so I hurried away in frantic haste. Fortunately, I did not live very far away. I rushed home, dashed upstairs and began a wild search through my room. I dumped the contents of my bureau drawers on the floor, ransacked my desk, looked in the pockets of all my old clothes, and was just beginning to give up in despair, when my mother came up to see what the matter was. I explained the case to her, and was just trying to enlist her in the search, when much to my disgust she burst out laughing. "Come here, you foolish boy," she said, and with the words put her hand in my outside pocket and drew

out the tickets. "Why I saw you put them there yourself," said she, "just as I was about to tell you not to forget them."

If there had been more time I could have kicked myself around the block, but as it was, I immediately took to my heels and in a few minutes arrived at Soldiers' Field,—breathless, muddy, dishevelled, but triumphant. There I found Miss —— patiently waiting. For once in her life, anyway, she was glad to see me, and we hurried to the field of operations. Our seats were high up in the Harvard section, and we had just reached our lofty perch when the players trotted in, to be greeted by deafening cheers. The cheers were probably for the players, not for us.

Now before the game I had made a resolve to be quiet, and to cheer only a reasonable amount, but the first time the leader shouted, "Three long Harvards and three times three for Harvard!" I threw my resolutions to the winds, opened my mouth to its widest extent, and *yelled.*

The game was most interesting, and in my excitement I punctuated my yells by hitting Miss —— with my elbow, until I should have thought she would have cried for mercy. She didn't seem to mind it much, however, as she was rather excited herself. In one thing she was a revelation to me, for she really knew something about foot-ball. Most girls think they do, and can talk very glibly on the subject, but only succeed in making an awful jumble of touchdowns, goals, fouls, safeties and punts. Miss —— had quite a scientific knowledge of the game, so that I jokingly asked her whether she had ever played it herself. She only confessed to basket-ball, but I should say it was almost equivalent, considering her description. But this is aside. The game grew more and more exciting as the end of the first half drew near. At last, when only a few minutes remained to play, Harvard made a brilliant attempt, and in my frenzy of delight, I brought my hand down on Miss ——'s shoulder with a resounding clap, saying, as I did so, "Isn't that bully, old fellow?" The smiles all around me showed me what I had done, and I made the most humble of apologies. Just as Miss —— was graciously accepting it time was called, and the score was, so far—nothing to nothing "in favor of neither of 'em," as I afterward heard a small boy remark.

The breeze began to grow chilly, and Miss —— wanted her cape, which I had been holding. I started to put it around her, when, lo and behold, it was gone! It had dropped between the seats, and I could see it on the ground, but it was, of course, out of reach. Nothing remained but for me to go down and interview a policeman, which I did. After a series of maneuvres, he succeeded in fishing out that ill-omened cape, and once more I ascended to my high seat, just as the teams came in for the "second spasm."

My part during this half consisted chiefly in yelling till I couldn't speak aloud, jumping up on my seat, and waving my Harvard flag frantically. It was awful to see those provoking blue banners on the other side of the field, and I became more and more excited as time passed, and nobody scored. At last came that dreadful moment when Harvard tried a drop-kick for goal, missed it, and the game was over. Though inwardly furious, I turned calmly to Miss —— and added another to my list of blunders by nearly knocking her hat off with my cane.

But I won't continue this tale of agony much farther. We got started somehow, and I escorted Miss —— to her house without disgracing myself any more. Then I hurried home, blue as a Yale flag. Disappointment at the score, and still worse, disgust at my own performance, filled my mind. I resolved never again to take a girl anywhere, if I couldn't do it without making such a fool of

myself. However, on further deliberation, I have wondered if it would not be better to humbly beg Miss ——'s pardon, and try it again, profiting by my experience.

There is a concert next week, and I want very much to ask her to go, but my courage fails me. Shall I take the risk or not? Do any of the young lady readers think Miss —— would be likely to accept such a bungling escort?

If some kind friend will venture his or her advice on this subject, I shall be only too glad to receive it. I implore you to tell me what to do, and how to do it. M. L. B., '01.

DRAMA AND DANCE.

The senior class of the High School gave a most successful drama and dance at Odd Fellows Hall, North Cambridge, on Friday evening, February 9.

The drama was entitled "A Fool for Luck," and although well presented did not have much of a plot. Following is the cast:

Mr. William Betterby, a young married man in straitened circumstances..... James E. Shannon
Mr. Robert Bidder, his friend..... Edward H. Taylor
Mr. Arthur Babburton, a young Englishman.....Fred H. L. McInnes
Watts, valet to Babburton..Henry D. Wyeth
Mrs. Betterby.....Ellen F. Mahady
Miss Pollard, her younger sister..... Edna P. Smith
Miss Pattern, Betterby's aunt..... Grace E. Tupper

The first act was laid in the breakfast room of Miss Pattern's house. It shows the Betterbys in straitened circumstances as the result of the husband's speculation. Bidder is a friend who is all the time giving encouragement to him, while on the other hand he is blamed by his aunt, Miss Pattern, for everything done.

Mr. Shannon, as Mr. William Betterby, took the part admirably. He was perfectly at home on the stage, and showed a clear interpretation of his part. Mr. Taylor, as his friend, Mr. Robert Bidder, succeeded very well as a New York stock broker. Mr. McInnes took the part of a young Englishman, and although his language did not seem especially adapted for that of an Englishman, his make-up was excellent. Mr. Henry Wyeth was an exceptionally good valet; he thoroughly understood his part and acted it to perfection.

As for the young ladies, Miss Edna Smith as Miss Pollard was exceptionally good. Miss Mahady made a very pretty wife for "William," and Miss Grace Tupper was all that could be desired of an aunt.

The best scene of the play was in the second act, when Miss Pattern, whose hobby is incubators, finds two chickens in hers and comes upon the stage holding two live chickens, at the same time blaming William for the act of mischief, although the innocent young Englishman is the real culprit.

Mr. William V. MacGill had charge of the play, and great credit is due to him for the smooth way in which everything went.

Between the acts a contralto solo entitled "King of the Forest Am I," was rendered by Miss Ruth D. Foxcroft, accompanied by Miss Marion Brown.

McInnes's Orchestra furnished excellent music both during the play and later for dancing. The floor was in charge of Mr. Henry D. Wyeth.

The matrons were Mrs. Francis Foxcroft, Mrs. Benjamin F. Wyeth and Miss Henrietta McIntire.

Following are the aids: Miss Ruth D. Foxcroft, Miss Nettie Haff, Mr. Fred H. Dow and Mr. Fred Hughes.

Clyde R. Mayhew was the business manager. F. H. D., '00.

DEBATING SOCIETIES.

LATIN SCHOOL.

The Latin School Debating Society held the last of the series of inter-class debates on Friday, January 19. Before the debate the society transacted an unusually large amount of business, and some of the discussions on the various topics thus brought up were very interesting. Among other things, it was voted to postpone the semi-annual meeting for the election of officers one week, in order to avoid interfering with the 1900 drama and dance. The society then proceeded to the debate of the evening, which was between the classes of 1900 and 1901.

The subject under discussion was, "Resolved, That the President should interfere to stop the lynching in the South." Messrs. Bennett, Good and Thompson supported the negative for 1900, while Messrs. Linnell, Ammidon and Bennett supported the affirmative for 1901. The two Messrs. Bennett summed up for their respective sides. The debate was exceedingly close and exciting, for there was much good speaking on both sides. The debate centered about the constitutionality of the President's interfering, 1901 quoting from one of the statutes of congress to prove the affirmative, and 1900 attempting to show that this statute in no wise altered the case since it was itself contrary to the constitution.

After a thorough discussion of the merits of both sides the jury gave the debate to 1900, the negative, by a vote of two to one.

We must not omit to say that while the speakers had withdrawn to prepare their rebuttals, White, of 1902, made a short speech on the affirmative which cannot be too highly commended.

John F. Murray, '02, was elected to membership.

A very well attended special meeting was called on Wednesday, January 24. The President, as chairman of the committee appointed to secure joint debates, read a very gratifying communication from Everett. On the recommendation of the committee, it was decided to hold the annual debate with the High School somewhat earlier than usual, and the President was instructed to appoint a committee on arrangements. The reason for this step is the desire of the society to hold a joint debate with the Everett High School Association on one of its few open dates, probably sometime early in May.

HIGH SCHOOL.

On January 12, 1900, the High School Debating Society held a regular meeting, Mr. McInnis presiding. The subject was: "Resolved, That it is for the interests for good government that the citizen act with his party in municipal elections." The speakers for the affirmative were Mr. Blake, Miss Cameron and Mr. Upham. Mr. Upham failed to appear, and Mr. Connolly took his place. The negative was supported by Messrs. Barrier, Hursh and Elder. The debates were some of the best we have had this year, and showed that the speakers had looked up the subject thoroughly and knew what they were talking about. The judges, Mr. Oakes, Mr. Stephens and Mr. Dunn, awarded the debate to the negative.

Miss Hewitt, Mr. Hayes, Mr. Stewart and Mr. Glidden were admitted into the society as regular members, and Mr. Peters as an honorary member.

Mr. Stephens, '99, was appointed temporary chairman at the regular meeting, held January 26, 1900. The society discussed the subject: "Resolved, That an eight-hour labor

day should be adopted in the United States by law." Miss Winegar, '01, was the only speaker on the affirmative who put in an appearance. The negative was supported by Messrs. Clark, '00, and Glidden, '01. The debate was awarded to the negative by the judges, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Dwyer and Miss O'Mara.

Mr. Bennett, from the Latin School Debating Society, challenged the High School Society to a joint debate. The challenge was accepted.

DRAMA AND DANCE.

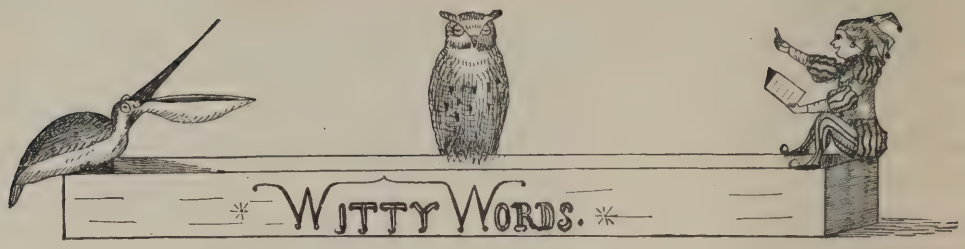
On Friday evening, February 7, the senior class of the Latin School presented Charles Townsend's three-act farce, "The Doctor," with the following cast of characters:

Dillington Hopper. . W. Stewart Whittemore
Thomas Picton. . . . . Angus Estabrook
Crumley Chuggs. . . . . Henry S. Parker
Napoleon B. Plunker. . Herbert C. Davidson
Mrs. Fanny Mayfair. . Miss Elsie D. McWain
Mrs. Anastasia Billowby. Miss M. L. Coleman
Effie Picton. . . . . Miss Grace M. Norris

Farce, it seems to us, is really much more difficult to perform adequately than one would at first suppose. It is hardly possible to overestimate the importance of delicacy in handling this part of the dramatists' art. The situations must be touched ever so lightly, not grasped, or, slight and flimsy in their texture, they will be hopelessly crushed. Therefore it is gratifying to note that this little group of players seemed to appreciate the necessity of rapid action and crisp delivery. Their attempt was successful throughout and at times noteworthy. Especially did Davidson's performance of Plunker surprise and delight us. His make-up was perfect, and his acting well-nigh as perfect as his make-up. He felt the humor of his situations and developed them with a cleverness all his own, portraying the character with an ease and freedom from restraint which usually comes from much experience. Exactly opposed to the boisterous Plunker, was the subtle, bloodless Chuggs of Harry Parker. We cannot resist describing his impersonation as "slick." He keenly estimated the value of his character, and then with unerring artistry, kept within its limits. He, too, made up his character with extreme skill. To complete this group of character parts we must not forget Miss McWain's gay, giddy, flirting Mrs. Mayfair. Indeed, who could forget Mrs. Mayfair? At first one could only seek safety in flight. The widow was a difficult character for an amateur to play, for it required a great deal of self-confidence, of which, however, Miss McWain proved herself amply possessed.

If we have mentioned the character parts first, it is not because we have anything but praise for the others in a cast conspicuous for its almost Gallic evenness of merit. Miss Coleman and Miss Norris both did exceedingly well with their parts, which, however, were more conventional, and therefore less interesting than the others. Estabrook gave a good performance of Thomas Picton, the unfortunate victim of a mother-in-law. He made us feel the pathos of the situation, and his inability to combat this irresistible power until his friend, Dillington Hopper, came to the rescue. Hopper, played by Whittemore, managed to make things lively for a time and then paired off the characters in the good old style. To Whittemore is due great praise for his portrayal of this, the most important character in the farce. His fluent speech and alert action gave brilliancy to the whole performance.

I. K. H.



Bessie—I don't believe that scandal about Mrs. Gayleigh.

Flora—Then why did you tell me of it?

Bessie—I was hoping you could confirm it.

She—How do you expect to support a wife on ten dollars a week?

He—Why, isn't your income larger than that.

"But Fannie," he urged, "I have 50,000 a year."

"Fifty thousand what," she responded, "bad habits?"

Small boy—Pa, for how long is a president elected in France?

Pa—Till he's assassinated, my boy.

Traveler—Can you direct me to Hollow Meadows?

Stranger (who stutters)—G-g-go st-straight a-ahead and y-y-you'll g-get there q-quicker than I c-can' t-tell you.

Elderly lady—Conductor, stop the train, I dropped my wig out of the window.

Conductor—Never mind, Madam, there's a switch just this side of the next station.

Mother—Johnnie, you were not at school yesterday.

Johnny—I knew the teacher would tell you. A woman can never keep a secret.

Chub—Proposed to Miss Perrie yesterday and was accepted.

Dubb—Congratulations, old chap.

Chub—She broke the engagement today.

Dubb—Congratulations, old chap.

The rat (breathlessly) — Goodness, here comes the cat; I suppose the lunch is on me.

"What! eighty years old and in love?"

"Yes, you know he's old enough not to know better."

"Did you hear me sing 'Because I Love You'?" said the young man with the voice like a lathe. "I must have misunderstood," murmured Miss Cayenne; "I thought you were singing because you hated us."

Walker Round—That's a nice house: let's get somethin' to eat there.

Old Hand—Not at all me boy—the lady wat runs that keeps a cooking school.

He—I saw you out driving yesterday with a gentleman. Did he have only one arm?

She—Oh no; the other one was around somewhere.

"What's veal," Benny?

"Oh, it that part of the cow we eat before she grows up.

First Crook—Any luck lately?

Second Crook—No; worked all night on a safe and when I got it open it was a folding bed.

Doctor (just arrived)—What on earth are you holding his nose for?

Pat (kneeling beside the victim)—So his breath won't leave his body, of course.

An Irishman eating his first green corn handed the cob to the waiter and asked, "Will ye plase put some more banes on me stick?"

"Begobs, Oi've got the best of this ould coporation for wonst in me life."

"How is that, Pat?"

"Oi've got a round-thrip ticket to New York and back, and (in a whisper) Oi ain't comin' back."

Little Boy (with camera)—You don't call that a cow you're drawing?

Little Girl—This isn't photography. It's art.

He—Did you see those river mice running up from the water.

She—Yes, they're trying to get away from the cat-fish!

Carson—You are no longer troubled with rheumatism, are you?

Jokes—No, something worse—a doctor.

Old Gruffley (whose daughter has just returned from the play)—Well, did you like it?

Daughter—O yes, it was lovely. The heroine wore eleven different dresses.

"Jack distinguished himself in his final exams, I hear—"

"Yes, his sleight-of-hand was truly marvelous."

Duffer—Does Muffer play ball?

Stuffer—No, he will when they make them with handles.

Father—But how will the young theologian support you?

Daughter—Why, pa, he's an experienced summer-hotel waiter.

Stranger—Is Editor Hull stopping here?

Hotel Clerk—Well, a gentleman whose trousers bagged at the knees, came this morning.

Teacher—Now, Patsy, would it be correct to say, "You can't learn me nothing?"

Patsy—Yes'm.

Teacher—Why?

Patsy—'Cause you can't.

"What is the matter with that man?" asked the little girl at the theatre.

"Which one, dear?" said her mother.

"Why, the one whose hair is too small for him."

On the gate of the cemetery in Rio de Janeiro is a notice in Spanish, French and English that no dogs are admitted unless led by the owner. This is how the announcement is made in "English": "Noble mesdames and gentlemen who may desire a god to follow in this tombs'yard will not be permission unless him drawn by a cable round him throttle."

A SONNET.

Under an ancient elm she stood,
  A fairy form in gray;
Her eyes were bright as the stars of night,
  And she merrily trilled a lay.

I stood in the window and watched her face,
  It was wise and passing fair;
As the ditty she sang so merrily rang
  On the wind of the evening air.

I was stirred to the depths of my very soul,
  Ne'er heard I voice like that;
And I threw all I had at her very feet,
  For she was—my neighbor's cat.

EXCHANGES.

We recommend the following stories to our readers:

No. 52, Crescent: Story of St. Bertrand's Birth, Vivien, Y. H. S. Searchlight; A Christmas Gift, Igontz Mosaic; Character of Hamlet, Central Collegian; Tiberius Gracchus, White and Blue; Sunshine and Shadow, One Kind of a Hero, Crescent; What it Cost, a Foreign Landing, Chronicle; Insane Monarchs, Central College Magazine; Story of Princess Alys, Syracuse University Herald.

GIRLS' CORNER.

History tells us that there were two St. Valentines. One, a bishop of Rome, was thrown into jail during the Claudian persecutions for refusing to give up his faith. While there, he cured the keeper's daughter of blindness. Cupid, on the other hand, makes blind all who come under his influence. Because of the miracle which he had performed, St. Valentine was beheaded. The other Valentine was also a bishop, and he, too, met with an untimely but less tragic death. He was choked to death by a fish bone. Both of these good saints would doubtless have been surprised, and perhaps not a little shocked, had they known that a day of festivity and merry-making would bear their name.

Walking four or five abreast in the corridor of the High School seems to have gone out of fashion to some extent, or at least we do not hear any more about it in the hall.

Some time ago a certain leader of Boston society appeared at a social function clad in an evening dress, and carrying in one hand an immense muff, and in the other a fan. This was probably the style at the time, but it did seem a little ridiculous. A pretty modification of this fashion is coming into vogue—that is, the custom of carrying at parties and dances, dainty muffs of mull, adorned with artificial flowers and lace. Of course, these are entirely for ornament and not for protection against cold, so they are made as light as possible.

The High School seniors would doubtless be glad if some one would set the fashion of wearing fur muffs, and collars, too, in the school room; for at recess, the mercury certainly does sink dangerously near to the freezing point.

The cooking classes are doing very nicely, if we may judge from the tempting dishes that are carried up to some of the teachers, and the savoury odors that arise from the kitchen.

The basket-ball players who have been vigorously opposing the formation of regular classes in gymnastics, on the ground that the teams will have less time for practice, should remember that there are many girls who are not able to play basket-ball who would enjoy exercises and games of a milder nature. It is to be hoped that a large number of this latter class will avail themselves of the present opportunity for systematic physical training.

"MR. DOOLEY" ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

"An' annyhow, women'll niver vote," said Mr. Dooley, interrupting Mr. Donahue's discourse on Woman Suffrage. "In th' first place, th' men won't lave thim do it. They have th' monnopoly now, an' they're far from foolish enough to let go iv anny iv it. Thin no woman cares f'r politics. Down in her heart she hates an' despises it, an' wondhers what it's all about. An' I don't blame her. Not till they start a political column in Butthrick's Pattherns will ye iver be able f'r to musther a corp'ral's guard iv women at th' polls. I b'lieve if ye was to take th' sthrongest woman sufferejest in th' counthry an' sarch her ye'd find she didn't care whether William J. O'Brien was Aldherman or Congressman. Th' on'y time th' likes iv thim knows who's President is whin th' President gets married. He has their devotion in his wife's name."

"Well, I dinnaw about that!" said Mr. Donahue. "'Tis lookin' dangerous whin Mrs. Donahue begins to think iv votin'. In times past she never knew 'twas iliction day till she saw th' pathrol wagon go by."—*February Ladies' Home Journal.*

PREPARING FOR COMPANY.

Miss Jane was superintending the broiling of steak at the stove when suddenly the house was completely upset by Henry's casual remark that he had seen Miss Wood in town, and that she expected to call that afternoon. Immediately all became bustle! The already painfully neat floor of the spacious farmhouse kitchen was swept and scoured until it almost begged for mercy. Miss Jane and her little maid of all work hurried here and there, picking up this, setting to rights that; even the cat fled in terror to the veranda from that safe retreat to look in wonderingly at proceedings. Henry ventured to ask no questions, but gazed in open-eyed amazement at this uncalled-for "fuss" as he termed it in his masculine mind.

"Men never understand such things!" thought Miss Jane indignantly, as she watched him lazily stretch himself under the trees, out of reach of all this confusion. He, listlessly watching the clouds of blue smoke from his cigar wreath about his head, mused on the strangeness of womankind in general, and, above all, this queer old aunt of his, with whom he had but a two days' acquaintance. Why in the world the arrival of a friend of his aunt's in town should cause such a general upheaval of an already spotless house was a problem he could not solve. However, he intended, now that he was once out of the way, to stay out until this eventful visit should come to an end. The cat seemed to be of the same opinion, for after she had been rather forcibly reminded by her usually gentle mistress that she could not occupy her favorite mat in front of the fire, Miss Tabitha, with a very much injured air, seated herself on one of the branches of the tree under which Henry lay.

Meanwhile in the house the preparation was going on. Hardly could Achilles have fought a fiercer battle against the Trojans than did Miss Jane against the dust. Every piece of furniture, whether it needed it or not, was beaten and brushed and polished until you could see your face in it. With due reverence that sacred room, the parlor, was opened. With pride Miss Jane dusted the old-fashioned wreathes of everlasting, the shells brought from foreign lands by her sailor brother; the tall vases filled with dried grasses which she, herself, had gathered many years ago. On the walls a long row of ancestors seemed to look down questioningly on the intruders. The little maid scarcely dared touch anything, but stood awestruck, watching Miss Jane as she arranged the stiff-backed chairs against the wall in a forbidding line and opened the shutters a crack—only a crack—no matter how honored the guest, not even for the President himself would the light have been allowed to enter this sacred room and fade the furniture and carpet. With a sigh of relief, the little maid hurried to get the richest fruit cake and the oldest Madeira wine, while Miss Jane donned her best snuff-colored gown, snowy kerchief, and what was the crowning glory, in her eyes,—and indeed it was a wonderful structure,—a lace cap with large lavender ribbons.

At last all is ready, and with a sigh of satisfaction, mistress and maid have gone through the rooms for the last time to see that all is right, straightening a chair here, wiping off an imaginary bit of dust there.

Henry was beginning to doze when he heard a step on the walk, two sharp thumps of the brass knocker, and his aunt's voice saying, "Why, my dear Miss Wood, what a surprise!"

H. M. E., '02.

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

PUBLISHED monthly during the school year by the undergraduates of the Cambridge Latin School and the Cambridge English High School.

Contributions are solicited from undergraduates and alumni, and may be left in the REVIEW boxes at the schools or mailed to "THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW," 26A Brattle Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Contributors will please write legibly in ink on one side of the paper only and sign their names in full.

Terms of subscription, seventy-five cents a year. Single copies, ten cents.

Address all business communications and make checks payable to the Business Manager.

Entered at Post-Office, Boston, as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRESS OF CAUSTIC & CLAFLIN, CAMBRIDGE.

Board of Editors.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

HOLLAND BENNETT, '00.

First Associate Editor.

FRED H. DOW, '00.

Associate Editors.

GRACE M. NORRIS, '00.
ELSIE D. MCWAIN, '00.
CHESTER A. GARFIELD, '00.
EDGAR L. SMITH, '01.
JENNIE B. ALLYN, '00.
EDNA P. SMITH, '00.
HAROLD W. BENNETT, '01.
PSYCHE CERES HEYWOOD, '02

Class Editors.

MARY L. COLEMAN, '00.
RALPH H. CROSWELL, '01.
FREDERICK W. RIED, '02.
ALEXINA L. P. BOWLBY, '03.
LAWRENCE AMEE, '04.
IDA M. STEVENS, '01.
JOHN T. GLIDDEN, '01.
SYLVANUS W. WILDER, '02.
FLORENCE M. HAYDEN, '03.
FLETCHER W. TAFT, '03.
GRACE R. LUKE, '04.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

CLIFFORD H. WALKER, '00.

Assistants.

LOUIS W. SUMNER, '02.
JOHN C. DAVENPORT, '00.
PROCTOR CARR, '00.
PHILIP R. AMMIDON, '01.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The next issue of the REVIEW will appear on Thursday, March 15, 1900. All copy *must* be in by Saturday, March 3.

The class of 1901, Cambridge High School, will hold a drama and dance at the Newtowne Club Hall, North Cambridge, Wednesday evening, February 21, 1900. The tickets are fifty cents. The name of the drama is "The Bachelor's Banquet." As this is the last affair of the season it should be well attended.

The contest for positions on the staff closes next month. Let everyone get in some good work before then.

The annual indoor meet of the Boston Athletic Association will be held in Mechanics Hall some time in March.

CORRECTION.

In our last issue we carelessly omitted Miss Salmon's name from the list of characters in the Latin School Junior Drama. She played the leading lady's part of Madelina Dering. Miss Edgerly played Dora Vanderveer.

As usual, the REVIEW may be found on sale at Amee's in Harvard square and at Beunke's, 553 Massachusetts avenue.

Get your pictures taken as soon as possible and avoid the rush.

LATIN SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY.

The society held a meeting on Friday evening, February 9, and elected the following officers for the last half year: president, William H. Thompson, '00; vice president, Timothy F. Burns, '02; secretary, John P. Wyman, '03; treasurer, Harold W. Bennett, '01.

Webster's Dictionary, thoroughly up-to-date, is the best.

THE HOUSE OF PERONNE.

CHAPTER III.

LOUIS XI. OF FRANCE.

Of all the strange and wicked kings who have ever ruled great nations, Louis XI. of France probably ranks as the strangest and, in many ways, the most wicked. He seems utterly to have lacked all the better and more lofty sentiments as love, honor and loyalty. He loved no one—not even his own father; or, still more strange to relate, his own son. On account of this hatred and jealousy towards his parent, he had, before the death of Charles VII., for some time been living at the court of the Duke of Burgundy; but the moment he received word that he was now King of France he deliberately turned his back on his kind host, never again to meet him in friendship. It is even said that on the afternoon of the day on which his father was buried, young Louis, in the best of spirits, and not one whit ashamed of the fact, went hunting. But perhaps we had best not believe all we read of him, for let a man but once get a bad reputation and there are hundreds, aye thousands, of lying tongues and pens that will take care to record and magnify. However, it seems to be certain that he never told the truth if he could help it; estimated all other men as being deceitful as himself, and on this account, when he did chance to have dealings with an honest man he was most often deceived by his own over-cunning. Physically, he was a great coward, terrified at the mere sight of an unsheathed blade even as James I. of England, and also like this peculiar British monarch, constantly in fear of assassination, on which account he maintained a large body-guard of Scots, whom, since they were foreigners and for the most part ignorant of the French language, he considered less likely to be corrupted. But his most strongly marked peculiarity was his habit of attaching to himself any especially crafty man he met, thinking he would be less dangerous as a friend than an enemy, and it was on the knowledge of this habit that M. Rossignole founded all his hopes.

For a moment we must continue our actual history. Burgundy and France, as has already been stated, were most bitter enemies. After fighting several battles, more or less severe, without materially injuring each other, Louis proposed to visit Charles of Burgundy and hold a conference; for, being expert at the trade, he always preferred lying and cheating to open war. The proposition sounded very fair, and Burgundy could not but accept. As a meeting place, Charles appointed Peronne because, as we have been at some pains to show, the Marquis still kept up the pretense of being neutral and he guaranteed Louis a safe passage to and fro.

Charles the Bold of Burgundy, as indeed the name implies, was rough, open and brave —anything but a diplomat—and so Louis's hopes ran very high. It is to just this point that our narrative has arrived. Louis never had an organized council; that is, never deigned to take advice from his nobles, because he believed that at heart they all hated him, for they certainly had sufficient reason. Instead, he had a few choice associates, the principal one being the court barbar, with whom he conferred when he asked advice from anyone.

The room wherein the King was now seated was a large apartment, furnished in a rich but simple and rather somber manner, and but feebly lighted by a couple of narrow windows scarcely larger than port-holes. Outside could be heard the measured tread of the guards as they paced up and down, while

within all was quiet, but for the nervous coughing of the King. Louis was a man of middle height, thin, with a very crafty, stealthy look pervading all his features. He betrayed his nervousness by the way in which he was constantly shrugging his shoulders, clasping and unclasping his hands, or twitching some other part of his body. His clothing was dark and extremely plain, save a velvet scull-cap which he always wore, and which had for a band silver images of the saints linked together in a chain. His voice had a false, hollow ring, although, as yet, strong with youth and vigor; indeed, in every particular—speech, appearance, manner—he seemed exactly what he was: an Arch-deceiver. He was alone, seated writing, and apparently deep in thought.

"Ah!" mused he, for he was accustomed to meditate aloud, "so my cousin Charles would have me come to Peronne on this friendly little visit of mine. Very well—very well—so be it. Let me think—Peronne—Peronne—ay! that is the home of the hesitating Marquis, M. le Marquis. I don't know what I want. Ha! Ha! This shows pretty clearly where the Duke thinks Peronne's sympathies are, but he has a brother scarcely of the same mind. But now we shall know—we shall know. Surely it is time for la Barée."

Even as he spoke, a second heavy foot-fall rang without; the sentry challenged, the door was thrown open, and in walked our friend, la Barée. He knelt, but when the King cried impatiently: "Rise! Rise! we've no time for ceremony," he hastened to obey. "Come, la Bareé," the King continued, "how is our dear cousin, Charles of Burgundy, and his faithful ally, Jasmin de Peronne?" "Sire," responded the messenger, "at least, the Marquis will not openly declare himself hostile to your Majesty. It is impossible to entrap him into a declaration. M. Jean, his brother, will oppose whatever he does, so you have at least one friend within the walls."

"Um. So I supposed. Any other news?"

"Just this, your Majesty: As I was leaving Peronne a certain man entrusted this note to my care, to be handed to no one save yourself. He seemed crazed, fanatical—but, doubtless, all is explained within."

The King took the letter and read it, while his face betrayed the liveliest satisfaction. "So he will, will he? So he will?"

"Ay! Sire, so he says," responded la Barée, for he understood the drift of his master's thoughts.

"Barée, we have news from Burgundy today. A fortnight hence we meet him at Peronne. Haste back to this man, this fanatic—bid him make haste, if in truth he is our man, but to be careful, ciel! so careful—the Duke is no fool."

"Ay, Sire, I go." And la Barée left the room.

"Roderick! Roderick!" called the King. The guard entered. "Send word to your master that we await him. We go to see our dear cousin of Burgundy."

When the king was again alone he became very thoughtful. Reverently he took off the skull-cap, already described, and held it in his hands before him. Then kneeling, and addressing the image of the Holy Virgin, he earnestly began, "Sancte Maria!—ora pro me! grant but that I catch this wolf in his own lair! Grant but success to this Rossignole, and I will give"—

But suddenly his manner changed as of a man awakening from a dream; he cast the hat on the floor violently and rose from his knees. "Sacre bleu!" he cried, "if I supposed you knew one-tenth, one hundredth of all the schemes within my head, how long would it be before you perished in the fire?"

But now we must spread the sturdy pinons of narrative and sail towards Peronne—the real seat of our story; but we need not hurry for we have a whole week wherein to com-

plete the journey. But our week is o'er and martial sounds bid us alight.

There is a troop of gallant horsemen trotting through the crowded square, and at their head the largest and handsomest of them all, on a foaming black charger, behold Burgundy's Duke—he who has dared, openly, to defy the power of France—Charles the Bold. "All hail the Duke! Vive Charles! Long live Burgundy!" Hear the thundering shouts. Verily Burgundy is among his own people. But here comes our neutral Marquis de Peronne to meet his royal guest, but let all be hushed; he is about to speak.

"People, men of Peronne, I do now openly and steadfastly declare allegiance to my rightful lord, Charles, Duke of Burgundy, our King. It is your wish, it is mine"; and he kisses the Duke's hand. The people raise a great shout, absolutely heedless of the future, only of the present. The dreary old chateau is all ablaze with light and gayety and good cheer for what would not Jasmin de Peronne do for his King? The old Chateau de Peronne has become for the time being a royal palace.

Here, also, mingling with the crowd is our old scapegrace, Jacques Rossignole, as smooth and swave as ever. He has been waiting for a week—will word never come from France? So ran his thoughts when la Barée touched his sleeve—no longer in official garb, but dressed as a well-to-do tradesman.

"My wife is ill—very ill," he said. "Oh, Monsieur, I beg you to come with me." It is unnecessary, perhaps, to state that he did "come," and that with all possible speed, for he at once recognized the speaker. However, he never showed the slightest sign of surprise until they were well away from the crowds and alone on one of the side streets; then, after taking the precaution to look up and down the road to make sure that no one was coming who might interrupt the interview, he turned sharply, and spoke nervously:

"Well, sir! What is it?"

La Barée replied, quoting the King exactly:

"Make haste! on! but careful—ciel! so careful—the Duke is no fool."

"Even so!" quoth Rossignole, glancing nervously round, then bracing himself more firmly: "Even so! I make haste!"

CHAPTER IV.

WHEREIN ROSSIGNOLE SHOWS THE CLOVEN HOOF.

The moon, looking down at midnight, saw M. Rossignole and M. Jean de Peronne walking together in the park before the castle. It was a most beautiful night, one of those clear, calm nights when the moon herself seems outshone in brilliancy by the myriads of twinkling stars, and, queen that she is, seems surrounded by a halo of her own and her vassal's brightness. How is it possible for the mind of man to plan evil on such a night under such a heaven, in a quiet so peaceful that it seems as if the Lord must hear and know all in our minds as well as all upon our lips? But however strange, however much beyond our understanding, this is just the mission on which these two men were bent. The stars shone, and the moon beamed upon them through a fleecy cloud with a gentle, mellow light, but they heeded not; neither did they care, for to them all was dark—they were wrapped in the blackness of their own thoughts.

It was Rossignole, whose easy musical tones disagreed strangely with the thoughts they expressed, who spoke, "Yes. So it will be, Monsieur: you le Marquis de Peronne, I your confidential adviser, both of us shielded and protected by Louis of France—your dear brother, Jasmin, le Marquis *à présent*, in that land whence he will never return to make trouble; a half dozen of Charles's best officers to keep him company, so the Devil leads us

aright. For the present Charles himself lives; he is too large game as yet."

Then M. Jean answered: "If all the message is true—ay!—by my faith, I believe you —'tis well. Rossignole, you are the Devil incarnated, but you may have me body and soul."

And so, in a brief minute, was determined the destruction of seven noble men. For a moment the two were hushed. Even they could not help being impressed by the magnitude of their undertaking, and for a short time were awed by it.

But the silence was soon broken by the rustling of leaves, and a band of six rudely clad gallows-birds of the very worst type drew up before the pair. Rossignole nodded to the leader by way of signifying his satisfaction at their presence, and then in a most methodical manner proceeded to business: a method so methodical and business-like that it even disgusted Jean—hardened villain that he was.

"Pierre Marot," said Rossignole, "You're the chief, and to you belongs the largest game. Pierre—I have fifty louis d'or awaiting you the moment I hear Bolonté is dead." Then he turned aside to Jean, and said in an undertone, "That's one. "Doulé—you take Carnot —45 louis; that's two. Celice—Ardrouson—40 louis; three. Farniesse—Jouet—40 louis; four. Jarcot—Bassiet—35 louis; five. Lambert—Blanc—35 louis; and there's the six. Now, my men, I've the money—bring me six daggers well stained—one for each life—and the money is yours. Tomorrow night is the time set. Hold! The king bird, the prince of all we reserve for ourselves. We ourselves will care for le Marquis."

"What, *we*? I? I kill my own brother."

"Surely, and why not? Men, to your tasks, go!" When they had departed, Jean turned and faced Rossignole, his face wearing a dogged, stubborn expression, which showed as clearly as words that for once Rossignole had demanded too much. "Rossignole," said he, "is it not enough that I should consent to the act without actually committing it? Do as you will, but I shall not do this. Tomorrow evening I go to visit the fair Marie de Lasalle. Why be contented with one town when two lie at your feet?"

Rossignole saw it was of no use to argue, so he only said, "Two men are better than one—but very well, you may rely on me."

Then after a few moments' whispered conversation the two men parted. The moon shone none the less brightly—the stars twinkled none the less merrily; after all, it was but seven drops from the ocean, seven grains of sand from the sea-shore.

Let us again pick up the lost thread of our history, the life and happenings of le Marquis de Peronne. There had now been, as has been said, peace in Peronne for some years, although there had been no cessation of hostilities until now between France and Burgundy. The tide of war had been uncertain, first setting one way and then the other—but never in all this time had Jasmin, however hard pressed, pledged himself to either side, until Charles came to Peronne, as we have related. It was not cowardice, but the greatest bravery; the struggle seemed interminable, and he followed the directions of both his common sense and his conscience when he determined to give his people peace by remaining neutral: so they loved him for it, and were all the more ready to obey when finally he did declare himself. But all knew his tendency to admire the Duke and despise the King so that, as we have also seen, report had even reached the ears of the suspicious Louis—but to no purpose. But what a temptation had there been to put aside this natural preference, to cast away all feelings of manliness, honor and self-respect, and to pledge his services to the King.

Yet he stood firm; there was still peace in Peronne, for le Marquis had a hand and a will which none dared withstand; peace—for all

except the peace-maker, for such is the irony of fate. Let us see if we recollect who it was that we saw dancing at the ball with Jasmin de Peronne. Surely we have not forgotten our friend, Marie de Lasalle. If we had been more observing, even then we must have noticed how untiring he was in all little attentions; how carefully and with what a pleased and longing expression he watched and admired each change which passed over her sunny features; how, when, perforce, he must dance with some other partner, he would so far forget himself as utterly to neglect his companion, that he might follow Marie with his adoring and jealous gaze where e'er she went. And could it have been only excitement or perchance exercise that caused our stately lady's cheeks to become just a tint more rosy, or her eyelids to droop ever so little, and, through all her queenliness of bearing, to show in some indescribable manner her complete satisfaction when she again felt his strong arm shielding and supporting her? To deny it would have been useless—all the other fine gentlemen and fair ladies recognized the fact, and smiled upon them. Jasmin and Marie were in love. They courted as became neighboring lord and lady, with all the quaint grandeur, solemity and ceremony of the day. When M. le Marquis would fain see the fair Mistress of Lasalle he rode thither with a troop of his mounted guard at his back, each man riding a beautiful great charger and wearing a plumed helmet, a gay cloak, and at the heels of his high riding boots, spurs, as bright and sharp as the steel blade at his side; and if the fair lady chanced to follow the chase, it was le Marquis who attended her. All went well—alas, too well! They plighted their vows, but here matters stopped, for Marie de Lasalle was a ward of the King—of Louis XI. of France. On his death bed her over-prudent father had arranged matters thus, and the mistress and sole heir of Lasalle might never marry without the royal consent. And Louis of France, because he already had begun to doubt the fidelity of the Marquis, chose his revenge with a practiced hand, and said, "No." Schemer, and skilful schemer that he was, he sought thus to bring into his power a young nobleman so incautious as to have a mind of his own. So years passed; Jasmin could not, would not, pledge himself to the service of a king who had shown himself such a tricking scoundrel; no more did he disire to give up a forlorn hope and join the Duke. Perhaps it was this, as much as the welfare of his city, which had kept him for so many years neutral. But time did not lessen their mutual affection, it was too true. They could not advance, and they would not retreat. Louis had sworn never to permit the marriage.

At this stage of affairs Jean—M. Jean de Peronne—actually dared to step in and propose to his brother's betrothed; and the King not only consented, but encouraged him; for in the strife, which must necessarily follow, he saw the downfall of an enemy. But our lady was as true as she was fair, and scorning him, made him repeat his proposals before his brother; but when Jasmin rose in anger and would have shot Jean then and there, she held his arm and bade him refrain as he loved her, for surely she had shown her fidelity—and for her sake he did. But now we must leave, nor, in truth am I loath to go, for such a sight—a gallant gentleman in useless love with so fair a lady, and his shameless brother, with the same lady's property—pains me grievously.

Behold once more, for one fleeting instant, Rossignole and Jean. Another day has passed since last we saw them. Rossignole speaks, "Monsieur Jean, King Louis arrives tomorrow. Let us do our work well! Tonight—but careful. Remember! tonight!"

"Ay! tonight," quoth M. Jean—and this was all.

Le Marquis de Peronne was tired nigh unto

death, and retired early—very early; that is to say, at about ten o'clock. There had been a great banquet in honor of the Duke's arrival, but his host had neither eaten nor drunk—he could not; he felt sick, worn, uneasy, and however cheerful he strove to be, his mind seemed to revolt at this unnatural gayety and to sink into still deeper gloom: he felt as if he were on the brink of some great danger; he had no unusual reasons for suspicion, but somehow this strange presentiment seemed to vibrate in every fiber of his body to fill his whole mind. Truthful men—men who have been to war and who have had the most startling adventures—tell us that there is really such a feeling—a warning of future danger.

Who sends it? Whence does it come? No one knows. It merely descends slowly, surely, as the shadow of a past crime or the ghost of an evil thought: it is a ghost. As Poe says, "I am the shadow," we are unable to feel it because it is not tangible, and yet we realize its presence—oh! how well—impressed on our minds, pervading all our thoughts sleeping or waking. It is the herald of the shadow of death; it is a mercy if the shadow itself never falls, for if it does there is no escape. Live on air, be surrounded by a thousand men, but you will die—the shadow claims you. I, for one, truly believe that men are often warned of danger by this mysterious shadow; at any rate, Jasmin was.

As I said, at the table he could touch no wine, but recoiled at the mere thought—the shadow placed its cold, clammy hands on his fevered brow. Silent and gloomy, a poor host, perhaps his guests were no less merry when, pleading illness, he withdrew for the night.

Jasmin now inhabited the great somber chamber, which we have already described, as the room in which the old Marquis was murdered; if possible, still more dreary, damp and gloomy than before. A wood-fire burned low in the chimney, flickering uncertainly, but otherwise the chamber was utterly devoid of cheer or brightness. All was hushed within—without, mayhap an owl raised its mournful cry, or a raven, disturbed in its sleep, uttered a gloomy croak; otherwise, all was silent as death. The stars were hidden behind a heavy bank of thunder-heads, while the full moon might have been quenched for all the light she gave; and yet there was no rain, only the terrible darkness and silence rudely broken by an occasional flash of lightning, or by the angry, foreboding rumble of distant thunder.

When Jasmin retired that night he took his dagger with him; instinct bade him, and to instinct he could but yield. Shortly afterwards he fell asleep, not from choice, but from sheer exhaustion; for he seemed absolutely unable to live longer without rest. His sleep was that which usually comes in such cases, although restless as to the continual turning and uneasiness of the body, still, for the mind, absolute, unbroken repose. It is from such a sleep as this that it is hardest to awaken one—the sleep of exhaustion.

Gently the door opened, and softly, with altogether unnecessary precaution, as a veritable shadow, so still and gliding, entered a form wrapped in black robes, as a bad dream come to haunt the tired man. The eyes glistened and fixed themselves coldly, serpent-like, on the sleeper; then the mouth opened and he spoke, but the voice seemed not to come thence. "As I thought, Aye! Very good! He took the first draught in his wine—he shall take the other now; he sleeps—he shall sleep." With these words a white hand stole forth from the dark folds of his gown, clasping a tiny vial. He crept slowly to the bed, smiling a sinister smile as some fierce animal sure of his prey; then he raised the vial to the sleeper's lips, his whole face expressive of an almost diabolical joy. The lips of Jasmin were closed tightly, but the physician

drew forth a tiny lancet: remember, Jasmin was supposed to be under the influence of a drug. Rossignole muttered, "He sleeps as if dead; surely it is safe." The lancet was inserted between the lips, and they opened with a groan; but the eyes opened too.

Quickly he raised the vial, for there was a chance of the patient's swallowing before he fully regained consciousness. But le Marquis was too quick; he brushed it aside, jumped up, seized the wretched man by the throat, and pressed him to the floor. He reached for his dagger with one hand, while he held Rossignole with the other. "Mercy!" gasped the doctor, "M. Jasmin, I was but administering the physic!" Jasmin was now thoroughly awake.

"What?" said he, never loosening his grasp.

"Mercy! I heard you were ill and would have relieved you without disturbing you. 'Tis all."

Jasmin picked up the vial and poured some of its contents into the palm of his hand. It was mercury. "So mercury's the physic?" he said, sarcastically.

The doctor trembled and gave way; he begged for remembrance of his past services; he said he was walking in his sleep; he begged like a dog, a whipped puppy. Suddenly a thought seemed to flash across Jasmin's mind. "Where is my brother; where is M. Jean?" he demanded fiercely of his captive, while he pressed the cold steel of the dagger against Rossignole's throat.

"At Lasalle, Oh, spare me, spare me! Say the word, and I'll kill him!" gasped the wretch. Le Marquis looked at him in disgust, then suddenly, and without knowing why, he broke into an hysterical laugh.

"At Lasalle! Begone, puppy!" he said, "a man must not refuse a dog! Begone! and never show your hell-hound face here again —Go!"

And he went.

(To be continued.)

ALUMNI NOTES.

Hon. John Read has just been elected one of the vice presidents of the Republican Club of Massachusetts.

Gibson Bell, '97, presided at the exercises held January 23 in Sanders Theatre for the dedication of the Phillips Brooks house.

Alexander Dickinson, '90, was one of the Three Musketeers in the play given by the Cadets at the Tremont Theatre during the week of February 5 to 10, and entitled, "Miladi and the Musketeer."

Philip Sharples, '91, was one of the winners at the skating contest recently held in the rink on Mt. Auburn street.

Hugh Bancroft, '95, was a contestant in the Boston College games held in the Mechanics building in January.

Henry Winslow, '98, was one of Harvard's representatives in the B. A. A. games held in Mechanic's Building, Saturday, February 3.

H. H. Fox, '96, is secretary of the Harvard Whist Club.

It was announced in last month's Review that the Rev. Charles Carroll Fiske was a graduate of the High School. This is not so.

H. H. Murdock, '97, is on the committee that has charge of the awarding of the Leiter cups for scrub base-ball teams at Harvard. Mr. Murdock has been appointed assistant manager of the 'varsity base-ball team for the season of 1900.

Miss Alice Geddes of the class of '99 is editor of the Woman's column of the Cambridge Chronicle.

Lewis Humphrey, '96, had a story in the Harvard Advocate of January, entitled the "F and O. Laundry."

F. J. Goodridge, '94, M. L. Beardsall, '96, and A. M. Goodridge, '96, are playing on the Harvard 'Varsity Hockey Team, Beardsall being captain.

A number of the C. L. S. alumnæ hold offices in Radcliffe organizations: Miss Ellen T. Batchelor, '96, is president of 1900; Miss Agnes B. Morgan, '97, secretary of 1901; Miss Mabel G. Hale, '98, vice president of 1902. Miss Eleanor Wesselhoeft, '97, is vice president of the Idler Club, and secretary of The Deutsche Verein; Miss Alice D. Chamberlain, '96, president of the Science Club; Miss Blanche M. Cook, '95, leader of the Mandolin Club; and Miss Florence W. James, '96, president of the Semitic and Glee Clubs, and business manager of The Radcliffe Magazine.

POLICEMAN THE CULPRIT.

In a town, not far distant from here, considerable coasting down the main street has been enjoyed during this last winter. The only trouble has been that the use of double-runners before nine in the evening has been forbidden. But as this law has been enforced by two large, rather ill-natured policemen, almost everyone has considered that there was no remedy for it, and has patiently waited each night until the appointed hour before appearing on the hill with a double-runner.

But one evening, it was proved that not quite everyone took the submissive view of the subject. At about eight o'clock, I happened to be passing up the hill, when, to my great surprise, I saw a young man with three girls preparing to make the descent on a double-runner. At the same time I saw the largest of the two large policemen tearing up the hill and shouting, "Stop there, stop, you can't coast with that thing fur an hour yet."

But his shouts were of no use. The double runner had started with all four on board. The policeman stopped running for an instant, utterly amazed at his ill-success, and then started to get out of the way; but he had waited too long. The double-runner steered right for him, and seated him suddenly but surely upon its front end. The five went on in this manner for a short distance, when suddenly the fellow who had been steering till now, rolled off, leaving the astonished and enraged policeman in a most embarrassing position,—speeding on towards the centre of the town, steering a double-runner with three girls on it, and the clock on the town hall just striking eight. But he bravely stuck to his place, and in a minute came into the middle of the town, where the double-runner stopped directly in front of the station house. I was not near enough to see what followed, but in the paper the next morning, I read that one of the police force had been fined two dollars for coasting down Main street on a double-runner before nine o'clock.

R. H. C., '01.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

1900.

Roper is captain of the class hockey team.

In Harmony, she said rubber when she meant eraser.

What animal is the mascot of 1900?

In English:
Teacher—What event just two hundred and fifty-one years ago?
Bright pupil—Lincoln's birthday.

Who stole that poster?

Notice: Those not having furs should not remain in the senior room at recess.

The upper corridor has a strange fascination for some members of our class.

The lower classes all have their whispering recess. Do they conduct themselves so much better than the seniors?

The following Cambridge High School graduates and former pupils are enrolled this year at the Bryant and Stratton Commercial School: Misses Ellen L. Power, '99, Theresa C. Clay, '99, Mary E. Holman, '98, Lillian G. Baldwin, '96, Mary T. Breen, Nora M. Olsen, Mary Sullivan, Helen Connell and Mr. Ernest C. Snow.

1901.

Thursday, February 1, the Institute boys went to visit Curtis, Davis & Co's. Soap Works. They were very kindly shown over the building by the superintendent, Mr. Loveland. The visit was very profitable and was enjoyed by everyone.

Our drama will be the last of the season. Everyone should take hold and make it a great success.

Match-burning is not a success as an occupation.

The mid-years we have always with us.

A menagerie is being formed in Miss Rogers' room. Miss C—— has kindly loaned a cat.

John is trying to regain his lost reputation. He now steers clear of the girls.

Is Miss W—— getting a collection of class pins?

1901 seems to be doing its share in the Debating Society this year. The girls especially are taking a great interest in the society.

Botany class: No bouquets!

In the last Review it was stated that at a class meeting, it was voted to exclude outsiders from the socials. Such is not the case. It was voted to allow them to come with the consent of the social committee.

Brigham is captain of the class hockey team.

1902.

The class social for January was held on the eighteenth at Mr. Miller's house, 148 Hancock street. A large number were present and the evening was enjoyed by all. The entertainment was in the form of an illustrated joke party, in which Mr. Cleveland took first prize. Miss Goerwitz, Miss Sawyer, Miss Dodge, Miss Cogswell and Mr. and Mrs. Green were present.

We are glad to see Miss D'Arcy with us again, after a short but severe illness.

The basket-ball team held a most enjoyable social at the home of Miss Hughes, on

Pleasant street, January 29. The library party was very interesting, the illustrations for "Our Mutual Friend and Commentator on Acts" being among the hardest to solve. Miss Boyce took the first prize, while Miss Dunn captured the consolation prize. Miss Smith and Mrs. Greene kindly acted as chaperons. Among those present were Misses Boyce, Bateman, Wales, Carr, Place, Mallory, Bowlby, Colby, Hubert, Hughes, Ward, D. Smith, Sanborn, Halliday, Stiles, Dunn and Tivrian, Messrs. Bateman, Hawes, Hursh, Davison, Wilder, Priest, Wight, Crawford, Sanborn, Atherton, Tibbits, Hughes, Dunn, Goldwith and Robertson.

A great discovery in the physical laboratory; horse-power is what a horse can do in a minute.

All the boys interested in hockey should come out and practice for the class team. Mr. Dunn is captain.

The basket-ball girls have learned to wink! How schocking!

1903.

Stuart, the captain of the class hockey team, broke his nose while playing hockey on Artificial pond a few weeks ago.

Who is the artist of 1903?

Miss Anable is the new algebra teacher.

Where is "quam" found?

How many visitors we have had lately!

Oh! what matches!

TO A MAGAZINE-COVER GIRL.

I'll not gainsay your beauty, for indeed you're wondrous fair,
But tell me, oh, I pray you, how you ever fix your hair?
It sweeps in wavy billows up and down and round the page,
It winds you and it binds you in an inky, silken cage.

And while you are about it, lovely type of perfect grace,
Explain the way you manage to secure your gown in place;
It's made of airy nothings, and it hardly seems to touch,
And if you'll send a pattern I will thank you very much.

I hope you won't be angry, but another thing I'd know—
A question that perplexes me as seasons come and go—
What do you call the flowers you invariably wear—
Those little things like cabbages that nestle in your hair?

—*Brooklyn Life.*

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

1900.

How did you like our drama?

We must thank the lower classes for their generous patronage. Every class was well represented.

And we haven't a piano yet!

1900 has defeated 1901 in the series of class debates, and thus won the contest.

Hardly any photographs have been exchanged yet. Isn't it about time?

The success of the class socials this year is gratifying to those who attend. Many of the class, we surmise, if they once attended, would become regular members.

Girls, are you all members of the gymnasium class?

"Eis" (ice)? Not today. It was a cold, bleak day in January. The place was Greek class.

On Friday, February 9, the class held a meeting and elected the following officers for the last half year: president, Holland Bennett; vice-president, Miss Elsie D. McWain; secretary, Miss Mary G. Lerner; and treasurer, John C. Davenport. The report of the drama committee showed that $74.56 had been nettted on the recent drama.

1901.

At a class meeting on February 9, the following officers were elected: president, Harold M. Jones; vice-president, Miss Alice Salmon; secretary, Miss Ethel A. Robinson; and treasurer, Arthur G. Chase.

We were glad to see Mrs. Burton back after her illness. Her place was ably filled by Mr. Lester S. Hart, a senior in Tufts.

How much did you get in the first Harvard Algebra paper?

Miss Robinson, Miss Sears, Miss Salmon and Miss Sullivan are out for the 'Varsity basket-ball team.

The report of the drama committee was very satisfactory, showing that the drama was both a social and financial success. We feel grateful to the members of the other classes, who helped us so much both by buying and selling tickets.

It is to be hoped that many in this class will try for positions on the Review. As the senior class, we want to be well represented in everything next year.

We hear that girls who fall below in their studies will not be allowed to play basket-ball. Keep up, girls, and maintain your reputation for good scholarship.

Why is it that those thermometers always register 68°? We'd like to feel some of that imaginary warm air occasionally.

The Harvard Algebra papers have begun, and what fun they are.

Our two great mathematicians, Miss W—d and C—l—dge, are proud of us.

Infantile aspirants for high honors in second class Latin, please remember that there *are* only one Romanus Populus.

Greek translation: "And Clearchus said, 'I don't see any sense to it.' "

1902.

Seven players from our basket-ball team have been chosen to try for the school team.

First Witch: Hail! 1902! Conqueror of 1901.

Second Witch: Hail! 1902! Conqueror of 1900.

Third Witch: Hail! 1902! Conqueror of 1903.

Chorus of Witches: A Drum! A Drum!
1902 doth come.

Another banner for 1902!

Great credit is due Miss Prescott for her excellent coaching; for although the girls worked hard, we could not have won the championship without her help.

There has lately been a new Greek letter society formed in the class. This makes the total number of secret societies in our class five. Evidently there must be a great deal of rivalry.

January 27 the basket-ball team of 1902 held a jubilee at the home of Miss Eaton. A very enjoyable evening was spent in playing games and dancing.

There is some talk of having a class drama this year after mid-years are over, to get in practice for next year.

The track team must be a success also. Give Captain Garfield your best support.

The whole class is in deep sympathy with Harold Durrell for the very sad loss of his father.

Did you know that Latin Motto of the North American Review?

The lower corridors seems to be a very attractive spot.

How much did you win on the 1903 game?

1903.

We congratulate the winners of the basket ball banner. Yet it wasn't without a struggle.

The class held a very enjoyable social at the home of Miss Helen Johnson, January 18. Quite a little artistic skill was revealed during the evening. There were about fifty present, including Mr. Bradbury, Miss Bachelder, Miss Perrigo and Miss Chamberlain.

Taft is captain of the hockey team, since Waldo has resigned.

Two defeats in one week, basket-ball and hockey, is hard luck.

The divisions have taken up Ovid in Latin for a while, but later will return to Caesar again.

French translation, division 4.

"I followed him in the rear." That is right, my boy; don't try to follow in front.

1904.

The class meeting, which was held for the purpose of selecting the class color, took place in the middle of January. Purple and gold were chosen by a small plurality. Miss Gilmore, Miss Clarke, Master Amee and Master Harlow were elected on the pin committee.

A very successful social gathering of the class was held at the home of Miss Hurter, January 31. About forty members of the class and three of the teachers were present. The evening was passed very pleasantly in playing games, and quite an innovation was furnished by the parents of the hostess in the presence of Professor Springer, who entertained the company by a very interesting and amusing exhibition of sleight-of-hand tricks.

The hockey team has done well under Captain Cunningham's supervision.

L. M. Potter has resigned from the social commmittee, and Mr. Cunningham has been elected in his place.

BASKET-BALL.

Class Championship Contest Games.

1900 vs. 1902.

On Monday, January 22, 1900, one of the most interesting games of the contest was played between 1900 and 1902. Miss Dewey very kindly acted as umpire, as in the former games. The line-up was as follows:

1900.	1902.
Homes.	Homes.
Miss Wyman	Miss Arnold
Miss Lerner	Miss Hubbard
Miss Lovering	Miss Millett
Centres.	Centres.
Miss McWain	Miss Myles
Miss Flanagan	Miss Shaw
Miss Coleman	Miss Dallinger
Guards.	Guards.
Miss Norris	Miss Eaton
Miss Earl	Miss Wilson
Miss Hildreth	Miss Heywood

Miss Lovering made a goal for 1900 almost as soon as the game started, so that the great excitement that prevailed during the game commenced at the very first. After that, both sides played very hard and at the end of the first half the score was 3 to 1. During the first part of the second half 1900 continued to have the advantage. When all but five minutes of the time was up, the score was 7 to 1 in favor of 1900, but after that 1902 commenced to play as they had never played before, and deserves the greatest credit for gaining 9 points in that time. The score was 10 to 7 in 1902's favor.

1902 vs. 1903.

On the following Wednesday 1902 met 1903 in the last game of the contest. Miss Dewey was the umpire, and the following was the line-up:

1902.	1903.
Homes.	Homes.
Miss Lewis	Miss Palmer
Miss Hubbard	Miss H. Webb
Miss Arnold	Miss L. Webb
Centres.	Centres.
Miss Myles	Miss Murray
Miss Shaw	Miss Bennett
Miss Dallinger	Miss Ray
Guards.	Guards.
Miss Eaton	Miss Lenox
Miss Wilson	Miss Johnson
Miss Heywood	Miss Dougherty

The girls of 1902 fully realized that this was the game which decided the contest, and also that they had already been beaten twice by 1903. They played accordingly. The game was really remarkable for the undaunted spirit displayed by the 1902 girls, and, in fact, it was their determination to win which kept 1903 from running up a score. More than that, 1902 could not do, for their homes were unable to make any field-goal through 1903's excellent guarding. At the end of the first half the score was 1 to 0 in favor of 1902, for Miss Hubbard had made one goal from the foul-line.

In the second half 1903 made one field-goal and one goal from the foul-line, but Miss Hubbard made three points for 1902 on

throws from the foul-line, being successful in each attempt she made.

Thus 1902 won the game, with a score of 4 to 3, on 1903's fouls, which was very surprising, for 1903 had before been noted for the few fouls they made. By this game 1902 won the banner offered by Mr. Benshimol.

HOCKEY.

C. H. & L., 2; SOMERVILLE HIGH & LATIN, 3.

Cambridge was defeated by Somerville on Spy Pond, January 17. The game was played under protest, because Cassidy, of Somerville, had been in the school only three days. Now, however, it seems likely that the protest will be withdrawn, because Cambridge will probably get the championship without it.

Cassidy made all three goals for Somerville in the first half. Parker made both of Cambridge's goals, one in the first and one in the second half, together with a third, which was not counted on account of off-side play.

The line-up:

C. H. & L.	Somerville.
Clarkson (capt.) f	f., Funke (capt.)
Mayhew, f	f., Cassidy
Parker, f	f., Bray
Murphy, f	f., Patch
Hastings, c. p	c. p., Moore
Smith (Davis) p	p., Halnan
Carr, g	g., Fisher

C. H. & L., 2; MELROSE HIGH, 1.

On Thursday, February 1, Cambridge defeated Melrose on Spy Pond in the hardest game of the season by a score of two to one. The game was played with a spirit that approached fierceness at times. Cambridge easily outplayed her opponents, the Melrose goal being made more by luck than anything else.

Both our goals were made by Clarkson, one being the direct result of a "shoot" by Hastings which went the length of the field, high above the players' heads. Lovell played the best game for Melrose, and Clarkson for Cambridge.

The line-up:

C. H. & L.	Melrose High.
Clarkson (capt), f	f., Lovell (capt.)
Mayhew, f	f., Vaughen
Parker, f	f., Page
Murphy, f	f., Chapin
Hastings, c. p	c. p., Canney
Haworth, p	p., Bradford
Carr, g	g., Allen

C. H. & L., 2; C. M. T. S., 0.

On Saturday, February 3, Cambridge defeated Manual Training School, 2 to 0, on Spy Pond. The game was interesting and closely contested, though neither side played their best game. Cambridge's goals were made by Clarkson and Murphy, both in the first half. The line-up for Cambridge was the same as in the Melrose game; for Training School, as follows: Forwards, Gallagher, Emmons, Barker, Westcott; c. p., Doyle; p., Lang; g., Mott.

C. H. & L., 1; NEWTON HIGH, 0.

Cambridge won their game with Newton on Spy Pond, February 6.

The game was loosely played. Cambridge put up the worst game of the season. Two of Newton's forwards were exceptionally fast on their skates, and credit is due to our defense for preventing them from scoring several times when they threatened our goal.

Cambridge's line-up was the same; Newton's as follows:

Payne (Sould).
Andrews.
Johnson.
Wait.
Wise, c. p.
Thomas, p.
Citus, g.

WE sell the PINGREE SHOE for ladies.
—ALL STYLES.—
$3.00. The best $3.00 Shoe in the city. Rubber heels put on these Shoes free of charge.

FRANK P. STEARNS,
PRIOR SHOE STORE,
1224-1226 CAMBRIDGE STREET,
Two Doors from Prospect Street. CAMBRIDGEPORT.

CLASS HOCKEY.

Latin School.

The first game of the class hockey series in the contest for the prize offered by the REVIEW, was played between 1904 and 1903 on January 27, and resulted in a victory for 1904, by the score of 2-0. Following is a list of the players:

1904.	1903.
Harlow, f.	f., Waldo
Taylor, f.	f., Taft
Sullivan, f.	f., Moore
Cunningham, f.	f., Boggs
Rogers, c. p.	c. p., Jameson
Hopewell, c. p.	c. p., Crocker
Burton, g.	g., Evans

The second game was on Artificial Pond, January 30, 1900, between 1902 and 1904. The score was 1 to 0 in favor of 1902. 1904's team was the same as in the game with 1903. 1902's team was as follows: Forwards, Burns, Burton, Marean and Baker; c. p., Holland; p., Fish, and g., Weymouth.

On February 2, 1900, the class of '02 won its second victory from 1903, by the score of three to one. The teams were the same as in the previous games, except that for '02 Reid played one half instead of Burton, and for '03 Baxter took the place of Boggs.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from the publishers, White-Smith Co., the following new music:

"The Man Behind the Gun." This well-known march from Barnet and Corliss's "Three Little Lambs," has been arranged by Edward W. Corliss into an effective four-part song, for both mixed and male voices. Price, 15 cents.

Adam Geibel has written from his air, "Old Aunt Mandy's Chile," a delightful four-part song that should meet with great success. The words, by Richard H. Buck, have the true flavor of Southern "mammy's speech in singing her "chile" to sleep. For both mixed and male quartette. Price, 10 cents.

"Thy Voice." Song for tenor or soprano. Words by William H. Gardner, music by George Lowell Tracy. A very tender and passionate love song. Price, 50 cents.

"Thespian Waltzes," by Edward P. Favor. A new waltz that has a distinctive air is always welcome. Price, 60 cents.

"American Beauty." Waltz for pianoforte, by Carl Pflueger. Price, 75 cents.

"The Man Behind the Gun" needs no introduction to theatre-goers as it is one of the features of Barnet and Corliss's "Three Little Lambs." Price, 50 cents. Arranged as march for pianoforte.

"Robespierre March," by Minnie L. Rice. Dedicated to Sir Henry Irving. A brilliant, striking march, full of the fire of France. Price, 50 cents.

"Military Echoes," march and two-step by W. E. McAloon. Price, 50 cents.

PHOTO CLOTH

Sofa Cushions, Canoe Cushions, Table Covers, etc., made of Pictures, printed on Photo Cloth are the latest Craze for Camera Owners.

TRY IT. *Sold by all First-Class Dealers.*

STUDENTS' ATTENTION

. . . CALLED TO THE NOVELTIES OFFERED IN . . .

Cravats, Gloves, Caps, Negligee Shirts, Etc.,

. . . BY . . .

The L. E. FLETCHER CO., 134 Boylston St., Boston.

THE

BOSTON.

Reservation of desks made daily by mail or upon personal application.

The School is the MOST MODERN and HIGHEST GRADED Institution of its kind in America. Its plans and methods are widely but unsuccessfully imitated.

Reliable instruction by experienced teachers and assistance in obtaining recognition from the business public are both of inestimable value to young people just entering commercial life, and they can best be attained by attending a school of RECOGNIZED STANDING.

The Shorthand and Typewriting departments are distinct from, but equal in perfection of equipment to the Commercial departments.

Pupils of either sex admitted on equal terms. PROSPECTUS POST FREE. Office, No. 608 Washington Street. Hours, 9 a. m till 4 p. m.

J. W. BLAISDELL, Sec'y.

A. R. BAYLEY & CO.,

APOTHECARIES,

637 Massachusetts Avenue, Central Sq., - Cambridgeport

Our Guaranteed Tooth Brushes for 30 Cents Are Unexcelled.

D. S. COOLIDGE. Tel. Cambridge. G. B. CASWELL.

COOLIDGE & CASWELL,

BAY STATE LAUNDRY

136 Franklin St., Cambridgeport, Mass.

Orders by Mail or Telephone Receive Prompt Attention.

AHERN . . .

AUCTIONEER,
REAL ESTATE,
INSURANCE,

1388 Mass. Ave., Harvard Sq.
64 Fifth St., East Cambridge.

. . . Telephone No. 515-3 . . .

J. Frank Facey

Printer

36 Prospect St.,

Cambridgeport

QUONG LEE,

Laundry,

1122 Massachusetts Ave., - - Cambridge.

TRY A BBL. OF

James' Imperial Flour

$5.00.

ALL OLD WHEAT.

517 Massachusetts Ave.

HERBERT L. ROSE,

Plumber

13 and 15 River Street,

Telephone 205-3.

GEORGE H. WHIPPEN,

279 BROADWAY, CAMBRIDGE.

ICE CREAM and CONFECTIONERY.

Catering for Class Socials, Parties, etc., a Specialty.

ENOCH BEANE & CO.,

Receivers of and Dealers in

BEEF, MUTTON, PORK, LAMB, HAMS,

Poultry, Game, and Country Produce.

1236 & 1238 MASSACHUSETTS AVE, CAMBRIDGE.

Fred LaLond Successor to Griffith

Hair-Cutting Room

No. 34 Brattle St., Street Floor, Cambridge.

Seven Men In Attendance.

"*The very finest goods*
AT
The very lowest prices."

Every-thing in Sporting Goods

John P. Lovell Arms Co.
163-165 WASHINGTON ST.
BOSTON.

ERNEST W. CLARK,
Plumber and Gas Fitter,
1440 and 1442 Massachusetts Ave.,
Harvard Square, - - Cambridge, Mass.

JOHN J. BLEVINS,
Slate, Tin, Copper, Gravel Roofer.
Repairing by first-class workmen
on all kinds of roofs a specialty
696 Massachusetts Ave. - Cambridgeport
Gutters and Conductors put up and repaired
Established 1868. Residence, 222 Putnam Avenue

Gas Radiators, $3.00.
Gas Heaters, $2.00.
Beauty Oil Heaters, Crawford Ranges
Stranky Steel Ware, Hardware and Cutlery
A. M. ROBBINS,
633 MASSACHUSETTS AVE.

.. .. TRY .. ..
RUSSELL'S CHOCOLATES.
Put up in Pound and Half-Pound Boxes.
THEY ARE THE BEST.

J. E. Purdy & Co.

Class Photographers for 1900
CAMBRIDGE LATIN and ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOLS.

For the fourth consecutive year we are serving nearly a score of neighboring schools and colleges; a situation which indicates at least tolerable satisfaction on all sides. To the unprejudiced mind there can be no possible doubt as to the merits of our productions, the efficiency of our service, or the general satisfaction accorded all patrons. By doing business on a large scale (the largest of its kind in America), we are enabled to make low prices, wonderfully low, in truth, if you secure one of the Class Rate Cards. All seniors in Cambridge High and Latin Schools have them, and anyone may profit thereby.

STUDIO: 146 TREMONT STREET,
BOSTON.

SANTA ARIGIA

CAMBRIDGE MASS MARCH, 1900

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW

VITA·SINE·LITERIS·MORS·EST

CONTENTS.

	Page
THE MONTH	3-4
COMMUNICATIONS	5-8
HIS SOUTHERN WIFE	8-11
FUN	12
A RESCUE	13
THE HOUSE OF PERONNE	17-23
ALUMNI NOTES	25
SCHOOL NOTES	26-29
DRAMA AND DANCE	29
ATHLETICS	30

For full contents see page 1.

Vol. XIV
No 6

Frederick G. Hall 1898

McNAMEE

WE BIND THE "REVIEW."

...Bookbinding

Magazines and Library Books Bound in the most substantial manner.

26A BRATTLE STREET, ...CAMBRIDGE.

A. J. LITTLEFIELD & CO.,

PROVISION DEALERS,

1847 Massachusetts Ave., (Lovell's Block,) North Cambridge.

Drop us a postal and a competent man will call for your order. Special attention will be given to all orders, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Established 1842.

JOHN P. SQUIRE & CO.,

INCORPORATED.

Packers and Curers of

Pork, Lard, Hams and Bacon

Also Manufacturers of the Celebrated

"Arlington" Sausage and Kettle Rendered Leaf Lard.

21, 23 & 25 F. H. Market and 39 & 40 No. Market St.

BOSTON, MASS.

BARBOUR-STOCKWELL CO.

General Machinists and Iron Founders.

Special Machinery, Light or Heavy, Designed and Built. Confectioners' Machinery. General Jobbing. Drafting. Pattern Making.

Factory: 205 Broadway, Cambridgeport.

DANA W. BENNETT & CO.,

TELEPHONE 1766

Insurance

82 WATER STREET, BOSTON.

WM. H. WOOD & CO., LUMBER MERCHANTS, Cambridgeport, Mass.

The C. & C. Press,

26-28 BRATTLE STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

CAUSTIC & CLAFLIN.

Printers

of this magazine,

and numerous other publications.

Everything in the Printing Line.

All Orders Promptly Executed.

The Best of Work. full Count.

FLOWERS CARBONE'S DECORATIONS

HARVARD SQUARE

C. BRIGHAM COMPANY

Wholesale and Retail Dealers
in Dairy Products. . . . .

Milk, Cream, Butter, Eggs,
Condensed and Evaporated Milk.

158 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

Telephone, Cambridge 263.

Joel Goldthwait & Company,
RUGS AND CARPETS,
169 Washington St., - Boston, Mass.

Established 1847
R. H. STEARNS & COMPANY
DRY GOODS
Tremont Street and Temple Place
BOSTON

VISIT THE "Old Homestead"
at 652 Cambridge Street,
East Cambridge. . . .
DARCY BROS., Proprietors.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Month	3, 4
Communications	5-8
His Southern Wife	8-11
Fun	12, 13
A Rescue	13, 14
Debating Societies	15
Announcements	16
The House of Peronne	17-23
Girls' Corner	23
Mass Meeting at High School	24
Alumni Notes	25
Latin School Notes	26, 27
High School Notes	28, 29
Drama and Dance	29
Athletics	30
Music Review	31

RALPH LEACH,
PURE ICE CREAM
AND
FINE CONFECTIONERY

ICE CREAM. Vanilla, Chocolate, Nougatine, Strawberry, Coffee, Peach.
SHERBETS. Orange, Raspberry, Lemon, Pineapple.

747 Massachusetts Avenue,
Telephone 164-2 Cambridge.

JOHN CARTER & CO.
PAPER
100 & 102 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

You need the best!
For accurate work
Our high grade . .
Drafting Instruments
Give universal satisfaction.
Wadsworth, Howland & Co.,
Incorporated.
Manufacturers and Importers of
Drawing Materials of all Kinds,
82 and 84 WASHINGTON STREET,
. . and . .
218 CLARENDON STREET,
. . BOSTON . .
Special Rates to Students

COLLINS AND FAIRBANKS
CELEBRATED HATS
TRADE MARK
EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS FOR YOUNG MEN
381 Washington St.
BOSTON, MASS.

L. G. MacKEIGAN,
Merchant Tailor,
Special Discount to C. H. and L. Students.
DANA CHAMBERS, 21 DUNSTER ST., CAMBRIDGE.
HE OFFERS THE BEST CUSTOM WORK AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

REYCROFT PHARMACIES.
Cambridge, cor. Fourth Street,
Mass. Ave., cor. Brookline Street,
Mass. Avenue., cor. Porter Road.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Cambridge Baking Co., 438 MASSACHUSETTS AVE.
Anything you may desire in the baker's line.
BRANCH STORES:
751 Massachusetts Avenue,
1344 Massachusetts Avenue,
145 Otis Street,
1255 Cambridge Street,
151 Columbia Street.
Fancy Crackers, Bread, Cake, Pies, etc.
Orders attended to promptly.
TELEPHONE 704-3.

Fine Teas and Coffees
FOR FAMILY USE.
ORIENTAL TEA CO.,
87 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

Established 1844.
HENRY GUILD & SON,
MANUFACTURING JEWELERS,
Society and Class Pins a Specialty.
433 Washington, corner Winter Street, Boston.

J. LEO McDONALD
CEILINGS WHITENED OR TINTED TO MATCH PAPER
HOUSE PAINTING, GRAINING AND GLAZING. . . .
Telephone, 364-5 Cambridge. No. 23 CHURCH STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

A KODAK FOR $1.00
"BROWNIE" CAMERAS FOR SALE BY
Takes pictures 2¼ x 2¼.
F. A. WHITE,
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY. 675 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridgeport.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY
A Dictionary of ENGLISH, Biography, Geography, Fiction, etc.
What better investment can be made than in a copy of the International? This royal quarto volume is a vast storehouse of valuable information arranged in a convenient form for hand, eye, and mind. It is more widely used as a standard authority than any other dictionary in the world.
The International Should be in Every Household.
We also publish Webster's Collegiate Dictionary with a valuable Scottish Glossary, etc.
"First class in quality, second class in size." Nicholas Murray Butler.
GET THE BEST
Specimen pages, etc., of both books sent on application.
G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

Picture by Purdy.

CHAMPIONSHIP HOCKEY TEAM, CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN, 1900.

SMITH, (Mgr.) HASTINGS. MAYHEW.
HAWORTH. CLARKSON, (Capt.) CARR.
PARKER. MURPHY.

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. XIV. NO. VI.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, MARCH, 1900.

THE MONTH.

The Hockey Team has brought another championship to the Cambridge High and Latin schools. At the beginning of the season there was only one man in the schools, Captain Fred Clarkson, who had ever played the new game of hockey, but by faithful practice the men soon learned it. The team, which has been defeated only by Somerville, was made up as follows: forwards, Fred H. Clarkson, '00 (captain), Clyde Mayhew, Henry S. Parker, '00, Thomas F. Murphy, '00; cover point, Arthur N. Hastings, '01; point, Christopher Haworth; goal, Proctor Carr. Edgar L. Smith, '01, and Harold Davis, '03; each played one half in the Somerville game. Everyone of these men deserves great praise for his well earned victory.

Both schools entered into the class hockey series with excellent spirit. At the High School the class of 1900 has won the championship; at the Latin School the class of 1902. The practice obtained from these games will be of great benefit when the two schools come to call out their hockey teams next year.

We have been much pleased with the interest which the Latin School has shown in the contest for positions on the REVIEW staff, but equally disappointed with the indifference displayed at the High School. We announced that the trials would close this month, and we have done so in the case of the Latin School. However, feeling that perhaps the High School has not fully realized the importance of this contest, we shall continue it for the editorial staff until next month. In September one first associate editor, two or three associate editors, besides class editors, must be appointed from the High School. Those, and especially those of the class of 1901, who take an interest in the REVIEW now, and write stories and class notes for it, will have the best chances for obtaining these positions. Some of the teachers have already kindly spoken to their scholars about the matter, so that we hope, by waiting another month, to get some good results.

The triangular league between the Cambridge High School, the Cambridge Latin School and the Rindge Manual Training School is now fully assured. The Training School and the High School quickly accepted the offer which was made by the Latin School, and the High School has elected an athletic committee to take care of its interests in the matter, similar to the one arranged for by the Latin School. The league, which will hold

contests in foot-ball, base-ball and track athletics, will begin next fall when the High and Latin Schools will separate. The sharp rivalry consequent on the close proximity of the three schools will greatly increase the true athletic spirit. We believe, too, that many fellows will, by coming out for the teams, receive physical development who under the present circumstances would never think of engaging in athletics.

Our editorial of last month in regard to secret societies has aroused considerable discussion, as is evidenced by the number of communications we have on the subject. In spite of the arguments of those of our correspondents who oppose us, we can see no reason for changing a single statement that we have made.

The editor of the Review, who, by the way, is the writer of the editorial in question, and for the last five years has had as good an opportunity as most people for watching the school life, has never, as one graduate suggests, asked to join a secret society, although he believes he is a member of every other school organization. We have merely judged the secret society from the results which anyone may see; they are as we have stated them.

The same graduate misrepresents us when he says, "the statement that societies in general, and *school societies* in particular, were detrimental to the democracy of the school or college, as it may be." Our exact words were: "While they (secret societies) may be permissible in private schools and *even advantageous* in colleges, they have no place in public schools, where everyone should be on equal terms." It is only such societies in *public schools* that we are attacking, and therefore if the graduate bases his arguments on knowledge of secret societies *in colleges* only, he has not the necessary data for his theme.

To estimate the effect on the democracy of the school, we must remember that one of the greatest benefits to be derived from the public schools, which are the very life of our republican government, is that in them young people are brought into close relations with all kinds of classmates, everyone of whom has some manly qualities about him. But if scholars divide themselves into little societies, this benefit of the public schools is almost completely lost.

As another graduate says in his communication, we know that there are "men of mettle" in these societies, but we cannot refrain from feeling that it would be much better for this very "mettle," if it were not in these societies. Although the "most prominent" society in the school may have started "for the advancement of the school's interests, particularly in athletics," this is not its primary object now, we think.

The strongest argument which our opponents advance is that these societies strengthen and make lasting friendships. However, we believe that friendships formed between boys of high school age can rarely be lasting because of the new friends they must make in college and after life. Further, we feel assured that friendships made in clubs formed for the sole object of having a good time generally, and composed of boys of whom only a few are strong enough to restrain themselves from excess, will in the end be of more harm than good.

Mr. Linnell hints that this matter was none of our business. This may have been so when there was only one society in the school; but now that nearly a dozen are in existence, they are a definite factor in the school life, and force themselves on everybody's attention.

In regard to Mr. Linnell's statement that the secret society does not interfere with school work, we will simply say that it seems evident to us that an organization which meets once a week must take even a conscientious scholar's thoughts from studies, not only at the meetings, but also in the planning for them. Especially is this true, when, as usual, the

scholar is a member of other school organizations. Indeed, we agree with Miss Heywood when she says that the present tendency is to have "fun," and to overlook the matters of greater importance. Moreover, in reply to Mr. Linnell's question, we will state that we do not see why girls' societies, if organized with no "definite object" should not in the end have an evil influence on their members.

Nor do we stand unsupported in this matter. Many undergraduates agree with us, and we understand that the general sentiment of the graduates, as expressed in conversation at a recent meeting of the Harvard C. L. S. Club, was in hearty approval of our editorial.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor:

My attention has been drawn to an editorial in the Review on the subject of "societies" which, I think, demands an answer.

The article was evidently written by one whose knowledge of the benefits derived from, and the good use to which an organization of this kind can be put, is as limited as his idea of a good policy.

As a member of a good many clubs both in and outside of college, I feel that perhaps I am in a position to give the matter a fair consideration, based on experience. The thing which I wish to touch upon especially was the statement that societies in general, and *school societies* in particular, were detrimental to the democracy of the school, or college, as it may be. I can see no reason for such a statement, inasmuch as a "frat.," while it strengthens the feeling of friendship and loyalty between a certain number of men, by no means tends to lessen the good-feeling for non-members.

It would be useless to go into this matter in detail, but I will simply conclude by saying that those who have given the subject even the *slightest* attention will know that what I have said is true. Still it sometimes happens that one runs across a "kicker," and it generally develops that inability to gain admission to one of these "disgraceful clubs" is the cause of his freely aired dislike.

Graduate.

To the Editor:

There seems to be a difference of opinion in regard to the editorial which appeared in the February number of the Review, in which you attack secret societies. I have made no small effort to sound the feelings of representative members of the school, besides a number of graduates, who are now in Harvard, and who were members of the chief societies in school, and I find that in all cases they agree with me. A spirit of conservatism and personal feeling seems to be more prevalent in the editorial, than clear judgment and investigation as to actual facts. It seems ridiculous to characterize members of secret societies as cigarette smokers. A careful investigation on your part will show that men of excellent metal and honor have been and are members of the secret societies, to which you refer; men who are distinguishing themselves in college and in business. When you take into consideration that the most prominent society in the school was started for the advancement of the school's interests, particularly in athletics, it seems almost ungracious to have published an editorial which gave so erroneous an impression to outsiders, who might see it. It is to correct your seeming misinformation in regard to secret societies that this communication is written.

Graduate.

To the Editor:

Your editorial of last month on "Secret Societies" seems to me to be an excellent treat-

ment of an important subject. Many of my fellow graduates to whom I have spoken on this subject have expressed surprise and disgust at the very possibility of the existence of such societies. Some graduates, too, believe that these organizations are such only in name, a collection of individuals who make a faint and ghastly attempt to imitate the college orders, just as a crack-brained crowd of three-dollar-a-week dry-goods clerks cover themselves with crimson ribbon on a Saturday in November, and stand in front of the bulletin boards cheering for Harvard's foot-ball team.

But there is no doubt that some of the misguided undergraduates really believe that the school is on the edge of a great precipice of social disaster, and that the only way to save something from the ruin is to organize an infinite number of "swell" societies, to spread a feeling of good fellowship at several dollars a year *per* fellow and *per* feeling, and to establish an "unbreakable bond of sympathy," as one fellow puts it. They believe that, by excluding certain people who are not dressed just so, who do not live on just the nicest street, who do not belong in just the most select "set," they can build up athletics, elevate the tone of school society, perhaps even reform the teachers.

They need to learn that the public school is a public institution wherein the exclusion of one individual as against another is of doubtful legality, if not of morality; that, in the colleges, secret societies are not now regarded with as much favor as formerly; that snobbishness is next to ungodliness.

It may interest them to know that some of the past pillars of these societies are now, to my certain knowledge, fellows of questionable reputation. Above all, they should remember that the weight of opinion of the graduates is against these clubs, and that they are likely to be called "good fools" rather than "good fellows" when they reach college.

GRADUATE.

To the Editor:

The article concerning secret societies, which appeared in the REVIEW last month, was a surprise to a great many. That there were and are some who do not approve of them was of course known; but that they could think it nearly concerned anyone but the member of the society and his immediate family, was probably not so well understood. Still, it is perhaps as well that the matter was brought up at this time, and while it is up, it should be thoroughly discussed.

In the first place, it is wrong to say that the secret society takes a scholar away from his studies, because if he really wants to learn his lessons, he will find time to do so in spite of everything; but on the other hand, if he did not wish to study, no power could make him do so, even if he did not belong to anything and never went out. Besides, most of the societies in the school meet, at the most, only once a week, and many of them still less often. And there is no law to compel one to go to the meeting, if he has more important work or studying to do. Well then, it can readily be seen that this sort of society will not cause anyone to lose ground in his or her studies.

As for saying that athletics are far preferable; I am afraid that the writer does not know the tastes and habits of a good, clean set of fellows, for they naturally wish to exercise whenever possible, and the secret society does not prevent this, but brings the boys together to box, fence, wrestle, etc. Therefore, the arguments for athletics are also arguments for societies which bring the members together for athletic purposes.

I wonder whether the writer in "The Month" last month, thinks that the morals of the young ladies also are lowered by their secret societies. I do not believe they are.

Neither do I believe that the boys' societies have any such tendency. I have never seen any of it myself. And anyway, a fellow always knows what the objects and purposes of

a society are, to a greater or less extent, before he joins it. Therefore, if he joins one which has evil purposes, he has usually only himself to blame. Even suppose he did not know until he had joined, what is to prevent his leaving at once?

I say that what there is in a person will sooner or later appear on the surface. If he is naturally vicious, he will show it; if of a good turn of mind, he will show that. But, you say, there are some who will be led against their own real convictions. I do not believe it, at least, if the fellow has the least grain of self-control and self-respect. As for one who has neither, he ought not to be allowed out of doors alone for a moment at a time, but should always have a guardian with him.

The same thing applies to a fellow's swaggering and boasting, because of his admission to a secret society. If he is naturally a swaggerer and boaster, he will find something to swagger and boast over, even if he never hears of a secret society.

As to these societies making any distinction between rich and poor, I will only say that I have not noticed anything of the sort. They rather make the distinction between good companionable boys and those ill-natured, quarrelsome, or domineering ones. I would call attention to the chief object of these societies, and which is the same thing, their chief accomplishment, namely, the bringing of their members into closer bonds of friendship and companionship than would ever be accomplished in any other way.

One other reason why the societies are even necessary, is that the schools are so large and the number of pupils so great that it is almost impossible to know at all well, even the pupils in one's own class. Well then, it is evident that there must be some division, some selection of friends. Is it not better to have these divisions, which, remember, are absolutely necessary, composed of persons congenial to one another? It certainly seems so to me. Then when you have your division, or group of intimates, made up of just such congenial persons, is there any crime in uniting them under the name of several Greek letters, or even the whole Greek alphabet, with the Sanscrit thrown in, if they so choose? No; it only makes an additional bond between them. Of course there are some little things about the secret societies one might wish changed. Perhaps initiations which make the one initiated appear and feel very foolish is one of these. But we must not condemn the whole thing because it has errors in it. No person or thing on earth is, or can be, perfect.

For these reasons, and many more, I say that the secret society in its clean, pure state, and organized for good purposes, is not an evil, but the contrary.

IRVING N. LINNELL, '01.

To the Editor:

As communications in regard to secret societies were solicited in last month's REVIEW, I take the opportunity to say a few words on the subject. We all know that evils exist in most secret societies, but as these societies can not be abolished in a day nor a year, they must be made useful and beneficial to the world at large, as well as to their own members. The main advantages derived from them are that they bring their members together, make them closer friends, and reveal their true characters to one another, for better or for worse. In many cases the society has in it a large proportion of excellent persons who keep up its standard, while the rest of lesser individuality rise too, or are forgotten. In other societies just the opposite thing takes place, and even the boy or girl with an excellent home education has not the strength to resist, but follows in the footsteps of an unscrupulous leader.

But why may not this companionship and friendship be realized in a higher sense by

taking some object to work for besides mere selfish enjoyment? A vast amount of good is to be done on every side. We are full of vigor and enthusiasm, and at our age we should understand charity in its true sense,—not advertised benevolence, but the gift of sincere words and good deeds. Opportunities are everywhere at hand. The united efforts of the members of any society now existing among us could, without additional drain upon the purses of parents, devise means to aid one or more of the many worthy enterprises already organized, such as the Fresh Air Fund, Country Week, the Floating Hospital, Vacation Schools, the fitting out of public playgrounds and the support of Children's Homes. Such aims as these would promote more hearty fellowship among schoolmates in general, without regard to their circumstances in life, and teach us to extend timely sympathy and help to every one about us. All these activities will contribute to our own development and under this head come literary, musical and dramatic societies. We may say in passing, that the repetition of a musical or dramatic performance is always appreciated at Denison House or any of the other Boston Settlements.

At the present time the great demand is to "just have fun," as a school girl says. Fun is one of the good and necessary parts of school life, but it is the constant effort to amuse ourselves with no thought of those beyond our small circle that cultivates a selfish nature, and injures a good character, or forms a bad one. With higher ambitions the much magnified charm of secrecy will fade away into oblivion, and helpful, fruitful and entertaining societies will remain.

Psyche Ceres Heywood, '02.

HIS SOUTHERN WIFE.

Of course it was all Tom's fault. Everyone knew that. If he would go on that visit just at the time of all the picnics and fairs, he could not expect her to stay at home, simply because they were engaged and he was not there to go with her. She had known James all her life; they were near neighbors, and had been like brother and sister. Of course she was sweet and pleasant; that was human nature, but she really didn't flirt, and she loved Tom just as dearly, even if she did go with James. But Tom always had such a dreadful temper, and now he had enlisted and gone without saying goodby. She didn't care what happened; he might get killed, or die with the fever, or worst of all, he might marry some other girl with dark hair and eyes just like hers. He always did like every pretty face he saw. Rising from the veranda, she went up to her room. There in the old-fashioned mahogany bureau lay all her wedding clothes. She knelt down and burying her face among them, cried long and silently. Still she could wait; she was only twenty and she had a great deal of hope. The cruel war which was tearing our country apart would soon be over; they might be victorious, and Tom would come back.

Among all the small towns of Virginia, not one was busier in working for the soldiers than Kent, and Caroline Turner was the leader. She worked with a wild enthusiasm that carried her through the four long years of the war. When it was all over, and she heard that he had done what she had feared, settled in Kentucky and was going to be married, her hopes were ended and she was ready for any wild act, for Caroline Turner was never made to sit with folded hands or idle mind. Her black eyes snapped and her

cheeks burned as she went about among the broken homes, and she longed to leave the town where every one regarded her with a pitying eye.

One morning she opened the Christian Record which was sent to the Turners by northern relatives. Among many articles upon the feeling between the North and the South was one contributed by a Congregationalist minister in a small Massachusetts town, which interested her strangely. It advocated the marriage of northern men with southern women, not for love but for duty, and the writer proposed to submit the names of men of all ages who desired southern women for wives. This was, of course, an absurd plan, especially when coming from the victorious side, and I am sure it found no followers except the two of my acquaintance. The writer advocated the women coming north, as the men having business and trades already established, would be better able to support their families there. At the end of the article was the name of "a religious, honest, well-to-do, good looking bachelor of thirty-three," who wished to aid this cause. His name was Edward Houghton. She gave him a vivid description of herself, a glowing one of her household abilities and a modest one of her means. After a short time she received a letter enclosing references from the minister, postmaster, two doctors and a lawyer in his town. Caroline was satisfied and broke the news to her family. Judge Turner was very angry. He felt that Caroline had disgraced her cause by communicating with a Northerner and soiled the family name in allowing herself to become an adventuress. His wife thought her poor child's mind was wandering, and she was threatened with disinheritance if she went further. But to no avail. Caroline thought everyone in the world had gone wrong sometime, and she wished to do good in a wicked way. She asked to accompany to New York her cousin, who had married a Northern soldier, and was going soon to her new home. This was agreed upon, and after further correspondence it was arranged that Mr. Houghton should meet Caroline at Springfield. No efforts of her family could persuade her to give up the mad plan, and so they forgave her, telling her to come back home whenever she wished.

In spite of all her firmness, however, when once started on her journey, she was beset with many fears and misgivings. What if she had done wrong, and were going to be more wretched than ever? Then she would think of Tom, so happy down in Kentucky, and she would shut her lips firmly together, and try to admire the scenery. Sometimes she would laugh, as she remembered that she had not the slightest idea how Mr. Houghton looked. Parting with her cousin at New York, she went on alone to Springfield. She was to wear a brown suit, and he had agreed to have some white daisies in his button hole. As she alighted from the train she saw a very tall man with red side whiskers coming towards her. That couldn't be Mr. Houghton, she thought, but yes, there were the unmistakable white daisies in his coat. A tiny little woman in a black dress was leaning on his arm. Caroline went forward smiling, took their hands, and Mr. Houghton's mild eyes looked kindly into hers. "Miss Turner, my sister Emma, and now as we are all together, we had better take the next train, so as to get home before dark."

He asked her how she liked the country about there, said she'd find it cold, and asked if daisies were her favorite flower. He liked them pretty well, he said, though they were bad for the hay. They changed cars once and she saw that he was naturally kind, although he seemed rather awkward and ungainly by comparison with her Virginia friends. His clothes were of good material, but poor fit, and he wore a red necktie which didn't harmonize with his hair. There would be many

things for her to attend to, but she really liked him. On the other hand, he thought her the handsomest woman he had ever seen. He had never felt himself of such little importance before.

About seven o'clock they arrived at the little station of W——, and took the stage coach, Caroline and Mr. Houghton riding up on the top, while the sister rode inside on account of the dampness. Everything seemed very different from her southern home; instead of broad fields of tobacco she saw pastures with scrubby bushes, clumps of birches and maples, and thousands of stones; here and there was a pine which made her think of the strange stiff man beside her. And they were engaged; she smiled to think what a comedy life was after all. Even the driver was amusing, she thought, as he cracked his long whip and talked to his great gaunt horses. Poor things, they were surely not fed half enough. She did not know that all New England stage horses looked like that. Finally she turned to Mr. Houghton, saying, "Didn't you think you were running a dreadful risk?"

"Oh, no, Miss Turner, you gave such a good account of yourself. I wanted to let you know more what I was like, but I didn't have any pictures except an old daguerreotype, and Emma was afraid that it might get lost in the mail if I sent it. I am no ways good at describing myself. You aren't dissatisfied, are you?"

"Not at all," said Caroline, "only I am afraid you won't like my southern cooking."

He laughed at this, and they were silent for the rest of the way.

She went to the minister's to stay until they were married. Every one was kind to her. Next day Mr. Houghton drove over in his chaise, and took her to his home, an old-fashioned white house, two stories and a great attic, with green blinds and many-paned windows. There was a circular drive around a grass-plot containing flower beds, red and yellow with geraniums, holly hocks and primroses, and bordered with white shells and stones. At a little distance was a great red barn, and in the meadows behind it she could hear the men sharpening their scythes. He showed her all about the house. Everything was painfully neat, and the chairs were so straight she longed to set in one crooked. His sister followed them from room to room, telling Caroline how this chair was her great-aunt's, and how that card table had belonged to her great-grandmother, was real mahogany, and "Mother was always real particular not to set anything on it that would scratch."

This supervision annoyed Mr. Houghton as well as Caroline, and so he asked her if she wouldn't like to drive around and see the town. During the drive they both refrained from saying anything about the future or their difference in ideas. It was a Saturday, and on learning that she was a Methodist, he consented to attend that church with her, on the following day.

He described in a short, concise way the surrounding country, seldom looking at her. Caroline, on the other hand, kept casting swift glances at him. His square jaw, high forehead, and large brown hands seemed to represent something so very honest and straightforward that she stood in awe of him, and felt that she was taking an advantage of him. He had so much to give her, and she had nothing to bring him. She resolved to learn from him sometime why he had been so willing to serve his country in this strange way. Hers was a selfish reason, but his never could have been.

Every pleasant day he took her to ride and showed her different parts of the town. He was always very quiet, and she was living along in a peaceful satisfied way when she was suddenly recalled to duty by hearing the following, while, unknown to Emma, she was waiting for Mr. Houghton in the parlor one day.

"Well, Emma, I don't see how he is fulfilling any duty by neglecting his haying and driving all over the country with her, and even leaving his own church. It's a woman's business to follow her husband, and go to his church. She's too set up for me. They say plain women make the best wives. It's bad enough to take a stranger, especially when there are so many smart girls round home. Why he could have had my own Mary for the asking. They better get married right off and give you a vacation, though I suppose you would like to try her first pan of biscuit."

During this recital Caroline sat rigidly on the haircloth sofa. When the voices stopped, she started down for the barn to look for Mr. Houghton, and to ask him to send those disagreeable people away; but when she found him at last her courage forsook her, and she simply said in a rueful tone:

"Edward, I can't make biscuit."

It was the first time she had ever called him by his given name. Looking up in amazement he replied: "Well, what of that?"

Then she began to cry and told him all she had heard. After a moment he said: "Well, Caroline, the only way out of it I see, is to hitch up and drive down to the minister's."

She assented, and he proceeded. In trying to help him she mixed the harness up badly, and hurt her finger. He tied it up and off they went down over the hill at a rapid pace. On the way back she said: "Edward, I don't want your sister to have any of my biscuit. Now I am Mrs. Houghton, can't she go away?"

"Yes, Caroline, there are other brothers and sisters to whom she can go."

She did not know what a concession he was making in this, and he did not know how many more he was designed to make. Emma departed one morning after breakfast, having neither tasted of Caroline's cooking, nor seen any of her housekeeping. They struggled through one week and then Mr. Houghton got a girl.

Everybody in town was shocked at Caroline's dresses. She wore muslins in the morning, and silks in the afternoon. Edward Houghton would be penniless, they said, if she kept on in that style. Another thing, they went out to walk and ride together. Who ever heard of any sensible New England couple wasting their time that way? Youth was the time to work, and rest was for old age; no wonder the Southerners wanted slaves.

Thus the town talked for months, yes years, and sometimes now I hear a whisper. As I laughingly repeated one to Mrs. Houghton when taking tea at their home on a summer evening, they told me the whole story, the details of which I had never known. A great bowl of white daisies stood on the table. She took some out and put them into his buttonhole, saying as she kissed him:

"I have grown to love these, dear."

And now, patient reader, if you are ever in this little town of western Massachusetts, and happen to meet coming down over the hill, a tall, straight man of seventy odd years, his blue eyes beaming, as he looks at the dark-eyed woman at his side, who in turn gently presses his arm with one of her small gloved hands, while with the other she carefully lifts her black silk dress from the dust, you will know that you have seen Mr. and Mrs. Houghton, and that my story is true.

P. C. H., '02.

McCrackle—Queen Victoria just paid two hundred and fifty dollars for a skye terrier.

McCorckle—Yes, such dogs come sky high.

Mr. Connell—Katie dear, tell me wanst more how the pig died.

Mrs. C.—Phy, I've towld yez two times alreddy.

Mr. C.—Will, Oi have a cinder in me eye, and I want to cry it out.

Nell—How shall I have my new dress cut, Harry?

Harry—Have it cut alphabetically.

Nell—Why how is that?

Harry—V in the back, and C in the front.

Do many deaths result from football?

Yes, the majority of spectators at a game invariably catch cold.

Pa (at the circus)—That is an old hyena, Bobby.

Bobby—Why pa, that doesn't look a bit like you. Ma doesn't know what she's talkin' about half the time, does she!

"I was kicked by a horse and knocked senseless when I was little, said chappie."

"How soon do you expect to recover?" she asked.

"Is that a prince," said the American girl, indicating a man with a monocle.

"O no, what made you think it was?"

"His royal eyeness."

Merritt—Did your sister get many valentines?

Johnny—O no, she's a summer girl.

"I flatter myself that this is a good joke," said Snickers.

"Yes," said the editor, "these very old jokes generally have a good point to them."

The moon—You seem to think a good deal more of Sol than you do of me.

The earth—Well, you should remember that he is my oldest sun.

Lady—Now if you will saw that wood over near the saw-horse, I'll give you a lunch.

Tramp—Sorry mum, but my father was killed by a horse, and I always avoid them.

Teacher—Willie, what is failure?

Willie—My ma says pa is.

Cholly (book-keeper)—When we are married, Ethel, these delicate hands will never work.

Ethel (typewriter)—Whose hands!

Farmer (to boy in chestnut tree)—What you doin' up thar?

Boy (cooly)—Nuttin'.

She—Does he believe in red tape?

He—Yes, he wouldn't search the scriptures without a warrant.

Tessie—Tell me a fairy tale, mamma.

Mamma—Wait till father comes home about midnight, he'll tell one.

Eddie—Aunty, do you dote on me?

Aunty—Yes dear.

Eddie—Well aunty, if you should buy me some poisoned candy, then you'd be my antidote wouldn't you.

Mrs. McCanty—Oh, ye've raised quoite a big family, Mrs. Murphy.

Mrs. Murphy (proudly)—Sivin polacemin, Mrs. McCanty.

Farmer's Wife—If you will beat this carpet, I'll give you something to eat.

Dirty Davidson—Ma'am, I'm a gentleman, I never beat my way.

The following "School Boy's Psalm" has appeared in several of our exchanges:

"Rare is the student that walketh not courtly up stairs, nor standeth in the way of others, nor sitteth in the seat that is in the back row. But whose delight is in his lesson which is long, that he may meditate upon it day and night. He shall be as a walking dictionary among the teachers, that knoweth all things when asked; his favoritism also shall not cease, and for what service he doeth he shall receive high marks. The unstudious are not so, but are like the chaff which the wind wafteth away. There the unstudious shall not stand in the congregation of the passed."

A RESCUE.

It was a beautiful day in May. All nature seemed to join with the birds in their carols of joy; leaves nodded and rustled in the gentle breezes; the fields were white with daisies, and not far away could be heard the musical strains of the sea as its waves broke upon the rocks. Vine covered cottages nestled here and there in the fields; cows were grazing through the grass or standing lazily chewing their cuds in the little bubbling brooks.

Nearer the sea and situated on a green sloping bank was an immense stone structure, which was the mansion house of the little seaport town. Thus it had stood for many years, one generation after the other coming and going. The place had always had the best of care—its large orchard and many flower gardens were the joy of old Joe's heart. He had served the family long and well, had tended plants for more than one of its members.

Today, the place seemed quite still. At one of the upper windows, a young girl sat rocking to and fro, busy on a piece of delicate embroidery. She made a charming picture as she sat thus with the sunbeams playing in her golden hair. Her large, blue eyes, which rested intently on her work, were somewhat more serious than those of the ordinary girl of eighteen. "Not really eighteen yet, Auntie dear," she said, as a somewhat elderly lady passed the door. "But two more days to call yourself seventeen, Blanche," answered her aunt, as she hurried on to perform her many duties.

The young girl rose from her seat. "Dear me, I'm growing old, I wonder what mother would say to so many changes if she were here," mused Blanche; and her eyes filled with tears as they rested lovingly on a picture which hung on the wall. What sad memories that gentle face brought up! Four years before this Blanche's mother had died and left her with the words, "I trust my little one with you; be a mother to her." How hard Blanche had tried to obey the gentle command, day and night thinking of her little charge. Her father had buried himself more deeply in the business world after his wife's death; and her sister, who was now taking her mother's place, was not accustomed to children, so it was quite natural that Catherine should fall to Blanche's care.

It had long been planned that Blanche should have a party on her eighteenth birthday, and everyone in the little village had been invited, not even one had been overlooked. It was to be a gala day in every sense of the word, and great preparations had been going on for a long time. Old and young were all interested, for Blanche was a favorite with all the townspeople. All the little ones thought "Miss Blanche" a sort of fairy, for many a time she had soothed their troubles and helped them out of their distresses. Often, a little gown or frock had found its way from her hands into some poor home; and the tired and

hard worked mother had heaped blessings on the "young lady."

The long-looked-for day at last came. Stands and booths had risen on the lawn as if by magic, and lanterns swung from the branches of trees to add to the evening's display. Blanche stood in the large hall of the mansion house, surrounded by a group of admiring children. She was dressed in white muslin, with no ornaments except a large bunch of violets in her belt. By her side was Catherine in all her baby simplicity. Not a moment would Blanche trust her sister out of her sight.

Finally friends of her own age poured in and thronged about her so that she left Catherine with a group of merry children. The child soon wandered from her playmates, and took the path which led to the sea. First, she played with the pretty shells on the shore, and then threw stones into the water. How charming the sea looked! It seemed to beckon the child on! The little one, taking off slippers and stockings, placed one little dimpled foot in the water, then the other.

Catherine clapped her hands for joy as the water bubbled up between her little toes. Then she grew bolder and went farther out. The boat which Blanche used was near the shore, and in a minute she reached it and climbed in. Oh what fun! "If only Blanche were with me," she thought; but then looked sorrowfully at her wet frock, as she remembered that sister had told her to be good. But she forgot her dress in her delight at the strange movement of the new playhouse. So the child played on all unconscious that the boat had not been tied securely, and was moving slowly out of the little harbor.

For a time Blanche was so busy with all her guests that she did not miss her sister. Then, as all the children were gathered together for some play, her quick eye perceived Catherine's absence. Upon questioning one of the little girls, she found that Catherine had gone down toward the shore. Blanche hesitated—the child must have gone to the greenhouse; for she had been cautioned over and over never to go to the shore alone. Nevertheless she went to look for her.

She ran quickly down the path, and came after a five minutes' hurried walk to the edge of the water. There her heart stood still, as she shaded her face with her delicate hand. Then she realized that the small object in the boat was her baby sister, for she could hear her musical laugh. The boat in which the child sat was nearing the mouth of the harbor, across which ran a long sand bar; here the waves broke loudly, throwing the spray high into the air. No time was to be lost, and as no one was near, *she* must save her sister. With a silent prayer for help, she hurried on and on along the shore toward the bar. She shuddered as she stepped into the water; and the farther she went the higher the waves rose about her. With one desperate effort she reached the boat just as a great breaker overturned it.

She snatched the child from the waves, and clasped her close to her breast. Now began the struggle for life! The angry waters seemed determined to drag her treasure from her, but she held the child so closely that the little one cried for pain. The dark waves, capped with foam, roared round her, and echoed and reëchoed. She pressed on, though she felt her strength giving way; but a few steps more and she would reach the goal. Her eyes grew dim, but along the sand she could see people hurrying to the rescue. One more step and she fell into her father's arms unconscious.

They carried her to the shore and tried to revive her, but the struggle with the waves had been too severe. Blanche had saved her sister but had lost her own life in the effort. The day was changed from one of rejoicing to that of sorrowing, and the evening bells rang with a heart-rending knell.

H. H. J., '02

DEBATING SOCIETIES.

HIGH SCHOOL.

At a special meeting after school on February 8, the meeting for February 9 was postponed one week, to February 16.

On February 16 the election of officers took place. Miss Allyn, '00, was elected president; Mr. Deeran, '00, vice-president; Mr. Garfield, '00, secretary, and Miss Cameron, '01, treasurer. Mr. Edward Taylor, Miss Olive Clarke and Mr. H. Davis were made regular members.

The competitive debate to choose speakers to represent the society in the joint debate with the Latin School, was held on Friday, March 2. The first subject discussed was: "Resolved, That capital punishment should be abolished." Mr. Glidden, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Barrier and Miss Cameron upheld the affirmative; Mr. Blake, the negative. Mr. Deeran defended the affirmative of the subject: "Resolved, That England is fighting for a just cause," and Mr. Elder spoke on the negative of the question: "Resolved, That Cambridge should adopt the water meter system." The judges, Miss Deering, Mr. Coolidge and Miss Crook, announced the three speakers as follows: Mr. Glidden, Mr. Deeran and Mr. Barrier with Miss Cameron, alternate.

Miss Allyn, the president, appointed the following committee: Rhetorical Committee, Mr. Oakes, '00, chairman; Miss Mahady, Mr. Blake and Mr. Wilder. Entertainment Committee, Mr. Deeran, '00, chairman; Mr. Clarke, Miss White, Mr. Hursch and Mr. Karnen. Committee on Joint Debate, Miss Allyn, '00, chairman; Mr. Oakes, Mr. Deeran, Miss White and Mr. Glidden.

LATIN SCHOOL.

The society met on Friday evening, February 9, to elect its officers for the last half year. After the term reports of the retiring officers had been heard, Mr. Thompson, '00, was elected president. The society showed its appreciation of the services of Mr. Burns, '02 and Mr. Bennett, '01, by re-electing them, the former as vice-president, the latter as treasurer. Mr. Wyman, '03, was elected secretary after a lively contest. The following were selected as rhetorical committee; Messrs. Houston, '00, Carstein, '01, Detlefsen, '03, Taft, '03 and Bailey, '04, with Mr. Burns chairman, *ex-officio*.

March 2, 1900.

Immediately after the meeting had been called to order, the president asked for the reports of the committees. Mr. Ammidon, '01, said that the committee on the joint debate with the Cambridge High School had arranged to hold the debate on Friday, April 6, but that it had met with some difficulty about a piano and had not definitely decided in which hall to have the debate. The report was accepted, and the committee given full power to make all the arrangements. The society determined to take no further steps at present in regard to the Mock Trial.

The subject of the evening was: "Resolved, That the United States should own and control the railroads of this country." The debate, which was open to all members of the society, was a competitive debate to choose speakers for the joint debate with the Cambridge High School. The following members entered the contest, all of whom showed thorough preparation: Messrs. Bennett, '01, Thompson, '00, Burns, '02, White, '02, Burton, '02, and Taft, '03. The judges, Messrs. Thayer, '95, Witte, '97, and Counihan, '00, selected the first three speakers named to represent the society in the joint debate, with Mr. White as alternate.

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

PUBLISHED monthly during the school year by the undergraduates of the Camoridge Latin School and the Cambridge English High School.

Contributions are solicited from undergraduates and alumni and may be left in the REVIEW boxes at the schools or mailed to "THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW," 26A Brattle Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Contributors will please write legibly in ink on one side of the paper only and sign their names in full.

Terms of subscription, seventy-five cents a year. Single copies, ten cents.

Address all business communications and make checks payable to the Business Manager.

Entered at Post-Office, Boston, as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRESS OF CAUSTIC & CLAFLIN, CAMBRIDGE.

Board of Editors.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

HOLLAND BENNETT, '00.

First Associate Editor.

FRED H. DOW, '00.

Associate Editors.

GRACE M. NORRIS, '00. JENNIE B. ALLYN, '00.
ELSIE D. MCWAIN, '00. EDNA P. SMITH, '00.
CHESTER A. GARFIELD, '00. HAROLD W. BENNETT, '01.
EDGAR L. SMITH, '01. PSYCHE CERES HEYWOOD, '02.

Class Editors.

MARY L. COLEMAN, '00. IDA M. STEVENS, '01.
MARGUERITE L. BEARD, '01. JOHN T. GLIDDEN, '01.
MADELEINE WOOD, 01. RALPH H. CROSWELL, '01.
A. INGHAM BICKNELL, '02. SYLVANUS W. WILDER, '02.
LESLIE HASTINGS, '02. FLORENCE M. HAYDEN, '03.
FLETCHER W. TAFT, '03. ALEXINA L. P. BOWLBY, '03.
SARA C. CLARK, '04. MASON T. ROGERS, '04.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

CLIFFORD H. WALKER, '00.

Assistants.

PROCTOR CARR, '00. JOHN C. DAVENPORT, '00.
IRVING R. LINNELL, '01. LOUIS W. SUMNER, '02.
WILLIAM J. DWYER, '02.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The next issue of the REVIEW will appear on Wednesday, April 18, 1900. All copy *must* be in by Saturday, April 7.

Following is the schedule for the base-ball teams now arranged:

Practice games:
Arlington, April 6.
Newton, April 13.
Tufts, Second, April 20.
Salem, May 12.
League games:
Hoppy, May 1.
Boston English High, probably May 9.
Somerville High and Latin, May 15.
Boston Latin, May 22.
Brookline High, May 25.

The eleventh annual schoolboy games of the Boston Athletic Association will be held in Mechanics Hall on Saturday, March 17, 1900, at two o'clock in the afternoon. Tickets may be obtained from Edgar L. Smith, '01, Latin School.

The annual debate between the Cambridge High and Cambridge Latin Schools will be held in the Latin School Hall, Friday evening, April 6. Tickets may be obtained from members of the two societies.

Samuel Usher, '98, and Charles Sanborn have been appointed as two of the three graduate members of the Athletic Committee of the High School.

The spring vacation begins on Friday, April 6, and lasts for one week.

Through an arrangement with the publishers of Webster's International Dictionary, the REVIEW is enabled to offer an "International," latest edition, bound in full sheep, with reference index, at a very low price. For particulars apply to the business manager.

THE HOUSE OF PERONNE.

CHAPTER V.

LE MARQUIS ET SON FRERE.

As soon as Rossignole had left the room, the Marquis hastened to dress. A vindictive glitter shone in his usually calm and pleasant eye, and, as he drew his sword to assure himself that it was loose in its scabbard, a sinister smile for a moment hovered about his lips; but then his face settled into the deepest gloom. He called loudly for his horse, almost fiercely bidding the groom hasten. All his pent-up rage seemed to break forth at the man's slowness and awkwardness, though indeed he was much less slow and awkward than customary. Hurling imprecations against the unoffending servant, he threw himself into the saddle, drew his cloak about him, dug his sharp spurs far into the glossy sides of his champing steed, and was gone. The thunder storm, whose mutterings we heard in that dark chamber of death, had at length burst forth into a wild pandemonium of lightning, thunder, wind and rain. A hoarse laugh rose above the howling of the storm; a great flash of lightning illuminated everything, and the terrified groom caught one glimpse of Le Marquis de Peronne, now without hat or cloak, with his arms thrown wildly into the air as if welcoming a tumult so like that within his own breast; then came the darkness and a terrible crash of thunder and the phantom vanished.

The poor groom, white from fear and with his knees shaking, rushed back into the chateau as if the terrible apparition were chasing him. With trembling hand he drank glass after glass of spirits. Never had the fire in the servant's hall of Peronne seemed so warm and bright, or so welcome as then. He drew his chair close to it as if it protected him from some invisible evil and tried to sleep; but ever and anon he would wake with a start as he thought of his master riding wildly through the fierce storm; and involuntarily he shivered.

But let us pick up the thread of our story once more. Rossignole had told the truth. M. Jean has gone to Lasalle as he had vowed he would, and in accordance with the plan agreed upon by Rossignole and himself.

So on this same night—an eventful night for Louis of France, as subsequent events proved—M. Jean de Peronne rode forth on his brave errand, only his work began earlier than that of his fellow-conspirator, the doctor, that he might arrive on the field of action at the most suitable time, the time when the guests of the evening should all be assembled and the entertainment be at its height. Mounted on a good charger, gallant and handsome in appearance as fine clothes can ever make a man of so crafty and hard a countenance, Jean set out for Lasalle. As he rode through the gloom he turned over and over in his mind all the plans and schemes which Rossignole and he had concocted together, and their probable success. Of one thing he felt perfectly sure; that Rossignole would succeed. There was something about this dry, matter-of-fact little man which seemed always to inspire this strange and absolute confidence. Monsieur Jean felt as sure that he would succeed as if Rossignole had actually been the devil incarnated, which he had declared him to be, and this sense of the security of the other's success encouraged him and urged him on. In fact, he was so inspired by this borrowed confidence that before he had ridden ten minutes, he felt as certain of his own success, and perhaps even more so, than Rossignole's.

He rode, then, in the highest spirits, up to the great arched gateway of the Chateau de Lasalle. The gloom of the night and the forbidding banks of clouds were as brightness and sunshine to him, so pleasing and self-satisfying were his thoughts. He actually smiled, a strange and rare thing for this man to do under any circumstances, but his face only became more crafty and hideous under this unwonted distortion. However, he no sooner reached the castle gate and beheld the brilliantly lighted rooms than he bethought himself of the part he was about to play. All was as he expected. There was a great gathering of people who, on the morrow, intended to visit Peronne and pay their homage either to the King of France or his great enemy Charles, Duke of Burgundy. The halls were all lighted, the music played, and the guests danced; all were ready except the chief actor M. Jean de Peronne, or as he said to himself with a smile, "By this time, M. le Marquis." He, the great tragic actor of the occasion could not enter all spruce and pine with a horse as cool and fresh as when he left Peronne, *Ciel*, no! All the others were prepared and all went well, now he would prepare himself.

He pulled his hat down over his eyes and by the way of practice, assumed an air of most abject melancholy and despair, such as we expect to see on the face of a man who has just lost his brother; for thus are the faces of bad men made to serve as masks to hide their wicked deeds. In another moment he had spurred his horse to full speed and was rushing down the road whence he had come. In fifteen minutes more a wayfarer might have seen this same horseman now, all spattered with mud and without his hat, with his fine horse flecked with foam, and breathing hard through his blood red nostrils, halt again before the castle gate. He paused and seemed to hesitate for a moment; then wheeled about and rode off in the same direction and at the same break-neck speed as before, as if his life depended upon it. It was another fifteen moments before he appeared again still rushing on at full speed. Now the horse, noble beast, was completely white with foam; his breath came in great gasps, his chest heaved painfully, but on he galloped while the rider, faint and weary, urged him forward. This time Jean's face wore an air of perfect contentment which, however, changed to one of wild despair as he passed under the great gateway, and pulled his horse up at the great entrance of the chateau.

With a shout for a groom, he threw himself from the noble charger's back and reeling with real fatigue, dashed, passing all the servants who recognized him and stood aside, straight to the ball-room. A quaint old minuet was in progress, but, hesitating at nothing, he rushed into the middle of the room and staggering from exhaustion, partly feigned and partly real, cried out in a husky voice: "Peronne—le Marquis, mon frère, my brother, is dead! They have poisoned him. Ah! Louis, the traitor, the sneak!"

He gasped and fell to the floor evidently completely exhausted. Everyone in the room stopped dancing, horror struck. The musicians ceased playing, and all was hushed into that mysterious silence wherewith we pay homage to him who one day shall conquer all of us,—the brave, the timid, the good, the bad, all alike,—Death.

Jean covered with mud, the very image of death, lay stretched at full length in their midst, news of his brother's murder on his lips. All were silent, their eyes wandering from the messenger to their hostess, for they all knew the story; but with a dignity and a strength characteristic of her time, she stood erect, beautiful, white, terrified, but silent. She the queen of life was also queen of death. And it was Marie de Lasalle, the principal sufferer, who found courage to break the painful silence, but her voice was changed, for

voices may become old as hair white in a moment. It had lost all its richness, merely dropping hollow and strained from her lips.

"I must retire," she said. "Attend, I pray you gentlemen, to—," and she paused, to control her voice, "to Le Marquis de Peronne."

And she left the room, majestic, invincible, a woman to be proud of, a true Lady of France. The ladies all left the room following their hostess. M. Jean groaned. Six gentlemen lifted him gently and carried him into an adjoining apartment, where there was a couch. After much trouble Jean was brought back to consciousness, but much less attention would have produced the same effect for Jean was in a hurry to come to, and of course might do so whenever he chose. Who can tell what a bound his heart gave when he opened his eyes and heard himself addressed as Le Marquis de Peronne.

"Can Le Marquis de Peronne take a little wine?" said one of the gentlemen, and "Le Marquis"—although with a sigh he returned a negative answer—really thought he might take a great deal.

Presently Jean was lying on the couch alone, for all had gone that he might rest better. He smiled and was happy for he surely had good reason. He already saw himself Marquis de Peronne et Lasalle, one of the greatest barons of France. And think of the power! Aye! more than all else, this man—as is often the case with men of little physical but much mental force—was wonderfully and terribly covetous of power. Power—more than money, rank, love or anything else—power! And if power came coupled with a beautiful lady, why so much the better; thus he thought and smiled. But the smile changed into the same look of absolute despair when a valet entered to announce that Mademoiselle would fain see Monsieur le Marquis in the small reception room, if he was able to attend her. Jean assured the valet that he was much better, and followed him quite steadily to the room in question. The servant announced "Le Marquis de Peronne" and threw the doors open, and closed them again as soon as Le Marquis entered. There was no one in the room except Marie, who was standing, for she felt more able to control herself when on her feet. Her face was already swollen from weeping and so unnaturally white as when she first heard the news; but when she spoke her voice was steady, although her short words and brief sentences showed the emotion she labored under.

"Monsieur le Marquis," she said quite simply; "Is it all true? Have you nothing more to tell me?" Her simplicity, her sorrow, nearly overcame him. It seemed as if he could say nothing at all, but must, in a kind of frenzy, rush away from her and out into the night and darkness to hide himself for shame. But he stood his ground and said briefly and with a tone of conviction, too, because he really believed that Rossignole's part of the plan had been carried out by this time:

"My brother is dead. We think he was poisoned or at least so M. Rossignole, the court physician who has examined the body, says. You addressed me correctly. I am le Marquis."

At this terse announcement of facts, Marie burst into tears. What woman could have done otherwise? But she suddenly regained her self-control with a shock and even could have smiled for a moment, for in our most real and heartfelt griefs sometimes a momentary glimpse of the ludicrous will peak at us round the corner of the dark veil of despair. There stood M. Jean screwing his features into every position possible, trying to look sorrowful and compassionate, which might have well been a remarkable and grewsome sight at any other time, but now in the midst of real sorrow was infinitely ludicrous. There was quiet for an instant, while Jean summoned all his courage: then, in a voice which

he meant to be soft and pleading he spoke merely saying "Marie," and advanced, fixing his eyes on her right hand which that discreet young lady immediately put behind her back. Restrained thus he stood erect and delivered himself of a speech which he had prepared and learned by heart.

"Oh! fair Mademoiselle, fair Marie, may I again plead a cause to your ear which you have heretofore steadfastly. You were betrothed to the Marquis and here he is. Take him, I beg, for it was my dear beloved brother's dying wish."

At this last announcement a look of scorn passed over the features of the young woman, to see how the wretch desired to step into his brother's place. Hasty words rose to her lips and her face so deathly pale, flushed again suddenly. However, she so far controlled her feelings as merely to murmur:

"Monsieur—was it indeed so?"

Jean thought he saw the way clear to victory.

"Ah! indeed it was. How tenderly did he commend you to my care! On his death-bed, for he lingered a few moments, he called me to his side and whispered with his dying breath, 'Jean, my brother, take her if so she will and, for my sake and her own, love her as I have loved her. Ask her in my name'—and he died. I promised. Oh! Marie! I beg, I entreat you to accept me for his sake and—my own."

Marie's features flushed still more deeply, if indeed such a thing were possible, at the bold shamelessness of this little wretch thus triumphantly and craftily seeking her at the moment when he should have been mourning the loss of a kind and generous brother, and she, that of the truest of lovers. M. le Marquis commend her to the care of his brother whose treachery she had herself exposed! Indeed! And for the first time she really comprehended the depth of Jean's baseness and cupidity.

"Monsieur, Monsieur!" she cried, for it was impossible for her to address this vile creature by the title she had so long loved and revered, "Monsieur, how can you—now, now! at this time? Are you no gentleman? Have you no pity, no heart?"

Jean was surely taken aback for he knew little of women, and was marching on as bravely and confidently as ever soldier advanced over hidden mine, but, also as the brave soldier, he did not turn and flee at the first suggestion of an explosion.

"Oh! Mademoiselle," said he, "of course —*pardonnez moi!*—certainly, there is no need of haste—but I—my brother—ah! and you are—so—."

A smile of triumph passed over the burning features of Marie de Lasalle, and she interrupted him speaking with her fine head thrown well back and her handsome eyes penetrating into his inmost soul. She said simply, yet with all the majesty of a queen, "Monsieur, do you really love me?" And she dwelt on that word *love* as something which poor Jean must consider well to understand.

Jean was delighted; he vowed he loved her, he again began to look for that stray hand or some still more effective method of assuring her, but she only drew herself up, cold and stately.

"Monsieur," she said, "if you love me—go forever!" and she turned the other way.

So Monsieur Jean went in much the same manner as our good Doctor Rossignole had left le Marquis, and as chance would have it scarcely half an hour later. In the same storm and in much the same mind and at almost exactly the same time as le Marquis departed from Peronne for Lasalle, M. Jean, his brother, the person whom, above all others, he desired to have again in his power, was riding forth from Lasalle, as he thought, to be Marquis de Peronne. But let us follow M. Jean in his midnight ride.

Jean, as it would naturally be supposed,

took the direct road for Peronne, for, since his plan had failed so utterly he began to be uneasy as to Rossignole's success, and although he never really supposed for a moment that the Doctor had failed—his confidence in the man would not allow him to think so for a moment—yet he had reached that stage of uncertainty and anxiety when he felt that it would be a great comfort to see with his own eyes whether all had turned out as was expected. The wind blew and the rain fell in torrents as shivering and disappointed, with his cloak wrapped close about him and his hat pulled far over his face to protect it from the storm, he rode on. Gradually the storm and the constant attention required to keep the road and guide his horse by the blinding flashes of lightning, served to ease his mind until at length he almost laughed at his discomfiture. "It will be all right soon, thought he. "It was all my own fault. Ah! Diable! Jean Marquis, I fear you're a sad case with the ladies," and he almost chuckled.

Between Lasalle and Peronne was a great barren moor absolutely uninhabited, and across this dreary stretch our traveller needs must go. He felt of his hat to be sure that it was firm on his head, wrapped his cloak still more closely about him and waited for the necessary flash of lightning to guide him on his way. At last it came, and headlong, his horse in the right direction, he spurred on. It seemed as if the next flash would never come; the rain almost ceased, the fury of the wind abated, and there was naught but silence and darkness. Such sudden lulls in the midst of great storms are, at least to me, even more thrilling and inspiring in the intensity of their silence than all the glaring flashes and menacing rumbles which precede them.

At first Jean rode sturdily on, trusting to his horse; but the longer the darkness continued the more uneasy he felt lest he should lose his way, and the more cautiously and slowly he rode. The stillness was so unnatural and awful that it seemed he must shout to break the silence by the sound of his own voice, and he cleared his throat for that purpose, but someway the stillness was so oppressive that he could not seem to force himself to speak. Then the silence was broken by another sound. Surely he heard the soft thud of the hoofs of another horse picking his way carefully over the soft, treacherous road. He no sooner heard the sound than he pulled his charger up, and in a moment more by the unbroken stillness it was evident that the other rider had done likewise. Thus he stood, for what must have really been a full minute, yet seemed to him hours; at last with a great crash the storm broke again. There was a great flash of lightning quivering back and forth across the heavens in a jagged, uncertain line, and the two riders were revealed. If the storm had been severe before, now it was terrific, the heavens lightened in three or four places at once and glared continuously; the thunder roared without ceasing; the wind whistled over the desert moor bringing with it blinding sheets of rain.

At once M. Jean recognized his brother, and turned pale as one who has seen a ghost or shade from another world. He shouted at the top of his voice the one word "Charles!" and wheeled his horse as if to flee. But Charles, for Charles, Marquis de Peronne, it surely was, spurred by his dastard brother, and, turning his horse, again confronted him. Le Marquis drew his sword and bade his brother do likewise, and Jean with trembling hand complied, although he could at his best be but a mere child in the hands of his stalwart adversary: then without further notice Le Marquis rode at his brother. But even as he dug his spurs into his horse's sides the storm ceased again and all was darkness once more, as if some higher power was interfering to prevent such a crime, and to leave the head of the House of Peronne stainless. Le Marquis

reined in again and both horses stood motionless in the darkness—so dark that neither rider could see a foot before him. And while they stood thus, face to face, parted by force, the Marquis accused his brother.

"Coward!" he cried, "Beast! fiend! Devil! to send another man to murder your brother, and you to seek his bride. Cur! You have been to La Salle, you have seen her, you have lied to her; what has she said, what have you done? Is it not so, dog!"

And a voice, hollow and strained, yet pitiful and almost beseeching, answered huskily in the darkness, "No!"

"Sacre Bleu! You dare to deny it. Liar, die!"

Again the dark curtain was drawn aside as though the Great Invisible who had given Jean the chance of his life, now also condemned him, and ordered him to death. There was one blinding flash as if the storm had but been pausing to gather power for this supreme effort. Le Marquis cried "Die!" and started to rush again at Jean, but instantly there came a report which fairly made the ground tremble and almost threw the rider from his seat. His horse reared, quivering and frightened. But all was still yet once more; the storm had spent itself in this one final burst.

Le Marquis felt faint and exhausted—all his anger had gone and left him shamed and repentant. He did not stir, but sat perfectly still, listening for some sound which did not come. His charger doubtless under the same influence, whinnied, but received no answer; then, taking the suggestion, le Marquis called imploringly, forgivingly, "Jean! Jean! my poor brother!" but his only answer was the moaning of the night winds. Heaven had passed judgment on a guilty head, a judgment so quick, so terrible.

In another five minutes the clouds had all scattered, and the peaceful stars again came out, surrounding their queen, the Moon, who, methinks, gazed sorrowfully and compassionately down on a fine gentleman leaning lovingly over a cold corpse and gently closing the lifeless eyes of a forgiven sinner—his own brother. Oh! What does not the moon see and know! Aye! it seems to me this wise Moon almost smiled again, as le Marquis, having wrapped the body both in its cloak and in his own, after gazing longingly for one moment in the direction of Lasalle, resolutely turned his horse's head for home and assistance; yet, after all, nothing was changed except for the better.

Now we must leave Jean, Monsieur Jean de Peronne, for good. Let us also pity and forgive him, for certainly he needs all our compassion and forgiveness.

* * * * * *

One glance now, I pray thee, at our heroine, for surely we cannot end our chapter to the strains of the funeral march and be happy ourselves. 'Tis needless to say that Marie slept but little that night, but still at last she did forget her troubles for a short time in slumber—the slumber of exhaustion. But the smiling, cloudless dawn—so bright a dawn that it seemed almost impossible that such a day should confirm such tidings—broke on her gaze as she knelt in prayer for the soul of her true lover. Since her brief sleep, Hope, that little winged angel of mercy, had come to see her and whisper comforting words in her ear. What was it not possible for that wretched man, M. Jean Peronne, to do? Was it not all a base and wicked deception?—so Hope whispered.

Marie threw open the casement, and looking up into the sky so lately dark and terrible, but now so warm and clear and pleasant, must have read the parable hidden there, for she murmured aloud, "It cannot be—a day so beautiful, so rare, to be a day of sorrow!—O Lord, I thank thee at least for this, my Hope."

And it seemed as if the compassionate power above heard the prayer spoken and the si-

lent hope which she dared not even murmur, for this same bright morning saw le Marquis faint and tired—completely exhausted as he well might be by the affairs of the night which we have detailed at some length—return with a band of horsemen arrayed in deep and appropriate mourning, to the scene of the midnight tragedy. Carefully and with all due reverence the body was raised and borne gently between them on a homeward journey. Oh! how different from the one which M. Jean had expected! But M. le Marquis did not return to his own castle. With a happy and contented smile, for, now that he had had time for consideration, he too saw that all was best and as it should be, and thanked God for his tender mercy, he continued on his journey so terribly interrupted. Erect and handsome on his splendid steed, with all the bearing of the true noble knight of ye olden time, he rode up the great drive, just as Marie, having murmured her gentle prayer to heaven, turned her eyes once more to earth. Who can comprehend how beautiful, how magnificent; how grand he looked to her in the fresh sunlight. How well she knew that form! How she loved it! Even more than ever now that it had, as it were, come to life again from a horrible grave.

You may be sure, gentle reader, that it was not long before these two true lovers were in each other's arms. And they had so many things to tell each other—so important and yet so trifling in comparison with the one thought which occupied both—so many wild and remarkable stories of the night before which could not possibly be told without sure proof of each other's actual existence, that, kind friends, we will even do as all compassionate and unintruding souls should do on such occasions and grant them a whole month of retirement from our inquisitiveness.

(To be concluded.)

GIRLS' CORNER.

A resolution has been introduced into the House of Representatives to the effect that a gold medal and the thanks of Congress be given to Miss Helen Gould in recognition of her patriotic devotion in the late war. This honor had not been conferred on anyone since it was given to Admiral Farragut in 1866, until it was recently bestowed on Admiral Dewey. While Congress appreciated what Miss Gould had done, it objected to passing the resolution, because in doing so it would admit her to the floor of the House and Senate. But the fact that such a motion was proposed at all shows in what esteem she is held.

Another woman who has received a great honor, but one of a different sort, is Mrs. Bertha H. Palmer. She has been appointed one of the eighteen commissioners to the Paris Exposition, and is the only woman on the commission.

A lady who has written an account of her visit to India, tells of a very exciting encounter which she had with a wild boar. She started out for the hunt accompanied by two gentlemen. All three were on horse-back and were armed with spears. Soon a boar was discovered. He immediately charged furiously, straight at the young lady. She urged her horse into a gallop and went on to meet him. When she reached the animal she leaned over, attempting to thrust her spear into his shoulder as he passed; but she missed her aim and was thrown violently from her horse. The boar wheeled quickly about and charged

again. The lady did not have time to get to her feet, and she had lost her spear in falling; so she rolled over on her face. The enraged animal attacked her and probably would have soon killed her if the gentlemen had not come to her assistance.

The Kansas City Telephone Company has decided that all its girls must have long arms, and be at least five feet six inches tall.

The following recipe for taffy was written by a La Salle graduate. Take two teacupfuls of carefully assorted compliments, mixed thoroughly with sugar of exaggeration until each compliment is covered. Add a few drops of oil of common sense and two or three kisses, according to disposition. This should boil half an hour, and should be served just before demanding a favor: The effect will be instantaneous and extremely satisfactory.

MASS MEETING.

On Wednesday, February 21, 1900, the boys of the High School assembled in the Science Lecture Hall to discuss plans for the formation of a triangular league, and to form an athletic committee to look after the interests of the High School.

Mr. Coolidge called the meeting to order and on motion of Mr. Dow, 1900, he was made chairman of the meeting. On motion of Mr. Dunn, 1902, Mr. Dow, 1900, was elected secretary.

The meeting then proceeded to business. The proposed league, to consist of the Training School, Latin School and High School, was first discussed. Some suitable trophy will be contested for in foot-ball, base-ball and track athletics. Mr. Priest, 1902, spoke briefly in favor of this league, and Mr. Wilder, 1902, moved "That steps be taken to form such a league." This was unanimously adopted.

As there was nobody to represent the High School, Mr. Taylor, 1900, moved "That an athletic committee be formed, to consist of four undergraduates, one from each class, to be elected by the school; three graduates, to be elected by the alumni association; and one instructor, to be appointed by the Headmaster. This was adopted.

Mr. Leitch, 1900, was unanimously elected a member of the committee. 1901 had three candidates, Messrs. Blake, Gove and Hastings. Mr. Hastings received thirty-four votes out of a total of forty-six, and was declared elected. Mr. Crawford was unanimously elected from 1902. In 1903, Mr. Stuart received the largest number of votes.

As the alumni association has not yet been formed, the chairman of the meeting was given the power to appoint three graduates to serve on the committee.

Mr. Huling appointed Mr. Coolidge as the faculty member of the committee.

EXCHANGES.

We recommend the following stories to our readers: "Her Home-coming" and "The Spirit of Albar Rock," Roxbury Enterprise; "A Belated Romance," Premier; "In Ye Olden Time," Hamilton H. S. Review; "The Guardian Star," Jabberwock; "A Tale of Pontiac's Conspiracy," Aggie Life; "Mauwene," Central Luminary; "The White Satin Slipper," Cherry and White; "Jimmie McLean—Engineer," Aggie Life; "Paul Fairbanks," Quidnunc; "Retribution," Drake University Delphic; "Success in Life," Hedding Graphic; "George Eliot," Lombard Review; "One Chapter of a Life," Burlington Register; "Chestnuts about the Campus," Olympian; "Thomas Wentworth Higginson," Iris; "John Bent" and "A Winter's Adventure," Lynn H. S. Gazette.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Hugh Bancroft, '94, is captain of the Harvard Weld crew.

Guy Bancroft, '98, is captain of the 1902 crew at Harvard.

The achievements of Latin School alumni are not confined to athletics. Of the five men who spoke at the meeting held at Harvard February 15, in honor of prize-winning debaters, and for the purpose of encouraging debating, two were Latin School graduates, Arthur P. Stone and Frederick W. Dallinger, '93.

Henry N. Stearns, '95, is a member of the committee recently formed for the purpose of organizing a new body of militia in Cambridge.

Alice G. Arnold, '91, was one of those who had charge of the second in the series of alumni teas to be given this winter at Radcliffe.

Ezra Gale, formerly a member of the High school, recently met with a serious accident. While riding along Massachusetts avenue, he was thrown from his carriage and under a heavy wagon. He had both legs broken.

H. H. Fox, '96, has written a two-step march, entitled "Harvard Camp." He is first marshal of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

R. P. Utter, '94, has left the New York Evening Post to go into business with H. Holt on his milk farm in Mexico.

W. S. Applegate, E. H. S., '97, has represented Harvard at several athletic meets this year. Garrett and Dow, '99, who were with Winslow and Applegate in the strong Latin and High School relay team of '97, have both done good work at Tech and Dartmouth respectively.

James F. Bacon, '95, is in the paper business in Boston.

John J. Whoriskey, '95, is with the Boston Globe.

Samuel Usher, E. H. S., '98, is in the United States Trust Co.

E. K. Arnold, '91, has this year opened a law office of his own on Devonshire street, Boston.

John L. Dyer, '95, is one of the staff of the Cambridge Press as recently reorganized. He is at the same time carrying on his studies at the Harvard Law School.

F. W. Dallinger, '89, was one of the judges at the debate recently held at Harvard to bring out the best speakers for the annual Yale-Harvard debate.

Four Latin School graduates are at the head of different crew squads at Harvard.

Walter Clarkson will probably play with the Harvard Freshman Nine this spring. He will be eligible for the 'varsity next year.

H. H. Murdock, '97, is now a regular member of the Harvard Glee Club.

Gibson Bell, '97, has been appointed to the committee of Harvard University meetings in Phillips Brooks house.

A meeting of the Harvard C. L. S. Club was held at the room of Messrs. Winslow and Metcalf, '98, 20 Gray's Hall, on Monday evening, February 19. Dr. Henshaw, '86, gave an interesting practical talk on the value of athletics to the student, from the physical, mental and moral standpoints. Informal discussion followed, and refreshments were served.

C. A. Peters, '97, was retained at the recent trials for the Harvard Banjo Club as a member of that body.

Roger Flint, '97, is a promising candidate for the cricket team.

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

1900.

The first social in charge of the new social committee was held Friday evening, February 16, at the home of Miss Stratton. There was a large number present beside the guests of the evening, Mr. Bradbury, Mr. and Mrs. Benshimol, and Miss Bachelder. Every one seemed to have a good time.

And to think that only two scholars accepted Mr. Adams' kind invitation to write their sight translations in rhyme!

The new social committee consists of the four officers together with Miss Crocker, Miss Huling, Mr. Estabrook and Mr. McGirr. Miss McWain, as vice-president is chairman.

Three members of our class were on the championship C. H. and L. Hockey Team, Parker, McGirr and Murphy.

The girls have stopped basket-ball practice for the present, but expect to take it up again before long. From this class Miss Lerner, Miss Wyman, Miss Norris, Miss Earl, Miss Coleman and Miss Flanagan were chosen to try for the Varsity team.

The Greek burial customs must have been very queer. "I will give back his dead body, that the Greeks may bury his head and cast his body into the sea."

Of how many in the school could this be said?—"Though he had very good parts of his own, he got other boys to do his lessons for him, and only took just as much trouble as should enable him to scuffle through his exercises."—Thackeray on Steele.

1901.

A very successful class social was held on Saturday evening, March 3, at the house of Mr. Carstein. As the principal amusement of the evening, the girls whittled boats and the boys trimmed hats. Considerable skill was shown, especially in the millinery line. Although the attendance was not very large, those who were there enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent.

A very successful repetition of the class drama was given in Brattle Hall, February 15, for the benefit of the Social Union.

Quite a number of girls in 1901 have joined the gymnasium classes. It would be lots more fun if we only had some apparatus.

It was hard to bid farewell to Minna von Barnhelm, but it had to be. We now follow with interest the fortunes of Peter Schlemihl.

The girls trying for the Varsity have recently undergone a physical examination, consequently a few have had to drop out. Miss Sears, one of these, will be decidedly missed on the team.

Teacher—Define Ostracism.

Scholar—It's when people become too popular they write on oyster-shells.

There is now a Review box in the lower corridor. Let us make it our special care to keep it well filled.

1902.

The girls of 1902 are very much obliged to the boys who helped them in getting up the sleigh-ride.

Have you been invited to any of Miss Spring's verbal receptions after school.

On the evening of February 21, the class met at the home of Miss Hubbard. A very pleasant evening was spent in playing games. The social ended by dancing the Virginia reel.

Mr. Reid has left school. He will be much missed.

The class track team has been called out under the lead of Captain Garfield. Everyone seems determined that we shall have no conquerors.

The C. C. C. at its semi-annual election elected the following officers: president, Mr. Walter Garfield; secretary, Miss Marion Pike; treasurer, Mr. Ingham Bicknell.

How is that new Greek society getting along? We wonder into how many more factions our class has got to be split.

Chemical equation—Potassium Chlorate + Sulphur = a broken mortar + a "flying" pupil

The new glass shelves have been fitted up in the chemical laboratory.

Dana Hyde is temporary captain of the crew.

The base-ball season will soon open. Our class has a favorable outlook.

1903.

A very pleasant social in the form of a sheet and mask party was held at the home of Miss McElroy on February 21. All enjoyed themselves very much. About thirty-five were present, including Miss Drew and Miss Perrigo.

What is the matter with the Latin marks this month?

One of the members of the class has had startling experiences for a person of his years.

There should not be so much whispering and low talking in the fifth division of the Latin class. Every one ought to take an interest in any discussions that arise, and help out.

Where did the cooky come from, that was found in a young lady's desk the other day, during fourth hour. Any information will be gladly received.

If W-m-n would please listen a little more closely when the lesson is given out, much valuable time would be saved in the German division.

1904.

We hope that a suitable class pin will soon be selected. At present there is no way of telling the members of 1904 from other scholars.

There seemed to be a great gathering of the boys from this class in the basement at recess the other day. What could have been the trouble?

Why do not more of our class join the Debating Society? It is certainly very helpful, and we do wish to defeat 1903.

We hope that our coming base-ball team will equal the hockey team.

If anyone knows whether Henry III. made his will before or after he died, please inform Miss M—e.

French division: "There are still ten of us."

B-l-u has many hair-raising escapes from being tardy. He would make a good candidate for the dash.

OBITUARY.

The class was saddened last month by the death of one of its members, Guy Brooks. He was a very bright boy and a member of the French division.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

1900.

Astronomy has been dropped and the seniors are now taking civics. Roman history also takes the place of Greek history.

Were you the recipient of many valentines?

The class hockey team has won the championship. Under Captain Roper the team defeated 1901 on February 28, by a score of 4 to 1; and 1903 by a score of 3 to 1.

Among the recent visitors at the school were Miss Amy Moulton and Miss Lucy Negus, former pupils.

The monthly social was held at the home of Miss Allyn, Saturday evening, February 17. The entertainment was "Hall of Curios." Prizes were won by Miss Shedd and Mr. William Taylor. Many were present in spite of the great snow storm, and all had a very pleasant time. Mr. Coolidge was the guest of the evening.

About twenty took advantage of the last snowstorm by a sleighride. The party went to Waltham and back, Mr. Green acting as chaperone. On the way back it was reported that the horses had to be helped by the boys.

Our drama seems to have been a financial success as well as a social one.

High school pins are the latest.

1901.

Messrs. Batchelder and O'Banyan have left school.

Gove is the Debating Society's artist.

1901 is becoming more unpopular, through the efforts of some of its members to have the Debating Society meetings conducted in a more business-like manner. Never mind, we suffer in a good cause.

Now that the mid-years and dramas are over, we may return undisturbed to our peaceful slumbers.

What a tell-tale that looking-glass was!

Why not have some new French verbs?

All those wishing information on how "he stirred himself on a straw," might ask T-e-e-.

A great many in this class are going to try for the crew.

The line-up in the hockey game with 1900 was as follows: Thompson, g.; Chase, p.; Blake, c. p.; Brigham, Crawford, Hosmer and Upham, forwards.

1902.

Miss Loomis has been obliged to give up her course with us on account of ill health.

Would anyone like another electric shock?

Miss Bateman and Miss Dinsmore, who have been absent on account of sickness, have returned.

Miss Boyce received a slight injury as the result of playing basket-ball.

On April 18, the basket-ball team will hold a dance at the Newtowne hall. It is thought the affair will be a great success. Miss Boyce is manager. The committee in charge consists of Misses Halliday, Colby, Dunn and Wales.

Dwyer is writing the High School notes for the Chronicle.

1902 was obliged to forfeit the hockey game with 1903. Are we the only class in the school unable to turn out a hockey team?

1903.

Miss Fisher has been absent from school for several weeks on account of illness.

No more shadows to be made in the sun.

What is the next odor we shall receive from the cooking apartment?

Brace up, 1903. Get some notes for this column!

DRAMA AND DANCE.

On Wednesday evening, February 21, the class of 1901, High School, gave a drama and dance at the Newtowne Club hall, North Cambridge. The one act drama, entitled "A Bachelor's Banquet," was well presented. The parts were well taken, the play well chosen, and the whole affair went off without any break to mar it.

The following is the cast:

Nat Stillman.....H. C. Upham
Engaging to Miss Oldfield.
Dick Foster.....A. D. Hosmer
Engaged to Della.
Major Pomroy.....J. T. Glidden
Another victim of fate.
Mrs. Mortimer.....Miss A. E. MacKusick
A presiding deity.
Della Mortimer.....Miss A. B. Winegar
Daughter of Mrs. Mortimer.
Constance Oldfield.....Miss C. C. Cameron
Niece of Major Pomroy.
McGinnis—Servant of Foster & Stillman, with the doubtful virtue of being heard and not seen.

SCENE.

Sitting-room in the bachelor apartments of Foster & Stillman.
Time—June of the present decade.

Foster has invited Mrs. Mortimer and her daughter to dinner. The dinner, in accordance with a wager between "Della" and "Dick," is to be cooked by "Dick." While "Dick" and "Nat" are out, "Nat" discovers a photograph and falls in love with the face. When they return they find Mrs. Mortimer and her daughter, and Major Pomroy and his niece in their rooms. The Major accuses them of having his photograph. They stoutly deny it. However, "Nat" invites the Major to dinner in order that he may ascertain the original of the photograph. He finds out in a very unexpected way and explanations follow in which "Nat" and "Dick" succeed in getting clear from all troubles.

Mr. Glidden, the uncle, took his part very cleverly, imitating the walk and carriage of an old gentleman to perfection. Mr. Hosmer as "Dick" was the life of the play, and was well applauded throughout. Mr. Upham skilfully took the part of "Nat," a young man who fell in love with the photograph of a pretty girl whom he had never seen.

Of the ladies, by far the most difficult part and the one that deserved the most praise, was that of Miss MacKusick, as Mrs. Mortimer. The acting of Miss Cameron as Constance Oldfield was excellent, it being done in a simple and natural way. Miss Winegar's part was excellently learned and well acted.

After the drama, dancing was enjoyed by a large number. Niles' orchestra furnished the music. Mr. Hosmer was the floor director, assisted by Messrs. Barnes, Brigham and Shaw; and Misses Hopkins, Duvey and Adams. Mr. Glidden was the business manager.

ATHLETICS.

TRACK ATHLETICS.

Cambridge will be represented in the Mechanics Hall meet on March 17 by the following men:

1000 yds. run, McGirr.

300 yds. run, Dunn.

Shot Put, Leitch (capt.).

High Jump, Taylor.

A relay race has been arranged against Brookline High, and our team will be:—

McGirr, Mayhew, Grebenstein, Dunn, and Andrews (sub.).

Four men will run 390 yards apiece.

Although the team consists this year of fewer men than last, there is every reason to believe that the result of this year's sports will be more satisfactory.

CLASS HOCKEY.

HIGH SCHOOL.

The games for the class championship in hockey were played February 28, on Artificial Pond. The game between 1900 and 1901 resulted in a victory for 1900 by the score of 4-1. Following is the line-up:

1900.	1901.
Roper, f.	f., Brigham
Adams, f.	f., Hosmer
Dunn, f.	f., Upham
Hughes, f.	f., Crawford
MacSweeney, c. p.	c. p., Blake
Reed, p.	p., Chase
Holt, g.	g., Thompson

The game between 1902 and 1903 was forfeited to 1903, as 1902 failed to appear.

1900 beat 1903 in the final game by the score of 3-1. 1900's team was the same as in the game with 1901. Following is 1903's team:—forwards, Davies, Crawford, Grebenstein and LeFarve; c. p., Clifford; p., Leighton; g., Stuart.

LATIN SCHOOL.

The class of 1902 has won the championship as it has defeated 1903 and 1904 and as the other two classes have not put teams on the ice.

CLASS GAMES.

The annual indoor class games were held March 10th, in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium through the courtesy of Mr. O'Brien, the director.

1900 and 1902 tied for first place with 16 points apiece; 1901 was second, with 7; 1903 third, with 5; and 1904 last, with 1.

Best Glasses, any style, 75c. Solid Gold, Warranted, $2.50.
ANDERSON, Optician, 27 BROMFIELD ST.
Extensive Experience. Examination Free. Any Oculist's Prescription filled for $1.00. Bottom Prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS . . . TUTORING. . . .
E. Gordon Parker, 1 Hilton Block.

The New Spring and Summer Lines of Our . . . $3 00 KING SHOES for Men, are unsurpassed by any $3.50 or $4.00 Shoes on the market.
THE OLD PRIOR SHOE STORE, 1224-1226 Cambridge St., Cambridgeport.
FRANK P. STEARNS. 2 DOORS FROM PROSPECT STREET.
IT FITS LIKE A GLOVE. MADE UP IN ALL STYLES AND SIZES. We are the Exclusive Agents.

The point winners were:—

	No. of pts.
Dunn, '02	11
Leitch, '00	10
Masstrangelo, '01	7
McGirr, '00	6
Grebenstein, '03	5
Burns, '02	5
Harlow, '04	1
Total	45

The events:—

20-yd. dash with 6 entries: won by Dunn, Masstrangelo 2d, Harlow 3d; time, 3 secs.

High jump, with 4 entries: Grebenstein, Leitch and McGirr all cleared 4 ft. 9 in. Grebenstein won by clearing 4 ft. 8 in., and McGirr and Leitch divided the points for second and third.

Putting the 12-lb. shot, with 4 entries: won by Leitch, dist. 41 ft. 4 in.; McGirr 2d, dist. 30 ft. 3 in.; Dunn 3d, dist. 29 ft. 2 in.

Running broad jump, with 7 entries: won by Burns, dist. 17 ft. 2 in.; Leitch 2d, dist. 17 ft.; Masstrangelo 3d, dist. 16 ft. 9 in.

Potato race (7 potatoes, 2 yds. apart), with 5 entries: won by Dunn, Masstrangelo 2d, McGirr 3d; time, 28 2-5 secs.

Since there was no other class relay team to race, the 1902 (Latin School) team ran a pursuit race with a scrub team and was caught in the third relay. The teams:

1902.	Scrub Team.
Hubert	Masstrangelo
Burns	Mayhew
Garfeild	Dunn
Burton	McGirr

NEW MUSIC.

Peggy's Dream.—Mr. Albert W. Noll is both author of the words and composer of the music of "Peggy's Dream," a juvenile operetta just published by Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, (price 40c.) The composer's fine gift of melody is in evidence in this delightful work. Peggy, a poor lame girl returning to her room, takes up her doll and tells her of the shop windows filled with toys, dolls and books, and of the Brownies, Jack and Jill, Bo-peep, Miss Muffett, etc. Then she wishes for a fairy god-mother, and beginning to sing a lullaby, falls to sleep. A fairy appears, attended by Sir Thomas Grimalkin and Lady Bunny, and introduces the following characters: Bo-peep, Mother Hubbard, Miss Muffett, Boy Blue, King Cole, Brownie, Jack and Jill. Each of these characters sings a song. Sir Thomas Grimalkin, a white cat, and Lady Bunny, a white rabbit, furnish much amusement and are finally married.

The music written in comic opera style, is bright, catchy and melodious. The songs are neither difficult to learn, nor to sing, and are well within the range of children's voices. This operetta requires only inexpensive costumes and stage settings, and is sure to be popular. Time of performance fifty minutes.

"Arethusa" (A Sketch) (50c.) and "From the Northland" (A Dance Fragment) (50c.) are two piano solos by Mr. Bertram C. Henry, fresh from the press; both are of the fourth grade, and both are written in D. "From the Northland" is the more romantic of the two, although the composer has, in each, succeeded in writing something above the ordinary. They will doubtless meet with favor among piano players who are looking for something new and interesting.

Among the new piano pieces of the popular class published this month is Mr. M. S. Arnold's "Dance of the Marionettes," in E flat (40). While not a difficult piece to play, it makes a good show. There is considerable variety in the harmony, and it should please those who like light, bright music of this class.

There is always a demand for another good two-step, and the "Championship March Two-step" (50c.), by Robert G. Morse, will quickly take its place among the most popular two-steps of the day. Mr. Morse is a Harvard University man and the composer of "Up the Street." His latest two-step — "Championship March"—has a most captivating melody, and a spontaneity that is infectious. In manuscript form, it created so much enthusiasm that the publishers have issued it for piano solo, piano four-hand, military band, orchestra, and for 1st and 2nd mandolins, mandola and guitar, with piano accompaniment.

THE STERLING SHOE, $2.50.

Our Spring Styles in Calf, Patent Calf, Enamel, Russia Calf, and Black and Russia Kid, are now ready.

LOW SHOES IN ALL STYLES.

SOLD ONLY AT
13 Water Street,
14 Spring Lane,
97 Summer Street,
78 Hanover Street.
BOSTON.

THE

BOSTON.

Reservation of desks made daily by mail or upon personal application.

The School is the MOST MODERN and HIGHEST GRADED Institution of its kind in America. Its plans and methods are widely but unsuccessfully imitated.

Reliable instruction by experienced teachers and assistance in obtaining recognition from the business public are both of inestimable value to young people just entering commercial life, and they can best be attained by attending a school of RECOGNIZED STANDING.

The Shorthand and Typewriting departments are distinct from, but equal in perfection of equipment to the Commercial departments.

Pupils of either sex admitted on equal terms. PROSPECTUS POST FREE. Office, No. 608 Washington Street. Hours, 9 a. m till 4 p. m.

J. W. BLAISDELL, Sec'y.

C. E. CONDER. S. CONDER.

C. E. CONDER & BRO.,

GROCERS,

A Full Line of Staple and Fancy Groceries,

442 Massachusetts Ave., - Cambridgeport, Mass.

D. S. COOLIDGE. Tel. Cambridge. G. B. CASWELL.

COOLIDGE & CASWELL,

BAY STATE LAUNDRY

136 Franklin St., Cambridgeport, Mass.

Orders by Mail or Telephone Receive Prompt Attention.

AHERN . . .

AUCTIONEER,
REAL ESTATE,
INSURANCE,

1388 Mass. Ave., Harvard Sq.
64 Fifth St., East Cambridge.

. . Telephone No. 515-3 . .

Established 1865.

LEVI HAWKES,

PLUMBER,

Sanitary Work a Specialty.

623 Massachusetts Avenue,
Cambridgeport.

TELEPHONE 518-2.

ROBERT WISEMAN,

Expressing and Jobbing promptly attended to

674 Cambridge Street, - East Cambridge, Mass.

FRED. D. NORTON,

FISH DEALER,

1865 Massachusetts Ave., North Cambridge.

TELEPHONE 364-6 CAMBRIDGE.

BOSTON BUTTER STORE,

1½ AUSTIN STREET, CAMBRIDGEPORT.

A. F. PETERSON, PROP.

Butter, Cheese and Eggs, Teas, Coffees, Etc.
Hennery Eggs a Specialty. . . .

GEORGE H. WHIPPEN,

279 BROADWAY, CAMBRIDGE

ICE CREAM and CONFECTIONERY.

Catering for Class Socials, Parties, etc., a Specialty.

ENOCH BEANE & CO.,

Receivers of and Dealers in

BEEF, MUTTON, PORK, LAMB, HAMS,

Poultry, Game, and Country Produce.

1236 & 1238 MASSACHUSETTS AVE, CAMBRIDGE.

Fred LaLond Successor to Griffith

Hair-Cutting Room

No. 34 Brattle St., Street Floor, Cambridge.

Seven Men in Attendance.

"*The very finest goods*
AT
The very lowest prices."

Everything in Sporting Goods

John P. Lovell Arms Co.
163-165 WASHINGTON ST.
BOSTON.

ERNEST W. CLARK,
Plumber and Gas Fitter,
1440 and 1442 Massachusetts Ave.,
Harvard Square, - - Cambridge, Mass.

JOHN J. BLEVINS,
Slate, Tin, Copper, Gravel Roofer.
Repairing by first-class workmen
on all kinds of roofs a specialty
696 Massachusetts Ave. - Cambridgeport
Gutters and Conductors put up and repaired
Established 1868. Residence, 222 Putnam Avenue

ROSA VIGNOMI,
Dealer in
CONFECTIONERY and FRUIT,
397 Cambridge St., East Cambridge,
4 Doors from Fifth Street

.. .. TRY .. ..
RUSSELL'S CHOCOLATES.
Put up in Pound and Half-Pound Boxes.
THEY ARE THE BEST.

J. E. Purdy & Co.

Class Photographers for 1900
CAMBRIDGE LATIN and ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOLS.

For the fourth consecutive year we are serving nearly a score of neighboring schools and colleges; a situation which indicates at least tolerable satisfaction on all sides. To the unprejudiced mind there can be no possible doubt as to the merits of our productions, the efficiency of our service, or the general satisfaction accorded all patrons. By doing business on a large scale (the largest of its kind in America), we are enabled to make low prices, wonderfully low, in truth, if you secure one of the Class Rate Cards. All seniors in Cambridge High and Latin Schools have them, and anyone may profit thereby.

STUDIO: 146 TREMONT STREET,
BOSTON.

CAMBRIDGE MASS APRIL, 1900

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW

VITA·SINE·LITERIS·MORS·EST

CONTENTS.

	Page
THE MONTH	3
COMMUNICATIONS	4
EASTER MORNING	6
WHOSE JOKE WAS IT?	7
JOINT DEBATE	11
THE HOUSE OF PERONNE (Conclusion)	17
THE PALACE OF THE SUN (Translation)	23
NOTES.	24-28
ATHLETICS	28, 29

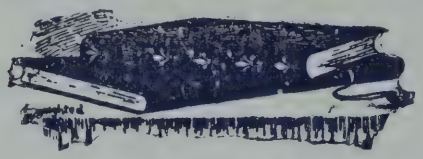
For full contents see page 1.

Vol. XIV
No 7

Frederick G. Hall 1898

McNAMEE

WE BIND THE "REVIEW."



...Bookbinding

Magazines and Library Books Bound In the most substantial manner.

26A BRATTLE STREET, ...CAMBRIDGE.

A. J. LITTLEFIELD & CO.,

PROVISION DEALERS,

1847 Massachusetts Ave., (Lovell's Block,) North Cambridge.

Drop us a postal and a competent man will call for your order. Special attention will be given to all orders, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Established 1842.

JOHN P. SQUIRE & CO.,

INCORPORATED.

Packers and Curers of

Pork, Lard, Hams and Bacon

Also Manufacturers of the Celebrated

"Arlington" Sausage and Kettle Rendered Leaf Lard.

21, 23 & 25 F. H. Market and 39 & 40 No. Market St.

BOSTON, MASS.

BARBOUR-STOCKWELL CO.

General Machinists and Iron Founders.

Special Machinery, Light or Heavy, Designed and Built. Confectioners' Machinery. General Jobbing. Drafting. Pattern Making.

Factory: 205 Broadway, Cambridgeport.

DANA W. BENNETT & CO.,

TELEPHONE 1755

Insurance

82 WATER STREET, BOSTON.

WM. H. WOOD & CO., LUMBER MERCHANTS, Cambridgeport, Mass.

The C. & C. Press,

26-28 BRATTLE STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

CAUSTIC & CLAFLIN.

Printers

of this magazine,

and numerous other publications.

Everything in the Printing Line.

All Orders Promptly Executed.

The Best of Work. Full Count.

FLOWERS CARBONE'S DECORATIONS

HARVARD SQUARE

C. BRIGHAM COMPANY

Wholesale and Retail Dealers
in Dairy Products. . . . .

Milk, Cream, Butter, Eggs,
Condensed and Evaporated Milk.

158 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

Telephone, Cambridge 263.

Joel Goldthwait & Company,
RUGS AND CARPETS,
169 Washington St., - Boston, Mass.

Established 1847
R. H. STEARNS & COMPANY
DRY GOODS
Tremont Street and Temple Place
BOSTON

D. S. COOLIDGE. Tel. Cambridge. G. B. CASWELL.
COOLIDGE & CASWELL,
BAY STATE LAUNDRY
136 Franklin St., Cambridgeport, Mass.
Orders by Mail or Telephone Receive Prompt Attention.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Month	3, 4
Communications	4-6
Easter Morning	6
Whose Joke Was It?	7-10
Girls' Corner	10
Joint Debate	11, 12
Debating Societies	12, 13
Fun	14, 15
Announcements	16
The House of Peronne	17-23
The Palace of the Sun	23
High School Notes	24, 25
Alumni Notes	25
Latin School Notes	26-28
Athletics	28, 29

RALPH LEACH,
PURE ICE CREAM
AND
FINE CONFECTIONERY

ICE CREAM. SHERBETS.
Vanilla, Chocolate, Nougatine, Strawberry, Coffee, Peach. Orange, Raspberry, Lemon, Pineapple.

747 Massachusetts Avenue,
Telephone 164-2 Cambridge.

ELIJAH BALL
Baker.
STORES:—3 Austin Street, 627 Massachusetts Ave., 135 Inman Street (Inman Sq. Bakery).
Telephone.

You need the best!
For accurate work
Our high grade . .
Drafting Instruments
Give universal satisfaction.
Wadsworth, Howland & Co.,
Incorporated.
Manufacturers and Importers of
Drawing Materials of all Kinds,
82 and 84 WASHINGTON STREET,
. . and . .
218 CLARENDON STREET,
. . BOSTON . .
Special Rates to Students

COLLINS AND FAIRBANKS
CELEBRATED HATS
381 Washington St.
BOSTON, MASS.
EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS FOR YOUNG MEN

Year Round Novelties

Not only in Young Men's elegant Made-up Clothing, but in all articles appertaining to a complete outfit, viz:—Hats, Footwear, Underwear, Linen, Neckwear, Hosiery, Canes, Umbrellas, Travelling Bags, Mackintoshes and Gloves.

A. SHUMAN & CO.,
Leading Manufacturers and Outfitters in New England.
SHUMAN CORNER, BOSTON.

J. LEO McDONALD
CEILINGS WHITENED OR TINTED TO MATCH PAPER
HOUSE PAINTING, GRAINING AND GLAZING. . . .
Telephone, 364-5 Cambridge. No. 23 CHURCH STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

A KODAK FOR $1.00
"BROWNIE" CAMERAS FOR SALE BY
Takes pictures 2¼ x 2¼.
F. A. WHITE,
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY. 675 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridgeport.

Shoe Bargains at Rosenberg's Branch, 538 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridgeport.

MRS. C. F. BELCHER & CO
Ice Cream and Catering,
Catering for Class Socials, Parties, etc. 29 Brattle Street, CAMBRIDGE.

COAL RICHARDSON & BACON, WOOD
CAMBRIDGE.
Family Trade a Specialty for Fifty-Four Years.

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. XIV. NO. VII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, APRIL, 1900.

THE MONTH.

We are glad to say that the High School has this last month taken a decided interest in the contest for the positions of class editors. We have already received a number of stories from competitors, one of which we print in this issue. The trials are open to everyone at the High School, and we hope that before the fifth of May, when they will finally close, we shall have received many more contributions of stories, poems and class notes. The story which we publish in this number, is the first one from the High School which we have been able to use this year.

We should like to emphasize in this connection a few general rules which we wish all our contributors would follow. We must request that all stories, poems, communications or notes sent to us be written in *ink*, on only *one* side of *theme* paper, not ordinary *block* paper. Further, we wish to state that we will publish no contribution of any kind which is not signed by the writer with his full name, although we may only publish his initials.

We trust that our base-ball team this season will receive the same hearty support in attendance at the games as it did last year. Many have already shown their interest in the team's welfare by their generous subscriptions, and we hope that as many more will set aside the date of the games as published on page sixteen, in order that they may have no other engagements on the five inportant afternoons.

At the recent meeting at the Latin School in regard to tennis, it seemed to be the general desire of the majority of those present from the Latin School that there should be two interclass tournaments, one for each school. In view of the arrangement of the foot-ball, hockey and base-ball class games it would seem at first that there could be no objection to this course; but, when we consider the peculiar circumstances under which the movement for the tennis tournament was started, it seems to us that this plan is, to say the least, discourteous to the High School.

The notices as originally posted announced an interclass tournament open to both schools in which the points won by the same class in each school should count together. That some members of the Latin School, as shown by one of the motions at the meeting, should wish to have every separate class in each school count its own points for itself alone and so

have a chance to be champion over eight is perfectly reasonable, especially, if, as has been suggested, the classes should combine and buy a banner or some prize for the winning class. Naturally the trophy could not be kept at the same time in two separate schools. But that the Latin School should even think of excluding the High School from this tournament after the latter had been invited to attend the meeting and when it was represented there, seems to us to be like sending away one's guests. Only a few people at the High School take an interest in tennis, and if the Latin School persists in its apparent intentions, these few will probably be deprived of a chance to compete in any class tournament.

We publish this month two more communications on the subject of secret societies, but have nothing ourselves to add to what we have already said on the question, except to note this one fact which we have observed in our conversations with secret society fellows. It is this: Nearly all the members of these clubs agree that our statements apply to those societies to which they themselves do not belong.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor:

In answer to the request advanced by yourself for opinions on the subject of secret societies, and also in answer to some of the communications received and published last month, I wish to make the following few remarks.

In the first place, what a large number of persons in the school seem not to understand, is that the secret society is not a forced, but a natural growth. Young men or young ladies gathered together in one school, and oftentimes in one class, find themselves united by the ties of friendship or by the bonds of common feeling and inclination. For them to wish and to try to draw these bonds tighter is but natural. And of this wish and of this trial the secret society is the product.

Having now reached the point where our secret society is organized, let us consider its effects. First, its effects upon the pupils.

I am compelled to agree with the editor and to disagree with Mr. Linnell on the point of the secret society being injurious to studies. The Greek course of this school, and the Latin course of this school are not made so very interesting that pupils prefer to study rather than to have a good time. Mr. Linnell, in his remarks on this point, has considered only two classes of scholars, the class that wishes and is eager to study, and the class that does not wish to study. He has not considered that class of scholars which has a half-hearted feeling that it ought to study just enough to keep along about the middle of the class. It is on these pupils that the evil effects fall.

Then your correspondent says, "One evening a week." Does it not take more than one evening a week to prepare for a drama, as reports reach my ears, certain societies are doing? It does, and your correspondent must know that it does take time from lessons to belong to a secret society.

As to the other effects of secret societies upon their members, to my mind they are simply an exaggeration of whatever qualities the member may already possess. If he is a fellow of good, clean habits he will join a society of good, clean habits, organized for some worthy purpose. Such societies, however, rarely exist in the form of secret societies. I fear that the most good that can be said of our own school secret societies is, that they are organized for a good time. But, on the other hand, if the fellow already possesses bad habits, he will join a society where the other fellows already have bad habits, and his general character will rapidly deteriorate.

So much for the effect on the members themselves. Now for the effect upon the school.

In the first place, a secret society in the Cambridge Latin School rarely is a secret society. It is merely a farce and a pretense of one. For some inexplicable reason a so-called secret society always forces its attention on every one. If it has theatre tickets for a certain evening its members loudly proclaim the fact, as if trying to show what other people are missing, but unconsciously disproving Mr. Linnell's assertion about the studies. Now this may not do any actual harm, but it does no good. It shows that there is a little clique of fellows who, instead of quietly enjoying the added friendship which Mr. Linnell affirms is the result of the societies, are trying to show themselves off as an exclusive clique.

Secondly, to do the society men justice, I must admit, that, for the most part, they loyally support both class and school. But here again the baleful effects of the society creep in. If they are to serve the class, they must "run" it. This may not be so true of some societies as of others, but it is pretty generally the case. And here is one of their most injurious effects. They split a class into contending factions.

Every secret society that ever has been, or, in all likelihood, ever will be organized, contains in itself the germs of meddlesomeness in class politics. That is where the societies get in their most injurious effects. And, by a very peculiar coincidence, that is the point which your correspondent did not touch upon.

A class election should not be considered as a training ground for future politicians. The election of a class president or a class treasurer should be guided by the questions, "Is he the man for the office?" "Does he deserve the office?" Not by, "Is he a society man?" "Will he help the society?" "Can I secure some future advantage for myself by supporting the society candidate?"

You may be reasonably certain that one society does not contain the ability of a whole class. And you may be equally certain that a society which has elected a ticket composed only of its own members has done so by crowding out some worthier man.

For these reasons and many more, I conconsider that the secret society in any state at all can be productive of very little good to its members and to the school; but, on the contrary, may be the cause of much evil.

PHILIP R. AMMIDON, '01.

To the Editor:

It seems to me that in speaking of the bad moral and physical side of secret societies, we should take examples of their effect right here in the school; showing whether a boy is any better or worse off by his joining such a society. The "secret" society in a "prep" school is from my own experiences a huge farce, made up mostly of fellows who never intend going to college, and if they did, admittance to a society there would be very doubtful.

I can see now, several fellows, who were, when they entered the school, perfect gentlemen, abhorring smoking and trickery. I see these same fellows now entirely changed. I will not endeavor to picture them, for the Editor's article has done it perfectly already. Of course they can say, this is the natural course of school life, and not the effect of clubs. *But* as we know the youth as he was before joining, we must attribute this to the influence coming from these clubs. Hence, class athletics have suffered, for the teachers lay the blame really coming from the clubs, to class athletics. Then again, I can see several others, who were good athletes; but owing to excessive smoking are *not so now*. These fellows mostly belong to some one-horse club.

"A graduate" seems blind to these facts when he says "it seems ridiculous to characterize secret society men as smokers." We

can see now a great many influential graduates of the school who never joined one of these clubs in the "prep" schools, but are good members of a college fraternity.

I contend that these "secret" societies are detrimental to a *fellow's good*, to *classes' good*, and to the *school's good*, and that they should be shown up in their true light.

F. W. R., '02.

EASTER MORNING.

It was early morning; the earth was still robed in darkness and the stars were slowly and reluctantly fading into obscurity. The air was heavy with the morning's mist, and stately palms nodded and rustled, seemingly willing to mingle their music with that of the merry, bubbling springs. All nature was waking from its refreshing slumber.

Suddenly, in the distance, a woman appeared hurrying down one of the pathways. Her white robes fell gracefully round her, and lent an added purity to the face. In her arms, she carried sweet smelling spices, which she guarded carefully, almost tenderly. Pain, sorrow, disappointment, and anxiety were depicted in every feature of her countenance. One would have been obliged to look long and closely to have caught even one little glimmer of hope.

Tears filled her large brown eyes, and her lips quivered as she approached the tomb where she expected to find the body of her Lord. She felt that now surely the light of her life had gone out forever. She took a step nearer, and then at the sight which met her eyes, she trembled from head to foot, for lo!—the stone which guarded the sepulchre had been rolled away. She turned and hastened to the city to tell the news to Peter and John, who had been followers of the same Master. The sun had just begun to rise, but she had never seen it look so before. For a moment, the rays which shot up from the east were as great drops of blood; then they disappeared as suddenly as they had come, and the heavens were adorned with the glory of a new day. She hurried on, and told the story to the disciples.

Then the three started back for the sepulchre, but John outran the others and came first. He stepped down and looked with an awestricken countenance into the empty tomb, where he beheld the linen grave clothes, but not the body of his Lord. Then, Peter, when he came, went in and examined the place more closely. John followed him; and as a flower opens to the sun, so his heart opened to receive the truth. The two disciples left the quiet of the spot and sought their homes.

But Mary, wearied from her long walk had not arrived until after the other two—she felt drawn to the sacred corner and could not depart. Great tears coursed down her cheeks; and she gave way to passionate sobbing. Then, raising her face from her hands, she peered with sad eyes into the sepulchre; but her heart beat faster and her breath came quicker as she beheld two angels arrayed in heavenly beauty, who asked the cause of her sorrow. She answered and said, "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him"; but fearing to cast another glance she turned away and saw that she was not alone. She gazed a moment in silence, but as the stranger gently spoke her name, a quick cry of joy escaped her. "Master!" At that moment everything seemed to cry, "He is risen—He is risen." The little birds sang it, the leaves whispered it, the breezes murmured it, and all nature broke into the glad refrain of, "He is risen—He is risen"!

H. H. J., '02.

WHOSE JOKE WAS IT?

"Christopher Columbus! Is that you?"

"Well-er- I can lay no claim to any relationship with that worthy individual—but perhaps you noticed a slight resemblance? Thanks. To come to the point—it's your most humble servant who now has the pleasure of standing before you."

"Oh, dry up, old fellow, and tell me how on earth you came to be here!"

"Well, Hal, you know I left you at Richmond, to go to see my aunt in Chicago, who was ill. As soon as she saw 'yours truly,' she began to improve, and I left the dear old lady in the best of health and spirits."

"But, Jack—"

"Say, who's down here with you, anyway?"

"Come up to our cottage and you'll find out. Mother will be glad to see you and of course my sister will. You know we have a cottage here at the beach this summer."

"Hal, who's here?"

"Well, in the first place there's my sister's friend, Mildred Thurston, and my sister of course, and then the rest of the family and—"

"How is Edith, anyway?" interrupted Jack.

"Sis?" Oh, she's all right."

"But, Hal, I should have sent word to your mother I was coming. I thought you were at the hotel."

"Never mind,—Jack, but—Oh—Jehosophat!"

"Well, what's struck you now?"

"Say, I've got an idea—a joke on the girls —Come on—I'll tell you now, while we are walking up home."

Many people looked with a half-amused expression at the two handsome college lads, walking arm in arm. By their earnest talk and the roguish gleam in their eyes, it was very evident that they were up to some mischief.

Hal Gardner and Jack Lathrop were chums. They had entered school together—had had the measles and the whooping cough at the same time—had carried valentines to the same little girl, and, at the Academy, where one was, there could the other be found also. Now they were attending the same college. Jack Lathrop was an orphan but he had as a guardian, his aunt, whom he loved dearly and who loved him as a son. Hal Gardner was the only son of an old and wealthy family of Virginia. He had a sister Edith, whom Jack would have told you was an unusually attractive and fascinating girl. Hal would have said the same thing about her friend, Mildred Thurston.

A week before Jack's arrival, Edith and Mildred, with vengeance in their hearts, had racked their brains for some trick to play on Hal. They had been out in the woods picking fir balsam for sofa pillows, and had brought home a very small tree, or, more properly speaking, a small bush. Then they mounted guard at the door of Hal's room, while the servant (bribed with the promise of the girls' washing the supper dishes), with much deftness, placed the tree inside of the bed. No one looking at the bed could detect any signs of disturbances. That night just as the girls could tell by the sounds overhead, that Hal had jumped into bed, there was a great war-whoop that echoed for miles around. Then it was Hal's heart which was filled with vengeance, and now he had the assistance of his chum. Let the girls beware now that these two plotters were at work!

When Jack and Hal reached the "Virginia" cottage, as luck would have it, the girls were out. Surely the fates were kind! Mrs. Thurston welcomed Jack most cordially, for she loved him as a son. She was soon ini-

tiated into the mysteries of the joke on the promise that she would divulge nothing, either by word, look, or deed. At supper-time the girls appeared. But what had become of Jack? Not even mention was made of him.

When the meal was half over, Hal suddenly burst out with, "Say girls, do either of you believe in spirits?"

"Believe in spirits?" asked the girls in chorus.

"Yes, do you believe that the spirit of any living but absent friend ever comes to you?" replied Hal earnestly.

"No."

"Well, this afternoon," Hal continued, "I've been thinking of Jack Lathrop. I can't get him out of my mind. I don't know whether anything has happened to him or not,"—'that's not a lie,' thought Hal to himself, 'for I don't know but that he may be suffocated, stuck behind that curtain in my room,'—"but anyway I feel as if he was coming to talk with us tonight."

"Oh, nonsense! You've been reading some book of ghost stories written by a spirit, I guess. I suppose you intend to establish wireless telegraphy between Jack Lathrop's spirit and yours tonight," Edith said with a sarcastic smile. "Mildred, aren't you frightened? Just think, you may have the privilege of seeing a spirit tonight."

"Be careful, sister," said Hal, with a very solemn face and in a rather awe-stricken tone, "'many a word spoken in jest etc.,' you know."

"Really, Hal, what's got into you?" asked his father laughingly.

"It's beyond words, father," was the reply which caused a burst of laughter. Then the subject was dropped—not out of Hal's mind, however, to judge by the expression he wore.

After Mr. and Mrs. Gardner had driven off to visit a friend, farther up on the beach, the two girls sat down for a chat.

Mildred began, "Have you heard from Jack, lately, Edith?"

"No, Mildred, not very lately. You know he left for Chicago before we came here, and I have not heard from him since. I don't believe Hal has either. I hope nothing has happened to him."

"What a sympathetic tone, Edith!"

Hark! what was that creaking over-head? Hal was out in the hammock on the veranda and there was no one else in the house beside themselves.

"What was that?" inquired both the girls in the same breath.

"It sounded just as if some one had collapsed," laughingly replied Mildred.

"Oh, it must have been Hal's dog, although I didn't know he ever went up there without his master," Edith said in a very queer voice.

Soon it was time for the Chinese lanterns, that were hung around the veranda, to be lighted. Then the girls brought out the joss sticks and sat in the hammock. There were three hammocks swung on that large veranda. Hal occupied one, the girls another, but the third was empty.

"That's for Jack Lathrop's spirit," cried Hal teasingly.

In spite of themselves the girls shivered.

Ah, who would wonder that a spirit could be tempted to pay a visit there. It was a beautiful scene. On the great, roomy veranda there were such comfortable looking chairs. A table, over in the corner, was covered with magazines and in the center stood a large dish of wild-flowers. The light of the lanterns shedding a soft, but rather weird light—the twinkle and perfume of the joss sticks—Hal stretched lazily out in his hammock and the girls, in their light summer dresses, gently swinging to and fro, all made a picture that every true artistic mind could but enjoy.

Before the young people, just over the sea-wall, lay a long stretch of sand. They could hear the swish-swish of the water as it rippled

up over the sand, and then the roar of the breaker, on the seventh wave, as it came crashing up on its path, bursting into a mass of white foam. The moon, like a red ball of fire, had risen a little way above the horizon, and spread a shimmering path of light over the waves. It made one think of Jacob's ladder, for it seemed a golden pathway leading up to the very gates of heaven. Up and down the beach, the twinkle of the lights in the many cottages could be seen. It was a scene that filled the heart with thankfulness to the Creator for such a life and such an earth.

But what of our friends?

No word had been spoken, until Hal cried out, "Jack!"

"Harold Gardner, what is the matter with you?" anxiously inquired his sister, "if you don't stop, I'll—well I'll do something. You make me nervous and Mildred too."

"What's the matter, Hal?"

"I don't know, Mildred, but I was sure Jack Lathrop was near me. I declare I'd like to see him!"

Why did Hal develop such a fondness for that particular sofa-pillow that he managed to keep near his face all the time? But what caused Mildred to make such a funny noise, something between a laugh and a cough, and why did Edith very suddenly begin to sing and then as suddenly stop?

Wait and see.

"Hal!"

Painful silence, *more* painful silence, *most* painful silence!

Whose voice was it? It couldn't be Jack's; yet it was unmistakably like his.

The girls crouched in the hammock and clung close to each other.

"Hal!"

"By all the saints, what shall I do, girls?" asked Hal in a terror-stricken whisper.

"Don't answer, Hal, don't if you love me," replied his sister.

"Hal!"

Ah! that accent, that tone, that voice! It was ghostly, ghostly. It was enough to strike terror into the heart of Pluto himself.

"Jack, is it you?" asked Hal in a *very* weak voice.

"Put out the lanterns and I will come to you," said the same awful grewsome voice.

"Hal, on your life don't do it," interposed the girls, but it was too late; already the lights were out.

"Call Bridget, Edith, she is right inside," Mildred weakly commanded.

"I can't," her friend replied.

"Girls, it's coming; listen,"—Hal's face was deathly pale,—at least it looked so in the moonlight.

Slowly across the lawn came a figure in white, a tall fluttering spirit. It approached the house. It came near. The hollow voice rang out, "Hal, who is with you?"

"Edith, my sister and—"

"Edith," repeated that voice, "Who else?"

"Mildred Thurston," Hal faintly answered.

"Mildred Thurston," repeated that awful voice. The spirit drew nearer and yet nearer.

Ah, surely Hal was having his revenge! It was almost on the veranda.

A pause.

Edith was saying in her sweetest tone, "Why how do you do, Jack, I'm very glad you could come down to see us. We missed you at supper. Won't you throw aside that sheet and shake hands with me?"

"Yes, Mr. Lathrop, we are very glad to see you. Aren't you going to shake hands with us?" Mildred said with a smile that was sweetness itself.

"Christopher Columbus!" ejaculated Hal.

"Jerusalem!" cried the spirit in a slightly *dazed* manner.

Then such a laugh rang out through the night air—from the girls, however, *not* from the boys.

"Well!" cried the two boys in chorus.

"Well!" repeated the two girls, with another burst of merriment.

"How on earth—," Hal began. "Yes, 'how on earth' did you boys think you could fool us girls?" interrupted Edith.

"But—," Jack attempted—

"You poor deluded creatures, you thought you would get the best of us girls for once, didn't you? Have you found out your mistake?"

"Yes, by all the Fates, we have!" was the humble answer. "How on earth did you find out?"

"Well," Mildred charitably began," you see we saw Jack get off the train and meet you. We were in the carriage, and you didn't see us. We hurried home, and then, just as we were going to make our descent upon you, out in the veranda, we heard Hal telling his mother the joke. Now, do you understand? We didn't want to spoil your fun, you know."

Whose joke was it?

C. C. C., '01.

GIRLS' CORNER.

WHY THE MATRON STABLED HER HOBBY.

In a certain college there was once a matron who had just one real hobby which she rode constantly. It was promptness at meals. She was continually fuming because we did not all enter the dining room and leave it at the very same moment. "Young ladies," she said, "I wish you would make the effort to act in unison with me on this one subject." That was enough! I determined upon a certain course, and the other twenty-seven girls agreed to follow me in it.

The next morning, eight o'clock saw the whole twenty-eight of us waiting outside the dining-room door. Miss B— swept in among us and entered the room in a kind of triumph. At last her words had had effect! The plan of campaign was simply that in perfect unison we all follow, like so many automatons, Miss B—'s every action. She drew back her chair haughtily, and the legs of twenty-eight chairs scraped simultaneously. She drew out her skirts and seated herself; so did we. With just the least hint of embarrassment she unfolded her napkin, and instantly twenty-eight snowy napkins were unfurled. Coloring a little, she took a sip of water, and so did the twenty-eight as one person. She coughed nervously and took a spoonful of oatmeal; so did twenty-eight perfectly merciless girls. By accident she let drop her spoon on her plate; following quick as thunder on lightning, down crashed twenty-eight spoons. Then Miss B— got up. We didn't any of us follow her this time. Her face was scarlet. In a voice more appealing than stern she began: "Young ladies!—"

There was dead silence for an instant, then the wag of the class broke in and said: "If you don't mind, Miss B—, we'd all like to continue to act in unison on this subject, but several of us, trying to be in time this morning, neglected lacing our boots. If you will excuse us we wll be back presently."

From that moment Miss B— stabled her hobby, and grew singularly considerate of our feelings.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

In "Poor Richard's Almanac" is the following stanza, which should be read by practical jokers on the last day of March:

"It is a thing to be disputed,
Which is the greater fool reputed,
The man who innocently went
Or he that him designedly sent."

A story is told of how the fear of being April-fooled saved the lives of two people. Francis, Duke of Lorraine, and his wife were imprisoned in Nantes. They planned to escape on the first of April, disguised as peasants. Just as they were passing the sentries, some one who had found out who they were, called out to the guards to stop them. But the men only laughed and said, "*Poisson d' Avril!*" So the prisoners made their escape.

There is another French story of how a joke was carried too far. A lady took her friend's watch for an April fool joke, and then sent policemen all over town to find the thief. The officers, who must have been unusually efficient, finally discovered who had the watch. Then the lady cried, "*Poisson d' Avril!*" The magistrate, not to be outdone in joking, sentenced the lady to be confined in jail until the next first of April.

JOINT DEBATE.

The annual Joint Debate between the High and Latin School Debating Societies took place in the Latin School hall on Friday evening, April 6. About seven hundred people were present, all of whom followed the debate closely. Every speaker showed thorough preparation and a full knowledge of his subject. But, as last year, the judges awarded the debate to the Latin School.

Hon. Frederick W. Dallinger, the presiding officer, opened the exercises of the evening with a short speech in which he spoke of the great advantages to be derived from debating societies in the schools. He then read the subject for the debate, "Resolved: That the United States senators should be elected by the direct vote of the people." The Latin School supported the affirmative of this question and the High School the negative.

The first speaker was William H. Thompson, '00, of the Latin School. He showed that the present method of electing the senators was adopted into the Constitution as the result of a compromise, and declared that the provision for amending this great charter was one of the wisest acts of our forefathers. Toward the end of his speech he became nervous, and thus lost the advantage of his good delivery at the beginning.

The first speaker for the negative was Henry M. Deeran, '00. He declared that the burden of proof lay with the affirmative, that the Constitutional convention carefully considered all other methods of electing and finally decided upon the present system as the best, and that at present there are men in the House of Representatives, which is elected in the manner proposed by the affirmative for the Senate, who are as bad as any of the senators. He also became somewhat nervous at the last of his debate; however, his speech was effective.

The next speaker was Harold W. Bennett, '01, of the Latin School. He brought forward two important points, that by the proposed system the stability of the Senate would be increased and its character raised and that the Senators elected would more truthfully represent the choice of the people. His delivery was exceptionally good.

Edward A. Barrier, '01, now took up the debate for the negative. After a summary of his colleague's points, he presented a number of strong arguments. He said that the Senate ranks among the foremost legislative bodies of the world, that under the new scheme the large cities would have undue influence over the election of Senators, while under the present arrangement the country districts have a better chance to make their

votes effective, that the governor of a State could not appoint a Senator in case of sickness or death, and that the judiciary of the country would practically be elected by the people. His delivery was good.

Timothy F. Burns, '02, on beginning the last speech for the affirmative made a very effective hit at the previous speaker, which was loudly applauded. In a convincing manner he showed that the people demand the change as evidenced by the action of the legislatures of thirteen of the States, and gave some statistics which proved that now a State is often left without its due representation in the Senate owing to the failure of the legislatures to elect. He further demonstrated that under his plan legislatures would be elected on State issues instead of national ones.

The last speaker was John T. Glidden, '01, of the High School. He began by summing up the arguments already brought up by the negative, then he emphasized three special arguments for his side. He declared that there would be as much chance for corruption under the affirmative's scheme through the bribing of conventions as there was now through the bribing of the legislatures. He said that the negative objected to the proposed plan because it would change the essential characteristics of the Senate and because the masses in the great cities would have the controling influence.

Mr. Bennett and Mr. Glidden summed up for their respective sides. Although Mr. Glidden brought out all the strong points his side had made and answered some of the arguments of the affirmative, his rebuttal was not as effective as that of Mr. Bennett, who repeated all the arguments for his side and declared that the negative had not presented their arguments in a logical order.

During the intermission while the speakers were preparing their rebuttals Miss Katherine L. Bodemer sang "A May Morning." While the judges were out Miss Mary P. Blair gave a reading, and Mr. Warren B. Munroe played a violin solo. All the performers received encores.

The judges were Hon. David T. Dickinson, Alderman Walter C. Wardwell and Rev. Samuel M. Crothers.

The committtee on arrangements was made up as follows: High School, Miss Allyn, '00, and Miss White, '01, and Messrs. Deeran, '00, Oakes, '00, and Glidden, '01; Latin School, Messrs. Thompson, '00, Bennett, '00, Ammidon, '01, and Burns, '02.

DEBATING SOCIETIES.

LATIN SCHOOL.

March 16, 1900.

After the meeting had been called to order, a letter from the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, inviting the Society to send two representatives to a meeting, March 17, was read by the secretary. The president appointed Mr. Bennett, '00, and Mr. Ammidon. '01, to represent the Society at the meeting. Mr. Counihan reported that the Joint Debate between Everett and the Cambridge Latin School was to be held in the Cambridge Latin School Hall, on the 18th of May.

The debate of the evening was, "Resolved: That the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty should be ratified by the United States Senate."

The negative was upheld by Miss Wyman, '00, Miss Burton, '02, and Miss Sullivan, '01; and the affirmative by Messrs. Burton, '04, Smith, '02, and Murray, '02. Miss Wyman and Mr. Smith took the rebuttals for their respective sides. The judges, Miss Dickson,

Mr. Ammidon, and Mr. White, awarded the debate to the affirmative.

Miss Burton, '04, and Mr. Thompson, '03, were admitted into the Society as members.

March 30, 1900.

Mr. Bennett, '00, reported that Mr. Ammidon and he had attended the meeting of delegates called by the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, for March 17, and that they had found that, as stated in the letter of invitation, it was intended to hold a Mock Presidential Convention on May 8, in Faneuil Hall to which all the members of the Society were invited. Mr. Bennett further said, about twenty societies were represented at the meeting of delegates, so that there seemed no reason why the convention should not be a success.

After some other business the Society began the competitive debate to choose speakers for the Joint Debate with Everett. The question of the evening was, "Resolved: That Porto Rico should be included in the customs boundaries of the United States." All the four competitors, Messrs. Ammidon, '01, Linnell, '01, Taft, '03, and Good, '04, upheld the affirmative of the subject. Mr. Ammidon had the strongest speech, and was given the first place on the debate by the Judges, Miss Wyman, '00, Mr. Flanagan, '98, and Mr. Carstein, '01. Mr. Linnell and Mr. Taft were selected as the other two debaters, with Mr. Good as alternate. After a rather unprofitable "hash" debate, the Society adjourned.

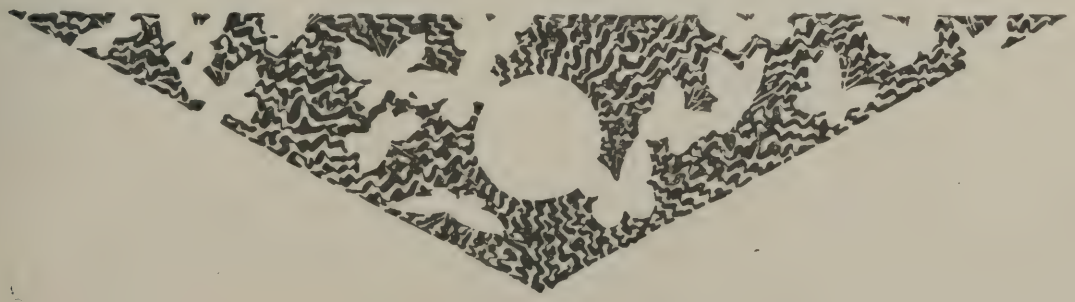
HIGH SCHOOL.

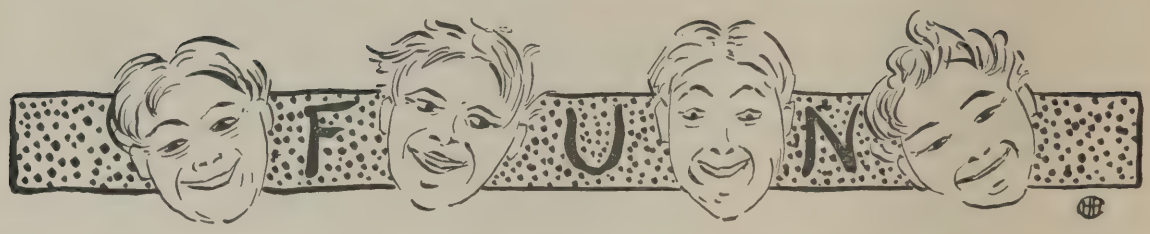
A regular meeting of the High School Debating Society was held March 16, 1900. An invitation was read from the Union Debating Club of Boston, inviting the Society to take part in a Mock Presidential Convention, to be held on May 8th. Mr. Stephens and Mr. Priest were delegated to attend a meeting to be held on Saturday, March 17, to arrange for the convention.

The subject discussed was "Resolved: That vivisection should be abolished." Mr. Wilder and Mr. Stephens, '01, upheld the affirmative, and Mr. Hursh the negative. Miss Mahady, Mr. Upham, and Miss Haines were to have spoken, but failed to make an appearance. The judges, Mr. McInnis, Mr. Dwyer, and Mr. Elder awarded the debate to the negative.

The High School Debating Society held a regular meeting March 30, 1900. As Mr. Garfield, the secretary, was absent, Mr. Blake was elected secretary *pro tem.* The subject for debate was, "Resolved: Tht labor-saving machinery is a permanent advantage to mankind." The affirmative was supported by Miss White, '01, and the negative by Mr. Priest,, '02 and Mr. Karnen, '03, the rest of the speakers, Mr. Leitch, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Elder failing to appear. The judges, Miss Mahady, Mr. Oakes, and Mr. Upham awarded the debate to the negative, but commended Miss White.

Miss Howe and Mr. Currie were admitted as members of the Society. After the usual hash debate the meeting adjourned.





An old farmer was in a store and some one asked him to listen to a phonograph that was on exhibition there. The operator handed him the ear tubes, placed them in proper position, and immediately started the machine. The farmer dropped the tube, saying: "Gosh! There comes a brass band, and I left them mules untied."

Irate Dutchman—(to stranger who has stepped on his foot). "Mine frent; I know my feet was ment to be walked on, but dot privilege belongs to me.

Teacher—Johnny, what figure of speech is "I love my teacher?"

Johnny—Sarcasm.

Mistress—And why do you want to leave, Kate? Is it anything private?"

Kate (disdainfully)—"Dear me! No, ma'am, he's a sergeant."

"Mr. Jones, I would like to speak to you privately. May I take you apart for a few moments?"

Mr. Jones—Certainly, if you will put me together again.

Elevator Boy (to fat old lady)—Goin' up, mum?

Old Lady—Yes, I'm goin' up; but, sakes alive, a little boy like you can't pull me up in that thing!

Little John saw a small tug engaged in towing a large ship, and heard the tug whistle loudly. "Oh, papa!" he exclaimed, "the big boat's got the little one by the tail, and it's squealing!"

She—I suppose you were presented at court while in London?

He—Yes, twice. But I was acquitted both times.

Mother—Mabel, why did you suffer Mr. Thinpate to kiss you?

Mabel (sweetly)—I did not suffer, mamma.

The little boy had smashed his father's shaving mug and done sundry other damage, when his mother discovered him.

"Oh, Freddy!" she exclaimed, horrified; "what will your papa say when he comes home and sees what you have done?"

"Well, mamma," he replied, with a half smile, "I don't think I would like to repeat it before you."

Willy—Pa, what kind of plants are "widow's weeds?"

Papa—Oh! a sort of mourning glory, in most cases.

Little Tommy—Say, are you engaged to my sister or are you not?

Algernon (blushing furiously)—I am—am not, Tommy, but I would like to be."

Little Tommy—Come out from behind that door, sis. I knew I'd earn that quarter.

She (sentimental)—Do you ever have that vague, yearning, uncontrollable feeling that sometimes—ah—

He (practical)—Yes; three times a day.

AS THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE.

Mr. Staylate—Yes, Miss Genevieve, I have been hunting for lodgings all the week.

Miss Genevieve—You seem to have found them at last, Mr. Staylate.

Of all sad words of lad or lass, the saddest are these: "I might have passed."

AT A COUNTRY STORE.

Young Lady—I want some powder, please.
Store Keeper—Face, gun, or bug?

Doctor (to Irish patient)—Do you sleep with your mouth open?

Irish patient—Shure, Oi don't know, doctor. Oi've never seen mysel whin Oi've been aslape, but Oi'll have a look tonight.

Mamma (during a thunder storm)—Now, Ruth, I shall have to go down and take care of the baby, but you must not be afraid, for remember, God is here and will take care of you.

Ruth (calling down the stairs five minutes later)—You come up here, mamma, and stay with God, and I will come down and stay with the baby.

When a man swallows his mother-in-law what will he be? Gladiator!

Translations in Virgil:

"He partook of the chines of an ox."

"I was burning with the love of a young man" (a girl's translation).

"The kindly light from the damp house and the early song of vultures excites the Evander."

"They meet and clasp right hands and then settle down into the midst of Hades," (aedibus).

He surrounds the "souls" of his feet with Tyrrhenian chains.

In Greek class:

Principal: "There's one word in that rule I didn't hear."

Brilliant scholar: "Which word was it, please?"

Passenger (going up Mt. Washington)—Suppose the engines gave out. What would happen?

Conductor—We should have to depend on the air brakes.

Passenger—Suppose they gave out? Where would we go?

Conductor—That depends on your past life.

I rose with great alacrity
To offer her my seat;
'Twas a question whether she or I
Should stand upon my feet.

"What is an orphan?" asked the teacher of a class. Nobody seemed to know. "Well, I am an orphan," said the teacher, seeking an illustration that would not reveal too much. At this a hand popped up and the owner of it exclaimed: "An orphan is a woman that wants to get married and can't."

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

PUBLISHED monthly during the school year by the undergraduates of the Cambridge Latin School and the Cambridge English High School.

Contributions are solicited from undergraduates and alumni and may be left in the REVIEW boxes at the schools or mailed to "THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW," 26A Brattle Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Contributors will please write legibly in ink on one si le of the paper only and sign their names in full.

Terms of subscription, seventy-five cents a year. Single copies, ten cents.

Address all business communications and make checks payable to the Business Manager.

Entered at Post-Office, Boston, as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRESS OF CAUSTIC & CLAFLIN, CAMBRIDGE.

Board of Editors.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

HOLLAND BENNETT, '00.

First Associate Editor.

FRED H. DOW, '00.

Associate Editors.

GRACE M. NORRIS, '00.
ELSIE D. MCWAIN, '00.
CHESTER A. GARFIELD, '00.
EDGAR L. SMITH, '01.
JENNIE B. ALLYN, '00.
EDNA P. SMITH, '00.
HAROLD W. BENNETT, '01.
PSYCHE CERES HEYWOOD, '02.

Class Editors.

MARY L. COLEMAN, '00.
MARGUERITE L. BEARD, '01.
MADELEINE WOOD, 01.
A. INGHAM BICKNELL, '02.
LESLIE HASTINGS, '02.
FLETCHER W. TAFT, '03.
SARA C. CLARK, '04.
IDA M. STEVENS, '01.
JOHN T. GLIDDEN, '01.
RALPH H. CROSWELL, '01.
SYLVANUS W. WILDER, '02.
FLORENCE M. HAYDEN, '03.
ALEXINA L. P. BOWLBY, '03.
MASON T. ROGERS, '04.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

CLIFFORD H. WALKER, '00.

Assistants.

PROCTOR CARR, '00.
IRVING R. LINNELL, '01.
JOHN C. DAVENPORT, '00.
LOUIS W. SUMNER, '02.
WILLIAM J. DWYER, '02.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The next issue of the REVIEW will appear on Thursday, May 17, 1900. All copy must be in by Saturday, May 5.

All the league base-ball games will be played on Charles River Park. Following is the schedule:

May 1—Hopkinson.
May 11—Boston Latin.
May 15—Somerville High.
May 22—Boston English High.
May 25—Brookline High.

Fred H. Clarkson, C. H. S., '01, has been elected president of the Interscholastic Base-ball Association.

The Joint Debate between the Everett High School and the Cambridge Latin School will be held in the Latin School Hall on Friday evening, May 18.

The Harvard Interscholastic Tennis Tournament will be held on Jarvis Field on Saturday, April 28, 1900. The entrance fee is one dollar for each person. A "C. H. and L." tournament will be held on Saturday, April 21, on Jarvis Field. The winner and runner up in the tournament will have their entrance fees paid into the Harvard Tournament. The next two best men will have half their entrance fees paid.

The contest at the High School for positions on the REVIEW staff will close on Friday, May 4, 1900.

Leighton Bros. & Co., 619 Massachusetts Avenue, offer to the winning class of the English High School in base-ball, a banner to be competed for under the same conditions as the Class Hockey Banner. The schedule is to be arranged by the captains of the class teams.

A "May Dance" will be given on Wednesday, May 2, 1900, at the Newtowne Club Hall, under the management of Messrs. Stone, Cobb, Swayer, Whiting and Welsch. Tickets 50 cents.

THE HOUSE OF PERONNE.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEREIN KING LOUIS HIMSELF APPEARS UPON THE BOARDS, AND HE AND BURGUNDY MAKE LOVE.

Although from our most proper desire to be kindly unobtrusive we have left our two lovers for a whole month, nevertheless in reality a very few moments would have been amply sufficient. Day had come, and for le Marquis de Peronne and our Lady of Lasalle the day's work must needs begin as it inevitably does for each of us: and today, of all days, was to be particularly busy, especially for le Marquis. As has already been remarked, the purpose of Burgundy's visit to the town of Peronne was to meet, in consultation, his Royal Majesty, Louis King of France; and it was on this same day—this same bright, glorious morning that Louis came to confer with his "dear cousin." So our lovers were forced to part, and le Marquis de Peronne slowly and with many lingering glances over his shoulder mounted, and then hurriedly rode away to welcome his Royal Guest; indeed there was good need for haste, for, loverlike, he had already lingered overlong. He had lingered, I say, yes, and surely the pleasure of thus lingering when one feels that he ought really to be gone is more than worth the trouble and haste which it necessitates.

But to return to the story. Once more the good people of Peronne had prepared a royal welcome; this time not for their beloved Duke, but, at his politic command, for King Louis, his enemy. So it was that when the King entered Peronne, the old city was bedecked in all its gayest attire, at which unexpected sight the arch villain sagely smiled and shrugged his shoulders dubiously.

How different from the bold entrance of Duke Charles! The royal company was arranged thus: First there was a small body of the most bloated aristocrats, not exactly Louis' friends and very decidedly the people's enemies. "For," said this scheming monarch, "if there is treason or treachery these pretty bantams will surely get the first taste of it, and doubtless the grateful saints will give us time to flee." Then came several of Louis' particular favorites, as a similar kind of bate serving the same purpose of protection: next was the world-famous Scotch Guard, marching in regular serried ranks and armed to the teeth, surrounding on every side a great guilded coach wherein his Majesty was pleased to journey. In the coach sat Louis, and, by his side, his constant companion and counsellor—the court barber—while on the box in the role of footman was the other inseparable—his favorite executioner. Well did these two men deserve all the confidence placed in them, for truly they were the king's body and soul—that is to say if either of them possessed such an unnecessary and troublesome article! His word was their law, and they knew no other. On this fine morning, however, despite his companion and the cheering crowd, his Majesty seemed worried and in an exceedingly unpleasant frame of mind, as he well might be since he saw that the hopes which Rossignole had held out to him in his letter had failed; for he himself could distinguish Charles de Peronne at the head of the city's troops, even now leading the salute. The king turned to his companion and said, "See! There he is! Charles de Peronne our dead man. What if he suspects?"

"But, your Majesty," the other objected, "what can he suspect. The worst they can do

is to kill the poor doctor. Surely, even if they have caught Rossignole, there is no reason to suspect your Majesty. Family troubles—employed by younger brother—'tis all. But is not your Majesty going to return the salute?"

"Yes! *Ciel!* yes!" Louis muttered, "we forget." So, swallowing his chagrin as best he could, he raised the window of the coach and bowed to the cheering mob again and again. Then, after he had passed by the troops of Peronne and had carefully scutinized their leader's face, he sank back on his seat with a dissatisfied air. Still he was somewhat cheered by the honest, unsuspecting gaze of le Marquis who, as we know, suspected nothing. Yet the King was very uneasy, and turning to his companion again said, "But what if it was all a trick? Louis of France caught by a trick! Someone will have pretty things to tell of us, *Mon Dieu!*—pretty things!" at which suggestion master and servant both shrugged their shoulders, and were silent.

Escorted by the troops of Burgundy and Peronne, the royal party proceeded directly to the old tower which the king had determined to occupy. This tower was one of the oldest in Peronne, and, although everything possible had been done to make it a place fit for the King of France to inhabit, nevertheless it was ugly, cold, damp and gloomy; in fact, absolutely unfit, if it had not had the one good quality of being somewhat isolated and very strong—a quality which in the eyes of Louis XI. immediately removed all objections. This little stronghold was very welcome to the anxious, fearing monarch; and in accordance with his orders, the moment he left the coach and entered the building, it was surrounded by a line of guards three deep, while sentries were stationed at every door and corner. True, Louis had promise of the Duke's protection; but he was bent on making doubly sure by protecting himself to the best of his ability.

No sooner had the crowd, which had followed the king to his temporary abode, dispersed, than Rossignole approached the tower and loudly demanded entrance. The stolid Scots, however, only smiled and shook their heads gravely while they blocked his path with their sharp spears: at length their Captain, who alone of all their number spoke French, was summoned; and to him Rossignole explained that he was the king's agent. He was permitted, therefore, to send a note to the king, requesting an audience.

When Louis received this note,

"I await your Majesty's pleasure. The guards will not let me pass. In the name of heaven give me an audience.

"ROSSIGNOLE."

he showed it to the barber and gave the orders necessary to admit the doctor. Rossignole was escorted into the royal presence, a guard with bared blade on each side of him, and then seated and bound to his seat; after taking this precauion the guards withdrew to a neighboring room within call. Louis spoke:

"Well, my fine fellow, so you didn't succeed."

"No, sire. *I* did not. You must have seen le Marquis this morning yourself: but sire, my assistants did. Six of the duke's most trusted lieutenants lie dead. He has not heard the news. It is fortunate your Majesty arrived early, but *Mon Dieu!* would your Majesty had not arrived at all."

The king flew into a rage." What! Wretch! Diable! fool! Six of Burgundy's lieutenants! *Sacre bleu!* And the two king birds alive! And you tried to kill Peronne, and failed! *Bonte de Ciel!* six lieutenants gone, and I in his power! *Santa Maria*, help me! All the saints. What shall I do!"

"Sire, your Majesty must wait. 'Tis true I failed to kill le Marquis and he knows 'twas I. But he has not suspected you. Only his brother, M. Jean, and he is dead. Your Majesty must wait, and I beg leave to wait with you. *Mon Dieu!* I have risked my life to get here. I may help you yet, if only

Burgundy doesn't suspect: but you have his word, and are safe even if he does. Keep me! I beseech you."

The king appeared puzzled, and turned to his companion to consult. The result was that he decided to allow Rossignole to remain. So although Rossignole had failed in part, he had not failed altogether; but had gained his object and was established in the service of Louis XI. of France.

As has been said, although the six murderers had succeeded, the duke had not yet learned the news. He had noticed the absence of his friends and was considerably angered, but he supposed it was merely the effect of too much carousing, which was strange, because there were not six more sturdy gentlemen in all Burgundy. However, when in company with le Marquis, he reached the château again, an attendant brought news that the bodies of all six had been found—each stabbed in the back. The duke was naturally hasty and easily angered, and, to a certain extent stubborn. At this news his wrath was terrible, and, although he had not the least evidence, he did not hesitate an instant to lay the blame on his ancient enemy, Louis, King of France. He was absolutely heedless of what he said in his fury: "Louis is a mean, sneaking jackal," he cried; "I knew that when he accepted my offer of a conference there would be treachery on foot. But, by Heaven, two can play at this game! It isn't my choice or my way, but the accursed sneak has bit the lion in his den and he must suffer! Oh! my good cousin, I'll make you repent of ever having dared me! I'll"—but he actually choked with anger.

All his companions and friends were horror-stricken, both at the news and at the duke's wild oaths of revenge. He had openly sworn to break his pledge of safety and to murder France. Men ran hither and thither, soldiers came and went—all was confusion. In his anger Charles refused to listen to reason and accused everyone who attempted to calm him of being a traitor. All recoiled before him and dared not press the counsel which, alone, could save the fair honor of the house of Burgundy. All—except le Marquis de Peronne. Feeling that the only way to meet Burgundy's wrath was to attack with still greater strength, he cried, "Sire! Sire! Do I hear the great Duke of Burgundy condemn to death those to whom he has himself sworn safety? Sire, you are mad. Not a single soldier of Peronne shall raise a hand in the dastardly deed—you must accomplish your purpose by other means. For shame! Sire! For shame!"

This outburst of indignation so startled Charles that for a moment he was silent—absolutely unable to give vent to his wrath in words. At last he broke forth in an overwhelming torrent: "*Diable! Sacre bleu!* Peronne a traitor too! Villain! Madman! Traitor! Devil! Seize him! Seize him!"

Seeing no one move to execute the command, he stepped forward as if to do it himself. Then Peronne drew his dagger, as he cried, "Duke! this is my house. These are my servants. They will not harm me. Your honor, my lord, is my honor; your shame my shame. I cannot live in dishonor and disgrace. My lord, you bid me die. Prince! Your servant does so!"

During this last speech Burgundy had somewhat recovered himself, sufficiently to note the burning glances of anger and dissatisfaction which flashed from eye to eye, however calm and unmoved each body. This last speech so touching, and at the same time so full of pride and scorn, penetrated his heart; and as le Marquis raised the dagger, the duke jumped at him, seized the weapon, hurled it to the other end of the apartment and turning his back on all strode off in the same direction. In a few moments he returned—flushed, but no longer with the fiery red of anger. "Sirs," he said, "I have been sorely angered. None of you know the love I bore

those six lieutenants; they have been my daily companions from childhood. But, what have I done? Has anyone been mad enough to obey?"

Le Marquis answered quite calmly, as if nothing had occurred, because he felt no inclination to deepen the duke's shame: "A party has proceeded against King Louis as ordered—a party of your troops. But there is still time: thank Heaven, the Scotch guard is strong!"

In fact, as he said, it was by no means too late. The officer who had been ordered to seize Louis fully realized the difficulty of his task; and, since Peronne had so boldly refused aid, was still busy attempting to muster a sufficient force. In truth, this brave officer did not in the least relish his treacherous task and was wasting as much time as appearances would permit, in the hope of having his orders countermanded. But at length, the band had begun its march through the city; however, as it was continually halting to receive additions its progress was very slow. So, then, there was no difficulty in preventing the execution of Charles's over hasty orders, and Louis of France was permitted to remain unharmed in his strange guest-chamber.

All that day no news reached the king concerning the meeting which he so longed for; but, on the other hand, terrible rumors came to his ears of the duke's anger and threats. Louis therefore became very uneasy as to what would take place in the near future, for he could no longer question that he had been suspected, and even accused, of ordering the assasination, or at least of countenancing them. He naturally turned on Rossignole as the cause of all this trouble, and things looked black indeed for the good doctor. But, at last, Dr. Rossignole had luck. The king was taken ill: not extremely ill, but yet ill enough to be altogether miserable.

As most villains of similar stamp, Louis XI. of France had an overpowering horror and dread of death, and was constantly imagining himself on the brink of the other world, when, in reality, there was not the least cause for alarm. Now, being somewhat ill, and having just witnessed the disastrous results of his own wickedness, he was seized and completely overcome by this fear. He no longer mocked the saints or scoffed at religion, but, natural politician that he was, endeavored to bribe them. He offered them candles, gold, everything he had, if they would only save him from death and punishment; for one of the most peculiar characteristics of this most peculiar man was that he could never see anything spiritual in aught but an earthly light. He was terrified, cowered, and so on his knees attempted to bribe Heaven. Then, that no chance might be lost, he bribed the world. He called on Rossignole, begging and entreating him to save his life, and offered to forgive and cherish the doctor, if he should live, but swore to leave orders for Rossignole's execution if he should die. Thus admonished, the doctor naturally did his best; and, since the sickness was really by no means dangerous —although Rossignole made it appear as bad as possible that the cure might redound the more to his credit—in a couple of days Louis was about again, busily engaged in breaking all the promises he had made when he thought himself on the verge of death: all but one; and that, his promise to Rossignole whose penetration and strength of will had already begun to influence the monarch. Besides, the obligation he was under was too great to be ignored even by the faithless king of France, for during Louis' illness, Rossignole had done him a great service.

Numerous messengers had come from the duke to the king, demanding explanations and loaded with accusations; asking that Burgundy might meet Louis to speak with him concerning grave misfortunes—to all of these

Rossignole, as physician, had made but one answer; that Louis was too feeble to transact any business either by word or note. By this steadfastness on the part of his servant, the king, for the time, was spared from meeting Charles, a meeting which he now dreaded as much as he had desired it before; for his courage had left him, and he was afraid to face the man he had so wronged. But the duke was too powerful to be ignored, and at last forced a meeting.

At this meeting, Louis completely humbled himself. He swore that he had not ordered the assassinations and that he was altogether ignorant as to the murderers; that he knew nothing of the attempt on the life of le Marquis—that this must have been the work of his brother Jean; and lastly, that he had never seen Rossignole, the agent, recognized by le Marquis. He promised to put down the rebellion which he himself had stirred up against Burgundy in the city of Liège; and, as history proves, actually murdered these townsmen whom he found fighting to the cry of "France!" He promised everything and anything, begging only to be allowed to return unharmed to Paris. Burgundy was satisfied, as he could not help being, and although he knew that two-thirds of these promises would prove false, granted permission. So the next morning saw his Majesty, Louis XI., King of France, depart with his little troop from Peronne; and at the sight of his going even the little birds seemed to chirp more blithely. There were two people happy; one, Rossignole, was actually going to Paris in the service of the king; and the other, Marie de Lasalle, was all joy and gladness, for she felt that now le Marquis was safe. She thanked God once more when she saw the little party disappear in the distance, as she had thanked him for her lover's life and the merciful thunderbolt. At last! At last! he, the plotter of all, was gone!

CHAPTER VII.

A SHORT ONE, WHEREIN WE STRIVE TO CONCLUDE ENTIRELY TO THE READER'S SATISFACTION.

After the uncomfortable affair at Peronne, Louis returned at once to Paris, shut himself up in his royal palace, more as a prisoner than a king, stationed a double line of sentries on guard and thanked the Virgin Mary—however, only with promises—for his return to safety. It was now, that Louis did really the most singular deed of his life.

The king recognized his defeat and was deeply mortified to feel that his reputation for cunning and craft had received such a severe blow. He had an extreme dread of being ridiculed and of becoming a laughing stock for his own subjects; and since in that most wonderful composition—Louis' character—there was a great amount of self-conceit, he could not brook the idea for a moment. How could he prevent his people from making merry at his expense, if so they chose? Of course he might beckon his dark, mysterious, but ever present companion, his executioner, to remove permanently any one who might be incautious enough to joke thus publicly; but how was he to stop that which seemed most outrageous and irritating to him—their private raillery in their own homes?

In this difficulty, as in so many others, the king's wit stood him in good stead—surely his ingenuity was something more than human. He ordered that every man, woman or child owning a talking bird of any description whatever, should bring the creature before him, and make it speak in order that he might be assured that its owner had not taught it to say, "Peronne," or some other word in derision of the king. What a knowledge of human nature the man had! and what a spy he was! But what is stranger yet than that he really began such an undertaking, is the

fact that he carried it out, and many were caught in this cunning trap.

After this incident, war broke out again between Burgundy and France, and continued for some time, during which interval Rossignole succeeded in gaining a very considerable hold on King Louis, being second only in his councils, to the famous barber. But Rossignole, who saw the rise and fall of so many favorites, was too cautious and discerning a man to suppose that such balmy days would always last, and in time of prosperity prepared for misfortune. The doctor noticed that every day Louis grew more and more superstitious and became more respectful towards those who professed a knowledge of magic or astronomy. Here Rossignole saw his chance, and, aided by his unusual powers of ventriloquism by means of which he was able to get answers from the other world whenever he pleased, actually persuaded the superstitious ruler that their two lives were linked, and that both would die on the same day, even at exactly the same moment. Henceforth his safety was of course secured —for Louis guarded his doctor's life as the most precious gem—and his influence was greatly increased.

To proceed in chronological order. While war was still being carried on with varying success, Marie de Lasalle petitioned the king for the right to marry a certain Charles Jasmin de Peronne. The time of petitioning was unfortunate, for Burgundy had just won a small battle and the king was in no mood to marry one of his wards to one of his most bitter enemies. But this was just the chance needed for Rossignole to prove his gratitude for the sparing of his life, when Jasmin caught him in his attempt to murder him. Life meant so much to the poor wretch that, through his hard shell of hatred, self-love and ingratitude, his inmost sensibility had been deeply moved and he was really grateful. He strove as a giant in this one good work—he pleaded Jasmin's clemency to himself, that he had never mingled in any of the plots and treacheries, but was an open, honest friend or enemy, and lastly and most important that it was only through the honor, courage and intercession of Jasmin de Peronne that Louis of France was still alive. Rossignole would take no denial, and in the end this last argument carried the day. So, at last, the nuptials of the two lovers were celebrated amid great rejoicing and splendor.

A few words more. After some years Charles of Burgundy seeing that there was no hope of his ever reaching the French throne turned his attention to his German possessions and endeavored to acquire control of that government—quarrelling with Louis only occasionally to keep him from trifling with his French lands. However, as Charles was in Germany, one by one many of his border towns went over to France; but Peronne with faithful Jasmin at the head of its government always held true, until a great disaster overtook the Duke. He had returned from Germany to France to settle some little quarrel with King Louis, but had with him only a small body of men; before he could collect reinforcements he was met and defeated by a greatly superior force. No one saw Charles during the last of the engagement —but after the battle his body naked and terribly lacerated was found. Thus died one of the greatest and most martial knights olden France ever reared—a powerful enemy and fast friend—Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.

All Burgundy immediately fell into the hands of Louis of France, for Charles left no son to take his place. Once more the sky looked dark for the House of Peronne. Louis declared his intention of dividing all Charles' lands among his own faithful vassals. So it happened that one day when the king was in

consultation with his famous doctor, he happened to remark, "and to whom shall we give Peronne and Lasalle, *mon medecin?*"

Rossignole started up nervously and began to pace to and fro. The king continued, eyeing his friend curiously, to Henri de Chateau Blanc or Francois de Carabronne or Jean de Noirmout?"

The old doctor, for he was truly old now and his hair was as white as snow, although his brain was just as active as ever only, methinks, in a more kindly way, stopped short and spoke hurriedly and fervently—time and sunshine may mellow or sweeten the sourest, hardest fruit. "Your Majesty!" he said, "do not give it to any of these rascals. Leave it to its owner, I beg you. God only knows how honest a man is Jasmin de Peronne. He gave me my life. He gave you your life! and each time he risked his own. Leave it to him. He will serve you as faithfully as ever he served Charles. I swear it."

Louis shook his head. "I cannot."

"Then," said Rossignole, "if you cannot grant me this much, O King! I can no longer grant you life!" The king started and paled. The doctor plunged on, "I beg! I entreat—but you say 'no!' My lord, I will kill myself. You may take away my dagger, but I will use the lancet; you may chain me in the dungeon, but I will beat my brains out against the wall!" some invisible force seemed to encourage him and urge him on. Perhaps, who can tell, his wicked mind caught one glimpse of heaven and strove upward.

"*Mon dieu*! Take it! Take it for yourself, Rossignole!" cried the king. For a moment the doctor hesitated—he had the free gift of all he had once so striven to possess, but some angel helped him and he was firm.

"*Merci*, My King! But I am an old man—an old man. I give Peronne and Lasalle to their owners, and I pray thee, my king, give me—your hand."

Then Rossignole kissed the king's hand, and the king, Louis XI. of France, quoth, "So be it."

HAROLD W. BENNETT, '01.

THE END.

THE PALACE OF THE SUN.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID.

High is the home of the sun, and lofty its glistening columns,
Dazzling its walls of bright bronze, and gables that ivory covers;
Huge shining portals spread light with the lustre and glory of silver.
Vulcan, the god of the anvil, had wrought on the radiant surface
Pictures of earth and of heaven, the work, finer far than the silver,
Spoke of the craft of the carver, the handiwork skilful of Vulcan:
Powerful gods of the ocean that share the dark blue of the waters;
Triton, whose horn uttered blasts, and Proteus, changeful as vapor,
Aegaeon pressing the backs of the whales that swim in the water,
Mermaids, the daughters of Doris, some sitting on rocks in the sunshine
Drying their locks; and some borne by fish through the white crested billows,—
Features they had not the same, yet the natural likeness of sisters.
Vulcan carved also the cities, the people of earth, and its forests
Nymphs resting cool in their streams and various gods of the country.
Over this high was fixed the shining expanse of the heavens—
Six starry signs on the right, and six on the left of the doorway.

A. D. W., '03.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

1900.

A class meeting was held on Thursday, March 15. After a lively discussion, the social, which was to have been held March 16, was indefinitely postponed.

Balmer has returned to school after a short illness.

One of the members of the ancient history class has made the discovery that the Romans had millinery establishments.

Miss Elsie G. Phelan, formerly a pupil of this class, has published a new two-step entitled "On the Gridiron," dedicated to the Harvard Foot-ball team.

We are all glad to see Miss Palmer back again after her recent illness.

By winning the class championship in hockey, we have secured for one year the beautiful banner offered by the REVIEW.

At a class meeting held March 29, the resignation of Mr. Leitch, chairman of the social committee, was accepted. Mr. Wyeth was elected a member of the committee and Mr. Soule was made chairman.

During the recent sickness of Mr. Huling, the history class has been under the instruction of Miss Hunter.

1901.

On March 28, Miss MacKusick and Miss Winegar gave a whist party at the home of the latter. The party was in the nature of a celebration of the success of our drama. Only those connected with the drama were present.

"Life in the Bud," as represented by our Little Corporal, is eclipsed by his representation of "Life in the Blossom."

Messrs. Glidden and Barrier spoke for the High School in the debate with Latin School.

A pleasant social was held at the home of Miss Howe on Wednesday evening, March 7. Some very interesting and heart-breaking games were played. Prizes were taken by Miss Brosnahan and Mr. Stephens. Miss McIntyre was the guest of the evening.

The conquest of Ralph is indeed worth going far to see.

Do not lose your interest in basket-ball, girls; but do your best to support the team.

Bracelet is a forbidden word.

1901 did its share in the indoor meet by sending the girls to cheer.

We were all very glad, no doubt, of the Easter Vacation, but also sorry because Miss Rogers has left us for a longer vacation. Although missing her very much, we all wish her a very pleasant time and will be glad to see her back again in her old place next year.

How many would like to have a practical examination in cooking every day?

1902.

Currie is writing the High School notes for the Press.

Heard in English: They were the descendants of the present generation.

We are sorry to learn that Miss Stiles has left school.

An enjoyable social was held on March 22, at the home of Miss Wales, 59 Walden street. A larger number than usual was present. The first part of the evening was taken up by "Hall of Curios," Mr. Cleveland proving himself the artist of the class. Refreshments were

then served. Among the teachers present were Miss Sawyer, Miss Goerwitz, Miss Cogswell and Miss Smith.

La Grippe has been an unpleasant visitor during the past month. Miss Harris, Miss Vail and Miss Doyle have been suffering from it.

Candidates for the class base-ball team have been called out. Carney is the captain and Luce manager. Games are desired with other classes.

An original French translation: "He was armed from foot to toe."

The posters announcing the dance given by the basket-ball team, were drawn by Miss Kitty Stiles.

1903.

Miss Sullivan has been obliged to leave school on account of ill health. She will be greatly missed.

The latest is Bateman's Arithmetic.

Candidates are now out for the base-ball team. Are we going to win the base-ball banner?

Miss Grace Hurd, captain and manager of the basket-ball team, has been obliged to resign on account of ill-health. Her loss will be greatly felt.

We are glad to see that 1903 was not left out altogether in the indoor meets.

ALUMNI NOTES.

C. R. Metcalf, '98, is editor of the Harvard Club Book.

A. P. Stone, '89, had general charge of the team of Harvard debaters who defeated Yale.

Several Latin School graduates are in the cast of the Harvard Delta Upsilon play.

A. M. Goodridge, '96, has been elected an honorary member of the Institute of 1770 at Harvard.

E. E. Goodhue, '96, C. L. S., has designed the "Memorial" Class Day Ticket for this year.

Guy Bancroft, '98, will speak on "The Crew" at the Harvard Sophomore dinner, April 27.

Dr. G. B. Henshaw, '86, is coaching the Harvard lacrosse team.

H. H. Fox, '96, was a member of the Harvard whist team that defeated Yale, March 31.

C. L. S. '95.

The class of '95, C. L. S., held its fifth annual reunion, at the home of R. E. Andrews, on Wednesday evening, April 4. The programme included a game of "characteristics," and music. An enjoyable duet was sung by H. N. Stearns and J. L. Dyer. Letters of regret from several teachers were read. Then the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, George A. Goodridge; vice-president, Miss A. Maude Soule; secretary, Miss Lucile C. Reynolds; treasurer, John L. Dyer. Mr. Bradbury and Miss Spring were the guests of the evening, and twenty members of the class were present.

Mary E. Holman, E. H. S., '98, recently graduated from the shorthand department of the Bryant & Stratton School, and through its recommendation, obtained a position as stenographer for W. A. Morse, Esq., Attorney, 54 Equitable building.

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

1900.

A very delightful social was held at the house of Miss Crocker, Friday evening, March 23. Miss Boyer won a prize for being able to write less slang than any one else in ten minutes, and Miss Briggs received another for obtaining the most points in the Harlequin Party. Our guests among the teachers were Mr. Bradbury, Miss Bachelder, Miss Harris, and Miss Perrigo.

The girls seem to be very enthusiastic over playing tennis this spring. Let us hope they will continue to be so.

Hopefuls of 1901: Don't deceive yourselves with the idea that Harvard Algebra papers are the worst things ever invented; for you'll find worse in the Harvard Geometry papers next year.

What ingenious member of 1900 belongs to this definition? "Hiatus is where two vowels come together and on account of a missing consonant are not elided. In pronouncing, it is necessary to hold the mouth open, and make a peculiar sound."

There are some fine voices in that back row in the hall. Just wait until graduation!

Fred Barham is at the Boston College of Pharmacy, and Charles Doloff is working for the Harvard Co-operative Society. Both were formerly members of the class.

The members of the class are commencing to realize that their career in the Latin School is drawing to a close, and are putting forth their best efforts in the remaining time. The latest brilliant achievements are the addition of a number of words to the Latin language, viz.: *betraho*—betray, *si*—so, *refuso*—refuse, and *deludo*—deceive; also some changes in English orthography, "stought," "nots" and "flighing."

1901.

The girls are considering the formation of a tennis club to take the place of basket-ball during the warm weather.

The class has taken up Greek prose composition, and most people find it a delightful and interesting study.

Hurry up, those June exams are beginning to seem very near and real.

It is worthy of notice that while 1901 has two speakers on the Everett debate, 1902 has not furnished even a candidate.

An example of advanced phonetic spelling: "Weapons were flighing at hyme."

We agree with Mr. Adams that nothing could be more effective than electric chairs for putting a stop to the mental excursions now so popular in his room.

1901 has four candidates out for the crew —Locke, James, Williams and Linnell.

A "Good" boy declares that Menon's men marched on horse-back.

One of our small boys is much interested in Latin derivations. He is now trying to find out whether "castoria" is derived from "castra."

Latin—"they were killed by bowmans and achers."

1902.

A very successful class social was held at the home of Mr. Baker on Lakeview avenue, on Saturday evening, April seventh. Under the management of Mr. Burton the farce entitled "The Man from Texas" was presented. All present seemed to enjoy themselves.

The social committee is to be congratulated that at last they secured a boy willing to have a social.

From all reports, it appears that the crew, under the leadership of Hyde, has a good chance for victory.

We see Miss Johnson at school occasionally, and hope that she will soon be able to resume her studies.

Are you in that very "childlike" division?

How does it happen that so many of our fellows are to be seen on the first floor?

Loitering seems to be the "hobby" of many of us, and the "plague" of our teachers.

We are sorry that there are not more candidates from our class out for the Varsity Base-ball team.

Our secret societies appear to flourish notwithstanding the terrible assault made against them.

We are sorry that none of our class tried for the Everett Joint Debate. We ought to have had one speaker at least. Our class has good material, as was shown at the competition for speakers for the joint debate with English High.

We are shocked to hear that some of our class have succumbed to very "childlike" diseases.

Were you wet that rainy day?

We understand that certain ones in our class, having been told that sugar can be made from sawdust, are going to try the experiment. Hurry up and get in your order, or you won't get any sugar.

The hockey team has received a banner.

The foot-ball team has at last got its letters —a plain "02" about four inches high.

Bailey, '02, has left school and will be missed very much.

1902 has again secured the tennis court for the present year, and will have a good chance to practice for the class tournament.

1902 is supporting 1903's socials; we wonder why.

Burns has been re-elected captain of the coming class base-ball team: we must support him as last year. Here is a chance for another banner.

A sure remedy for laziness—

"Take a stroll in the library — enjoy the sunlight, fresh air, pleasant faces and the interesting books." We may say here that 1902 can put forth a great many recommendations.

Murray, '02, is president of the Latin School Fencing Club.

1903.

A social was held Saturday evening, March 31, at the home of Miss Dougherty. There were about forty present, including Mr. Bradbury, Miss Bachelder, Miss Perrigo and Miss Hardwick. A "poverty party" was the principal entertainment of the evening.

Baxter has been elected manager, and Taft temporary captain, of the base-ball team.

The boys are responding very well with subscriptions to the base-ball team, but the girls are holding back a little. Brace up, girls, this concerns you.

Taft was chosen one of the speakers to represent the Latin School Debating Society in the debate with Everett.

The class have dropped Geometry, and taken up Greek History.

It is rumored that we have some great singers in our class.

What is the attraction in the corridor at recess?

1904.

The basket-ball girls still keep up their enthusiasm. In fact, such is their excitement that a certain goal-thrower mistook the clock for the goal. Result—a large hole in the treasury, also in the clock.

Coburn has been elected temporary captain of the base-ball team. All who can should come out and practice.

The girls are all right in the jig-step.

Harlow is a great runner. We wish we had more of his type.

Miss Flora Burton has joined the Debating Society. Come, girls—follow her example.

Who is class missionary? J-m-s.

We hope the pin committee will hurry up, and favor us with something soon.

The basket-ball girls are indebted to Miss Gilmore for the pleasant entertainment which they had at her home.

Are there no tennis in the class to represent it in the tournament.

ATHLETICS.

THE INDOOR TRACK MEETING.

In the Indoor Track meeting for schools held March 17, in Mechanics Hall, Cambridge secured tenth place through the three points won in the shot-put by Leitch, who made a put of 36 ft. 1½ in. This is below his average in practice.

In the thousand, McGirr came in fifth. He tried to spurt too soon and although he reached second place, he was too far spent to maintain this position. In the high jump, Taylor's jump of 5 ft. 5 in. was within two inches of third place.

The team race against Brookline High was more satisfactory. Brookline had the pole and Wilcox jumped away from Dunn at the start, but the latter put up a pretty race for two laps; he finished about seven yards behind. Mayhew, the next up for Cambridge held his own, but did not gain. Then came Andrews who did some fast running and passed his man with a beautiful spurt. He finished about ten yards in the lead. McGirr, our last man, had no difficulty in increasing this lead and finished at a jog trot. The time, 3 min. 30 secs. shows that our last two men were not running their fastest.

CREW.

The training for the crew began at the Latin School gymnasium about the first of March with the following seventeen candidates out: James, 151 lbs., Williams, 165 lbs., Hopewell, 154 lbs., Adams, 155 lbs., Holt, 185 lbs., Bell, 151 lbs., Lock, 158 lbs., Murray, 139 lbs., Linnell, 140 lbs., Sumner, 163 lbs., Hosmer, 136 lbs., Hyde, 156 lbs., Rogers, 136 lbs., Wyeth, 116 lbs., Garfield, 130 lbs., Masstrangialo, 138 lbs. and Pierce, 145 lbs. The first twelve of these have been retained and are now rowing on the river. The candidates for coxswain were Luce, Taylor, Currie, Davies and Graustein, of whom the first two have been taken to the water. Dana Hyde is temporary captain.

BASEBALL.

Captain Carr called out candidates for the base-ball team on Friday, March ninth. Nearly twenty fellows were present for the first day's training in the gymnasium, and later this number was increased to thirty. Energetic out-door practice began the last week in March. Of last year's championship team, Carr, short-stop, Fred Clarkson, pitch, Gallagher, third base, Murphy, second base

SHOES FOR MEN.
—ONE PRICE—
$3.00 The Milford Shoe $3.00
See Our Spring Styles of Oxfords.
BOSTON STORE { 311 WASHINGTON STREET, Opposite Old South Church.

and McGirr, catch, have been out for their old positions. Following is the list of candidates: Carr, Murphy, Gallagher, Clarkson, McGirr, Houston, Crawford, Smith, McSweney, Roper, Murray, Carrol, Burton, Sumner, Priest, Chase, Haworth, Leighton, Waldo, Boggs, Houlahan, Shea, Cahil, Bailey, Rondena, Lang, McLaughlin and Regan.

ROXBURY 2—C. H. & L. 18.

Cambridge played its first practice game Friday, April 6, with Roxbury High on the Common. It is rather difficult to judge of a team's prospects by a single game especially with so weak a team as Roxbury, but with faithful practice there seems no reason why our team should not be again at the head of the league. The infield played the same snappy game that characterized its work last year, and the only fly that reached the outfield was caught. Clarkson in the first part of the game was rather wild and in the fourth inning forced in a run by giving a base on balls, but in the latter part of the game he steadied somewhat. He struck out 14 men. Parker made an efficient backstop but his throwing was decidedly inaccurate and needs to be greatly improved. Murray showed himself a reliable man at first base. Haworth made an inexcusable fumble of a ground ball which cost Roxbury's second run. Carr also made one bad fumble. Otherwise the fielding was perfect. At the bat, everyone hit freely and at the right time, but there was some very poor base running. The team made 16 hits in seven innings.

Score by innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Cambridge	1	2	5	2	0	1	7	0	—18
Roxbury	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	— 2

The Cambridge team was as follows: Pitch, Clarkson; catch, Parker; first, Murray; second, Murphy; third, Gallagher; short, Carr; right field, Chase, Priest; center, Crawford, Sumner, Houlahan; left field, McSweeney, Haworth.

F. E. THAYER, '95.

NEW MUSIC.

FROM WHITE-SMITH CO.

VOCAL.

"Three Red Roses," by Kate Vannah, (price, 50c.)

"The Young British Soldier," one of Rudyard Kipling's Barrack Room Ballads, set to music by Gerard F. Cobb. The music is rather odd, but well adapted to the words, (price 60c.)

"The Choir Boy's Message," by M. de Swedd. A very melodious and touching religious song, easy to learn and sure to be popular, (price 50c.)

"Dot Leedle Loweeza." Words by Charles Follen Adams ("Yawcob Strauss"). Music by Adam Geibel, (price 50c.)

INSTRUMENTAL.

"Ma Honey." Wing Dance for pianoforte, by Dan J. Sullivan, composer of "Letter Carriers' March, etc." Very lively, and one of the composer's best.

"Nanon." Polka Brillante for pianoforte, by Carl Bohm. Fairly difficult, but once learned, it makes a very showy piece. (price 60c.)

"Whither." Nocturno by Kölling. A splendid concert piece, requiring good technique, (price 60c.)

"Merry Little Fingers." One of a number of "Wee Little Tunes for Wee Little Fingers," written for children, by M. H. Corcoran. While very easy to play, it is by no means uninteresting, and has a captivating melody.

"Petite Valse" for pianoforte, by Frank E. Jonson, composer of "St. George Promenade March."

FINE READY MADE AND CUSTOM CLOTHING
A NEW DEPARTURE.
CLOTHING AT RETAIL AT WHOLESALE PRICES.
Why pay retail prices when you can buy direct from the manufacturer at wholesale prices? We manufacture all our goods and guarantee them as represented. Call and see for yourself. We carry a full line of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC CLAY WORSTEDS, FINE CHECKS, STRIPES, BLACK and BLUE SERGES, VICUNAS, COVERTS, ETC., made satin lined throughout and in various styles. SUITS and OVERCOATS to order at a saving of over 40 per cent. from merchant tailor prices
THE OTIS CLOTHING CO.,
37 OTIS STREET, COR. SUMMER, BOSTON. UNDER FREEMAN NAT. BANK.

GALLAGHER & BAXTER,
DEALERS IN
Bicycles, Sundries, Sweaters, Golf Hose. Repairing, Nickeling, Enameling.
1361 CAMBRIDGE ST., INMAN SQ.

COLUMBIA, PEERLESS, ANDRAE.
MORROW COASTERS, $7.50.
GOOD TRADE IN 2nd TIRES. BICYCLES CLEANED FOR $1.00.

JOHN CARTER & CO.

PAPER

100 & 102 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

Leighton Bros. & Co.

A Full Line of Sporty Shoes
for $3.50. Free Shines. . .

610 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE.

CHARLES E. McPHEE, GOOD WORK. PROMPT SERVICE.

Merchant Tailor,

504 Massachusetts Ave., CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.
At Brookline Street Transfer Station.

Cleansing and Dyeing.

Amateur Photographer, We lead in the field in offering you the lowest prices in the city for Bromide Enlargements, 8 x 10, 30c.; 10 x 12, 35c.; 11 x 14, 40c.; 14 x 17, 45c. Not only fine Bromides but handsome Enlargements from Negatives or Films. Developing films, 3½ x 3½ and 4 x 5, 25c. per roll.

W. F. TURNER, 235 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Headquarters for

Bicycle Suits

Oak Hall Clothing Co., 95-105 Washington Street, BOSTON.

Not So Good as other dealers sell for $3.00,

But the **best** that can be made for

"BIKE" SHOES $2.00

POVALL,

1413 Cambridge St.,

Inman Sq. CAMBRIDGEPORT

MOSELEY'S

Our line comprises the following standard wheels, and a visit will interest you. . . . . .

Crescent, Eagle, Orient, Dayton, Columbia, Stearns, Pierce, Beebee and Iver Johnson. Prices from $25.00 to $85.00.

Repairing of all Kinds. Reconstructing and Morrow Coaster and Brake a Specialty.

J. L. MOSELEY, 731 Mass. Ave., Cambridgeport, Mass.

TELEPHONE, 165-3 CAMBRIDGE.

ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS
. . . TUTORING. . . .

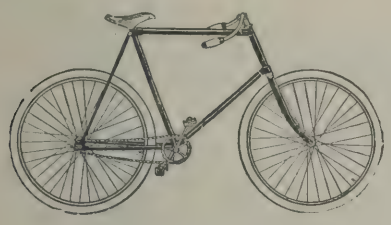
E. Gordon Parker,

1 Hilton Block.

The New Spring and Summer Lines of Our . . . **$3 00 KING SHOES** for Men, are unsurpassed by any $3.50 or $4.00 Shoes on the market.

THE OLD PRIOR SHOE STORE, 1224-1226 Cambridge St., Cambridgeport.
FRANK P. STEARNS. 2 DOORS FROM PROSPECT STREET.

IT FITS LIKE A GLOVE.
MADE UP IN ALL STYLES AND SIZES.
We are the Exclusive Agents



1900 Models **Hanover and New Mail.**

Men's and Ladies' Patterns, $30 to $50.
Boys' and Girls' Wheels, $20.
Few Men's and Ladies' Wheels, $20, $25.

WM. READ & SONS,
107 Washington Street.

To Our Patrons:

We beg to announce to our patrons that in the future the Cambridge Baking Company products will be sold and retailed by our own branch stores mentioned below. We take this opportunity of thanking our friends for their generous patronage, and trust by giving the public the best bread and pastry it is possible to make, we shall merit its continuance.

STORES, 438 Massachusetts Ave., 1255 Cambridge St., 751 Massachusetts Ave., 145 Otis St., 1344 Massachusetts Ave., 151 Columbia St. Tel. 704-3.

Cambridge Baking Co.,
F. E. BUTLER, Manager.

THE A. J. APPLEGATE CO.

Silver and Plated Ware and
Optical Goods,

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry

A. J. APPLEGATE, Gen. Mgr.

571 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridgeport, Mass

COLEMAN BROS., Established 1878.
Dealers in COAL and WOOD.
Anthracite and Bituminous Coal.
OFFICES: 450 Mass. Ave., Cambridgeport, 70 Green St. Boston.
WHARVES: 1st St., E. Cambridge, 91 Broadway, Cambridgeport.
Telephone 2-2. **CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.**

E. H. McDUFFEE,
Expert Tire Maker and Repairer.
We make a specialty of all kinds of Rubber Tire Repairing. All work warranted.
11 Prospect St., near Central Sq., CAMBRIDGE.

THE

BOSTON.

Reservation of desks made daily by mail or upon personal application.

The School is the MOST MODERN and HIGHEST GRADED Institution of its kind in America. Its plans and methods are widely but unsuccessfully imitated.

Reliable instruction by experienced teachers and assistance in obtaining recognition from the business public are both of inestimable value to young people just entering commercial life, and they can best be attained by attending a school of RECOGNIZED STANDING.

The Shorthand and Typewriting departments are distinct from, but equal in perfection of equipment to the Commercial departments.

Pupils of either sex admitted on equal terms. PROSPECTUS POST FREE. Office, No. 608 Washington Street. Hours, 9 a. m till 4 p. m.

J. W. BLAISDELL, Sec'y.

THE STERLING SHOE, $2.50.

Our Spring Styles in Calf, Patent Calf, Enamel, Russia Calf, and Black and Russia Kid, are now ready.

LOW SHOES IN ALL STYLES.

SOLD ONLY AT
13 Water Street,
14 Spring Lane,
97 Summer Street,
78 Hanover Street.
BOSTON.

Waltham Manufacturing Co.

424 Massachusetts Ave., CAMBRIDGE.

P. SHEEHAN, Manager.

Telephone 172 Cambridge.

Students' Attention

called to the Novelties
offered in

CRAVATS, GLOVES, CAPS,
NEGLIGEE SHIRTS, ETC.,

—BY—

THE L. E. FLETCHER CO.,

134 Boylston St., BOSTON.

AHERN . . .

AUCTIONEER,
REAL ESTATE,
INSURANCE,

1388 Mass. Ave., Harvard Sq.
64 Fifth St., East Cambridge.
. . Telephone No. 515-3 . .

Oxford 279-3.

JOHNSON & STOUTENBURGH,

Practical
Athletic
Outfitters.

Golf, Tennis, Base Ball, Lacrosse,
Cricket, and all Goods for
Summer Sport.

Outfitters to C. H. and L.

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH:

47 Winter St., Room 803, BOSTON, MASS.

ERNEST E. SMITH, Manager.

Fred LaLond

Successor to Griffith

Hair-Cutting Room

No. 34 Brattle St., Street Floor, Cambridge.

"The very finest goods
AT
The very lowest prices."

Everything in Sporting Goods

John P. Lovell
Arms Co.
163-165 WASHINGTON ST.
BOSTON.

CORRECT CLOTHING
FOR YOUNG MEN
AT MODERATE PRICES.

TOP COATS in the fashionable fabrics, $5.48 to $15
SERGE GRAY VICUNA, and WORSTED SUITS
in large variety . . . . . $5 to $18
DUCK AND GOLF TROUSERS A SPECIALTY.

SPITZ BROS. & MORK,
65-69 SUMMER ST., - BOSTON.

Stops Caterpillars
AND ALL THINGS THAT
CREEP UP TREES.

THE MOST EFFICIENT TREE PROTECTOR.

GEO. H. MORRILL & CO
146 Congress Street, Boston.
APPLY NOW.

ERNEST W. CLARK,
Plumber and Gas Fitter,
1440 and 1442 Massachusetts Ave.,
Harvard Square, - - Cambridge, Mass.

JOHN J. BLEVINS,
Slate, Tin, Copper, Gravel Roofer.
Repairing by first-class workmen
on all kinds of roofs a specialty
696 Massachusetts Ave. - Cambridgeport
Gutters and Conductors put up and repaired
Established 1868. Residence, 222 Putnam Avenue

SEND YOUR ORDERS FOR
ICE CREAM
TO . . . .
A. CUNEO & CO.,
1271 CAMBRIDGE ST., CAMBRIDGEPORT.
PROMPT SERVICE. LOWEST PRICES.

.. .. TRY .. ..
RUSSELL'S CHOCOLATES.
Put up in Pound and Half-Pound Boxes.
THEY ARE THE BEST.

HEFFERNAN BROS.,
BUILDERS,
COR. OF CAMBRIDGE AND COLUMBIA STS.
CAMBRIDGEPORT.

WILLIAM BALMER,
Horse Shoer.
Particular attention paid to INTERFERING, OVER-REACHING, AND TENDER-FOOTED HORSES.
None but the most skilled workmen are employed.
No. 21 CHURCH ST., CAMBRIDGE.

ESTABLISHED 1874.
MOYNAHAN & COMPANY,
Plumbing • Stoves • Furnaces
CAMBRIDGE AND PROSPECT STS.,
CAMBRIDGE.

GEORGE H. WHIPPEN,
279 BROADWAY, CAMBRIDGE
ICE CREAM and CONFECTIONERY.
Catering for Class Socials, Parties, etc., a Specialty.
TELEPHONE, 823-2.

GRADUATION SUITS!

Order Now of

L. G. MacKEIGAN,

Telephone 756-2.

Dana Chambers,
Harvard Sq.,
21 Dunster St., Cambridge.

Merchant Tailor.

10 per cent. discount on all Spring Garments, including Flannel Suitings and Trousers, to High and Latin School Students and their friends. Cleansing and Pressing promptly attended to. Trousers Pressed, 20 Cents; Suits Pressed, 75 Cents. . . . . .

J. E. Purdy & Co.

Class Photographers for 1900

CAMBRIDGE LATIN and ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOLS.

For the fourth consecutive year we are serving nearly a score of neighboring schools and colleges; a situation which indicates at least tolerable satisfaction on all sides. To the unprejudiced mind there can be no possible doubt as to the merits of our productions, the efficiency of our service, or the general satisfaction accorded all patrons. By doing business on a large scale (the largest of its kind in America), we are enabled to make low prices, wonderfully low, in truth, if you secure one of the Class Rate Cards. All seniors in Cambridge High and Latin Schools have them, and anyone may profit thereby.

STUDIO: 146 TREMONT STREET,

BOSTON.

CAMBRIDGE MASS MAY 1900

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW

VITA·SINE·LITERIS·MORS·EST

CONTENTS.

	Page
THE MONTH	3
THE YOUNG SQUIRE OF HELDMERE	6
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY	7
A DILEMMA	9
POEMS	13-15
FUN	17-19
THE MEMORIES OF A SPINNING WHEEL	19
SCHOOL NOTES	22-26
ATHLETICS	26-28

For full contents see page 1.

Vol. XIV
No 8

Frederick G. Hill 98

McNAMEE

WE BIND THE "REVIEW."

Magazines and Library Books Bound In the most substantial manner.

...Bookbinding

26A BRATTLE STREET, ...CAMBRIDGE.

A. J. LITTLEFIELD & CO.,

PROVISION DEALERS,

1847 Massachusetts Ave., (Lovell's Block,) North Cambridge.

Drop us a postal and a competent man will call for your order. Special attention will be given to all orders, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Particular attention paid to removing grease and bones from hotels and restaurants. JOHN C. DOW & CO., 13 & 14 Chatham St., Boston.

DANA W. BENNETT & CO.,

TELEPHONE 1755

Insurance

82 WATER STREET, BOSTON.

WM. H. WOOD & CO., LUMBER MERCHANTS, Cambridgeport, Mass.

The C. & C. Press,

CAUSTIC & CLAFLIN.

26-28 BRATTLE STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

Printers

of this magazine, and numerous other publications.

Everything in the Printing Line.
All Orders Promptly Executed.

The Best of Work. full Count.

FLOWERS CARBONE'S DECORATIONS
HARVARD SQUARE

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

Lawrence Scientific School.

Twelve Departments of study leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science. Civil Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Mining and Metallurgy, Architecture, Landscape Architecture, Chemistry, Geology, Biology, Anatomy and Physiology, For Teachers of Science, and General Science

For Descriptive Pamphlet apply to
J. L. LOVE, Secretary, Cambridge, Mass.
N. S. SHALER, Dean.

Joel Goldthwait & Company,

RUGS AND CARPETS,

169 Washington St., - Boston, Mass.

Established 1847

R. H. STEARNS & COMPANY

DRY GOODS

Tremont Street and Temple Place

BOSTON

BARBOUR-STOCKWELL CO.

General Machinists and Iron Founders.

Special Machinery, Light or Heavy, Designed and Built.
Confectioners' Machinery. General Jobbing.

BOSTON, MASS.

Drafting. Pattern Making.

Factory: 205 Broadway, Cambridgeport.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Month	3
The Certificate System	5
The Young Squire of Heldmere	6
The Other Side of the Story	7-9
A Dilemma	9-11
Debating Societies	12
A Silent Charm (poem)	13
The Funeral Ceremonies (poem)	14
O for Wings! (poem)	15
A Young Philosopher (poem)	15
Announcements	16
Fun	17-19
The Memories of a Spinning Wheel	19-20
Alumni Notes	21
School Notes	22-26
Athletics	26-28

RALPH LEACH,

PURE ICE CREAM

AND

FINE CONFECTIONERY

ICE CREAM. Vanilla, Chocolate, Nougatine, Strawberry, Coffee, Peach.

SHERBETS. Orange, Raspberry, Lemon, Pineapple.

747 Massachusetts Avenue,

Telephone 164-2 Cambridge.

ELIJAH BALL

Baker.

STORES:—3 Austin Street, 627 Massachusetts Ave., 135 Inman Street (Inman Sq. Bakery).

Telephone.

You need the best!

For accurate work
Our high grade ..

Drafting Instruments

Give universal satisfaction.

Wadsworth, Howland & Co.,

Incorporated.

Manufacturers and Importers of

Drawing Materials of all Kinds,

82 and 84 WASHINGTON STREET,

.. and ..

218 CLARENDON STREET,

.. BOSTON ..

Special Rates to Students

COLLINS AND FAIRBANKS
CELEBRATED HATS
TRADE MARK
381 Washington St.
BOSTON, MASS.
EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS FOR YOUNG MEN

L. G. MacKEIGAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Special Discount to C. H. and L. Students.
DANA CHAMBERS, 21 DUNSTER ST., CAMBRIDGE.
HE OFFERS THE BEST CUSTOM WORK AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

E&R LAUNDRY
Only Laundry in New England that Solicits STARCHED GOODS ONLY.
NO MACHINE WORK. LADIES' GOODS A SPECIALTY.
Send Postal, or Telephone, and Team will call.
684-688 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, - CAMBRIDGEPORT.

MRS. C. F. BELCHER & CO
Ice Cream and Catering,
Catering for Class Socials, Parties, etc.
29 Brattle Street, CAMBRIDGE.

Year Round Novelties
Not only in Young Men's elegant Made-up Clothing, but in all articles appertaining to a complete outfit, viz:—Hats, Footwear, Underwear, Linen, Neckwear, Hosiery, Canes, Umbrellas, Travelling Bags, Mackintoshes and Gloves.
A. SHUMAN & CO.,
Leading Manufacturers and Outfitters in New England.
SHUMAN CORNER, BOSTON.

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. XIV. NO. VIII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, MAY, 1900.

THE MONTH.

The result of the interscholastic tennis tournament was extremely disappointing to Cambridge. We only gained one point, and that by default of one of our opponents. Of course various excuses are brought forward to explain this poor showing, but nevertheless the true explanation is that our men did not play as well as those sent by other schools.

During the last two years there has been considerable interest manifested in this sport by the various classes, some of which have tennis clubs. In speaking of these clubs the other day a fellow, whose opinion is entitled to respect, said that they were playing very poor tennis, and added that the true way to increase one's skill is to play as often as possible with better players. It is quite natural that clubs made up of beginners should not display exceptional form; and, as everyone is more or less on an equal footing with his fellow members, it is difficult to see how this form can be quickly improved. However, we think that if these clubs could every little while get a few real good players to spend an afternoon with them, this, together with their continual practice as now carried on, would be of great benefit, not only to the individuals, but also to the school at large. Further, we trust that during the coming summer everyone will practice as much as possible, and so return next fall prepared to regain for the school the position in interscholastic tennis that it held when Wrenn was its representative.

Our readers will probably notice that we have an unusually large number of advertisements in this issue of the Review. All must realize that, unless the merchants of Cambridge and Boston gave us their support by using our columns, we should be unable to keep the Review up to its present standard. On the other hand, unless our advertisers find that they get returns for their aid given to us, they will discontinue it. We therefore hope that everyone will make an especial point of trading with those firms that place their advertisements in this paper.

We should like here to call attention to the success of the debating societies in the two schools. The joint debate between them, held last month, the large and generally orderly attendance at the meetings during the year, the number of representatives sent to the

mock presidential convention, the fact that one of the societies finds itself able to hold another joint debate with Everett, all show that the scholars of the two schools are every year taking more and more interest in this important branch of education. The training given to their members by these societies cannot be too highly valued. They encourage and even make it necessary for scholars to follow the course of events outside of their own particular circle, they give valuable practice in writing on important topics of the day, in the delivery of these arguments, and in extemporaneous speaking, the most useful thing of all. We hope that next year even more interest will be taken in these societies, and that every member will realize more than ever that it is his duty to attend every meeting as far as possible, and to take an active part in the proceedings. Nor should any person, assigned to debate, fail to appear unless for some good reason he is absolutely unable to attend. In such cases he should notify the president at the earliest possible moment of his inability to be present.

Those who ushered in the afternoon at the recent teachers' convention held at the Latin School, were surprised to learn from one of the masters of a school in the vicinity of Boston, that at his school the elective system has been carried to such an extent that a pupil may take any study he pleases, and as many or as few as he pleases. If he dislikes a study or finds it too difficult, he is at liberty to drop it. The only restriction seems to be that a diploma is awarded only after a certain number of points have been obtained.

We are very glad that our school has not allowed any such radical elective system, but with a few important exceptions offers a strictly prescribed course. Besides, these exceptions are only those where a choice between two subjects is allowed by Harvard in its requirements for admission.

Dean Briggs, in his witty address before the convention, touched very effectively on some of the defects of the new education. The dean said that he could see the value of some of the new ideas, such as the elective system, but could also see that the ideas could be carried too far, and the question, therefore, is where it should end. Are we sure that we do not begin the elective system too early, like trying to teach a child to read before teaching him to spell? In the kindergarten a child is taught much through a system which is used to make him think that he is playing rather than working, but those imaginary devices take away the manliness of a boy who knows that work is work. We must not teach the boy that his teacher exists simply for his amusement. There is a great tendency to bring up children "along the lines of least resistance." What we really want is men of character; not those who from childhood up have been "personally conducted." "The new education deserves all gratitude for taking the place of 'wooden' teaching and 'wooden' learning, but I am afraid that the question of where the new should stop and the old begin is often lost sight of."

The following is a clipping from a communication written to the editor of the Cambridge Tribune by Mr. Bradbury. Although he is speaking of college secret societies, it may be of interest to some members of our schools:

" . . . Now that I am asking questions I should like to know if there is not some way of preventing a candidate for admission to some secret society from making a disgraceful exhibition of himself on the street or in the electric cars?

My idea is that a boy—he cannot be a man—who allows himself to play the donkey in

public should be considered a candidate for a lunatic asylum—that he should be sent home with the suggestion that his brains are not yet sufficiently developed to make it profitable for him to continue college work. He should be sent to his mother to be put into his cradle. A society that would make a boy play fool in this way should be put out of existence in short order."

THE CERTIFICATE SYSTEM.

My reasons for opposing the certificate system can be stated in a few sentences.

No two persons would agree upon the fitness of those who stand on the doubtful line. Some do not know what constitues fitness. This may come from a lack of experience or from a minimum of brains in the certificator. Some teachers' hearts are bigger than their brains; their sympathies are more lively than their intellects. The desire to please patrons and parents and pupils is too much for their judgment. Sometimes a student does fine work in the preparatory school and poor work in college. I prefer most decidedly to have the college stamp my boy with approval, and then take him with the stamp on—"for better or for worse." It is serious business for a teacher to say to a boy, "You cannot go on. You are not fit for anything more. You must stop where you are, take another year, or go to the wall for good." I do not care to take this responsibility.

A private-school teacher is in the teaching business for what he can make. It is necessarily so. He is not to be blamed for this. To keep his school large, he must send as many as he can to college. A public-school teacher, too, must not step on the toes of a parent, especially if such parent is a member of the school committee. To refuse to certify, even for the preliminary examinations, brings on as tough a fight as a Boer can stand.

With the certificate system the standard of admission is sure gradually to be lowered. The best colleges now hold to the examination. If I am rightly informed, it is being pronounced a failure by some institutions that for many years have been trying it. To certify some and to oblige others to take an examination would help the matter somewhat. But the difference in the standards of different teachers is still to be taken into account. I confess that I prefer not to be obliged to say to John Jones, "You can enter on my certificate;" and to James Hobbs,—who ranks three per cent lower,—"You, James, must take the examination."

Some object to examination because, they say, it leads to cramming; you cannot teach as you should, when you are fitting for an examination. To me this is nonsense. The only way to fit for an examination is to make the pupil understand the subject, and, in order to do this, you must know it yourself and do your best to make the pupil enter inside the door. As for cramming, this is a very much abused word. I do not believe cramming is a good way to train the intellectual powers. The present method of teaching by the lecture system, with no required daily recitations, no set lesson in a text-book, is doing more than anything else to drive the pupil to cramming.

But what are we doing all our lives? The minister is notified suddenly that one of his flock has died and the funeral is to be in forty-eight hours. What is he to do? Cram. The lawyer has a case that he must plead in court. What does he do? Cram. The Mayor has to appear before a legislative committee to advocate a drawless bridge. What does he do? Cram. I have a class in determinants tomorrow. What do I do? Cram. Yes, it is better to have crammed and lost (or passed!) than not to have crammed at all.

W. F. Bradbury.

THE YOUNG SQUIRE OF HELDMERE.

As I was strolling through a little old burying ground in Leicestershire, England, trying to decipher the writing on the decayed tombstones, my attention was attracted to a little head-stone barely visible above the green turf which almost covered it. I gently pushed aside the grass and found that the stone was very slightly decayed. It seemed as if the grass had intentionally guarded the little stone through so many years against the surrounding elements, and had tried to keep it from inquisitive eyes. It was a very simple stone, with just the words, "Evelyn, aged 18 years," engraved on it; yet its plainness somehow appealed to me, and I determined to ask the aged sexton of the church near by about the young girl.

I found him bending over, weeding the grass in the church-yard, very slowly, however, for he was very old. As I approached, he respectfully touched his broad-brimmed hat and smilingly said, "I guess you be a stranger round these parts."

"Yes," I replied, "I've just been walking through the burying ground. By the way, do you know anything about the young girl whose grave there is almost covered by the grass?"

He looked at me searchingly a minute, then gazed away across the broad fields to the mountains beyond.

"I don't like to recall that story," he began. Then there was a story after all. I waited impatiently.

"I can see the little ones now," he went on, "as they used to toddle down the broad walk of the Squire's villa to see me. It was like a ray of sunshine when they appeared in my doorway. In spite of the difference in their ranks, they were always together, Harold Courtney, the Squire's son and Evelyn Leeland, the miller's daughter. What fun they used to have playing by the millstream, watching the logs float lazily by, and throwing stones into the water!

"Time went on, however, and the children grew up as inseparable as ever, till one day the old Squire told his son in plain words that he must see no more of Evelyn, for she was not of his rank. Being a hot-headed youth, the young man revolted, and was accordingly sent away to a preparatory school for Oxford. Squire Courtney, finding that even this did not prevent his son from holding intercourse with Evelyn, told the Miller that he and his daughter must leave the estate and go far away from Heldmere. The Miller felt very sorry to have to leave the old, familiar landmarks, but Squire Courtney had to be obeyed.

"Harold, who was now ready for Oxford, was furious. He tried his best to find out where Evelyn had been taken, but in vain, for the Squire was the only living person who knew anything about it, so after a while he quieted down and went sullenly through Oxford. The fellows were all disappointed in him, for he had been so lively at the preparatory school. After he finished his college course, he came home to help his father with the estate, as the Squire was not as active as he had been.

"One day the Squire died very suddenly of heart trouble, and the secret was then never to be solved. Harold succeeded his father and managed the estate very carefully, but he was never happy again, and seldom even smiled. He never ceased, meanwhile, in his efforts to find Evelyn, but wherever he inquired, no one seemed to know anything about her.

"As he was sitting by the fire one evening,

alone as usual, reading the paper, he suddenly started and turned pale, for this is what he read,—'There was a severe accident off Nova Scotia last night. A young girl, named Evelyn Leeland, in rescuing some little children, was drowned. Her body has not yet been found.'

"It did not take Harold long to get ready, and before morning he was on his way across the water to Nova Scotia. On arriving at Halifax, he inquired for the Miller and found that he lived in a small cottage near the ocean. Evelyn's body had been found by that time, and buried in the cemetery. Harold insisted that Evelyn's remains should be taken back to England and buried in the little old burying ground, where they had passed so many happy hours together in childhood, and that Mr. Leeland should go back and live with him.

"The Squire is now a middle-aged man, and his hair has begun to grow gray, but he still goes about his work very quietly and is never seen to smile except when with the miller. It is one of his orders that the grass shall never be cut on Evelyn's grave, but shall be allowed to grow over it and preserve it from harm. It is pitiful to see him come every day to her grave, then go back alone to the dreary old house."

I thanked the sexton heartily for his story, and after a few more words, took my leave; but I have not forgotten Harold and Evelyn.

R. D., '02.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY.

While recently visiting a friend of mine in Cambridge, I unconsciously stumbled upon a curious coincidence which I thought might possibly interest any one who had felt compassion for a certain *green* freshman. I am a western girl and not very well versed in the ways of the deceitful eastern girls, so I received a very rude shock.

The St. Julian Academy which I attend exchanges school papers, so one morning while looking over the exchanges, I noticed a copy of the LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW. Of course I pounced upon it at once as I had a friend in Cambridge, and took it with me on my trip to show her. On the way up I read it through and thought what a different tone there was to it compared with our western papers; rather too classical in fact, especially the jokes.

Well, I forgot all about it until one rainy day my friend said that she was dying for something to read. I immediately handed her this REVIEW, trying to look unconcerned, and then sank back on the sofa-pillows deeply interested in reading "David Harum." Suddenly I was electrified by hearing her exclaim:

"Well, I never! If he isn't a daisy. So he thinks he isn't as green as he used to be, does he!" and her face was the color of Burns' "red, red rose."

"What *ever* is the matter?" I asked, rushing to look over her shoulder to find the cause of her bewildering exclamations.

"Read that," she said, almost choking with laughter and pointing to a story in the February REVIEW, entitled, "Advice Wanted."

"Why, I've read it," said I, "What of it?"

"You have," said she, gasping for breath, "Well, *I'm* that girl, and if you don't believe it I'll prove it to you. Come on up stairs." I followed her in astonishment for I had read the story and admired it immensely, but I had no idea that it was a tale of real life. She marched into her room, opened the closet door and dramatically brought forth a red

dress which may have been pretty once, but was certainly a wreck then. It was trimmed with black silk fringe and had the dearest little overskirt imaginable and a beautiful long train, which, however, was sadly demolished. The fringe was ripped off in several places, the overskirt was torn from the binding,— not torn exactly, but *wrenched*, and the train itself was actually corrugated. (Poor man, he must have worn spiked shoes). I know she expected me to weep with her over the destruction of such a work of art, but I merely said: "What a sweet gown! Why don't you wear it?"

Her glance was crushing. She said that I ought to have seen it before she brushed the mud off. Then she rumaged down into the bottom of the closet under hat boxes and old shoes, and brought forth a disreputable looking golf cape fairly caked with mud. The gilt buttons had entirely disappeared, so had the plaid straps,—in fact, most everything except the mud. This erstwhile *green* freshman must have ripped the buttons off as souvenirs of the occasion; perhaps for pocket pieces, possibly for contribution boxes, who knows? *She* evidently had no ideas on the subject, but then she's an eastern girl.

"And they were both brand new this fall," I heard her say, almost sobbing. "If I wasn't mad." I thought I must say something to assuage her grief, so asked gently:

"What was the color of the cape in the first place?"

"Dirt color," she answered snappishly, and she wasn't consoled a bit when I remarked that at least it hadn't faded.

But I was too anxious to hear the whole story to get her provoked with me, so I asked: "Did he really come bright and early as he said he did; he must have been *very green?*"

"*Early!*" the tone spoke volumes, "he was at least three hours late." She was excited no doubt or she would never have exaggerated like that. "In the first place he was quite right in assuming that I should never have accepted his invitation if I could possibly have found anyone else to take me, but I had anticipated going all the fall and when chance after chance failed me, I grasped at him as at a last straw. (Imagine a *green* straw). But if I had known that my consent would involve the ruin of a stunning gown, a golf cape and above all my disposition, he should never have had it."

I hastened to assure her that her disposition was as sweet as ever, so she continued: "Not content with making me wait three-quarters of an hour (I told you she exaggerated before), he actually forced me to walk through that crowd, and you know what that was." I assented, of course, although I was at St. Julian at the time, trying hard to get some sense out of Xenophon, but then I have a very vivid imagination.

"I thought he would never take my cape, and the streets were so crowded that I nearly lost it several times, but just as we reached the gate he woke up and took it. You know how I was mortified to death by his forgetting the tickets or at least, forgetting where they were, for he never told me that he had them with him all the time; if he had we would have parted immediately. I stood and waited for him in staturesque silence. (I can't imagine it, for she's short and dumpy). He says *fortunately* he did not live very far off and speaks of *rushing* home, but it seems to me as if I waited for years. I'm glad that I deluded him into the idea that I was pleased to see him when he got back. It is *some* consolation to know that you can conceal your real feelings.

Well, we got inside and started for our seats. They were on the top row I'm sure, and I had to go ahead for I suppose he had

heard somewhere that ladies should always precede; but for once in my life I wished that the edicts of fashion could have been reversed, for he stepped on my train all the way up, and when we reached the top begged my pardon, as if he thought that would condone all past offences." She stopped for breath, but only for a minute, however.

"During the first half, I really enjoyed the game so much that I didn't notice him at all, except to think that he could yell about as loudly as anyone I knew, and I tried to overlook the fact that he made my back black and blue and called me 'old fellow,' etc. He says that I was *graciously* accepting his apologies. What a grand character reader he would make! And you know that remark about the score that he attributes to a small boy, why he made it himself. I don't wonder that he was ashamed of it.

"Then he says the breeze *began* to grow chilly; why, I was frozen soon after I got up there and asked him, I don't know how many times, for my cape, but he was too excited to hear me and when at last he did he couldn't find it. When he left me to hunt it up, a friend of mine, the nicest fellow imaginable, who happened to be standing near, came up and said that he had been witnessing my misfortunes and asked if that was my brother with me. I was deeply mortified, but managed to assure him that it wasn't. Then we chatted pleasantly about the game, until my escort appeared with this bedraggled cape. He carefully adjusted it on me so that a stream of mud would trickle comfortably down my neck, but then the second half began and I was as wild with excitement as he was and I forgot him again until he knocked my hat off, scattered the pins and entirely ruined the feathers. I recovered, however, and was thankful when at last we were on our way home. I didn't say much, I can tell you. I had fully intended inviting him to dinner, but I was so exasperated with him that I could scarcely bestow upon him the customary good night. But he was as cool as a cucumber, and had the audacity to ask me if I had had a good time. I paused for reply, gathered up the remnants of my train in one hand, with the other clutched at my broken feathers to be sure that they were there, and just as the maid opened the door, rushed in, with a 'Most certainly, dear Mr.—,' I reached my room without anyone's seeing me, thank goodness, but I vowed that I would never go anywhere with that man again. I don't wonder he implored advice from some one. Isn't it funny he should apply to a school paper for advice. I thought everyone went to the RECORD with anything of that sort? But the idea of his circulating it in such a fashion; of course everyone would know who we were. I feel mad enough to eat him. Imagine my going anywhere with a man like that!"

"Well, what advice would you suggest giving him?" I asked finally, "he seems to be very anxious to know."

"Oh, we're going to the concert together," she said calmly as if nothing had happened. I rushed out for some fresh air. When I was sufficiently revived, I packed up and went home; but just as I was leaving I could not resist giving her a parting thrust, so I said sweetly, "Are you going to wear the same dress?" I think she understood me for I heard the door slam.

E. R. J., '01.

A DILEMMA.

CHAPTER I.

Jack Stevenson was sauntering leisurely through the square one fine morning, whistling merrily, his hands in his pockets. Following him closely was his terrier, Pete, a belligerent looking specimen and homely enough to be very valuable. Suddenly the latter eyed his master inquiringly and stopped short in front of a candy store, snapping at Jack's heels and wagging his tail vigorously. The young fellow turned around laughing.

"Pete, you're a tease," he said, surveying the tempting window, critically. "I guess we'll have to have some," he added, opening the door as he spoke.

There was a very pretty young lady standing at the counter, buying some candy, and as the two comrades entered Pete walked up to her, gave a little sniff and seated himself at her feet, looking up with an expectant air. Then, as she took no notice of him, he thumped his stub of a tail on the floor and gave an impatient little snort. This attracted her attention, and with an amused smile she picked up a chocolate and threw it to the little fellow who snapped it up quicker than a wink.

In reaching for the candy, the lady dropped her muff which she had tucked under her arm, and the contents were scattered broadcast over the floor. Jack stepped forward quickly and began the task of collecting the wayward property, while Pete sat by, apparently much interested. At length the rescue was completed, and with a gracious smile the lady turned to go, when she suddenly bethought herself that her pocketbook was missing.

A hunt ensued, but every crack and cranny was searched in vain. It could not be found, although Jack sprawled about in a most chivalrous manner, valiently sacrificing his immaculate gloves and well creased trousers. It seemed like the work of spirits. He hated to abandon the task; but at length, feeling assured that it was useless, he was obliged to give it up, and the young lady went out, thanking Jack with a smile that made his dusty trousers a thing to be proud of.

He bought his candy, and, whistling to Pete, went out. Pete, however, seemed much attracted by the shop and kept Jack holding the door open for him while he meandered out in a provoking way.

"What's the matter, old chap? Don't you want some?" Jack called out coaxingly, at the same time holding out a delicious looking bon-bon towards him. That started the reluctant animal, and dropping something from his mouth, he snapped greedily at the tempting morsel.

"What the Dickens—!" began Jack, staring in a dazed sort of way at the object just discarded by the dog. He picked it up, and saying something not altogether complimentary to that animal, examined the cause of all his trouble. For it was the missing pocketbook without a doubt.

His first impulse was to run after the young lady and return her property with profuse apologies; but a second glance at the mangled object satisfied him that this was impossible, as it was chewed almost beyond recognition. His second impulse boded no good to his guilty companion, I fear, but this also was abandoned. But what was the poor youth to do?

What he did do was to go to dinner, but you will acknowledge that this was not exactly a solution of his difficulty, although, indeed, it did make things look a little brighter to him.

CHAPTER II.

The next day Jack was on his way from breakfast at Memorial, when he met his old friend Rogers.

"Hello Jack," shouted the latter, cordially, and falling into step walked along with him. "By the way, I saw you in B—'s yesterday, with Miss Wentworth. You seemed very much engrossed, so I didn't disturb you."

Jack's face was a study, but all of a sudden his brow cleared, and he said heartily,—"She's a mighty pretty girl though, isn't she, Dick? But I didn't know you were acquainted with her," he added. "See here, Dickie, my chum, come round some day and we'll make a swell call on her."

"Brilliant thought," rejoined the other, with an odd smile. "We'll make it this afternoon, if you've nothing else on the docket."

"It's a go," agreed Jack, well pleased with his artfulness. "I'll have to leave you here as I've an errand to do in the square, so if you like, we'll call at half past three."

"All right, if you say so, it's all the same to me."

So they went their separate ways; Jack, to purchase the pretties pocketbook the city afforded, and Dick to get out his best tie in honor of the occasion.

At sharp half past three, they started out in their Prince Alberts and silk hats, looking well satisfied with themselves, and, indeed, their looks did not belie them. On account of their faultless appearance, of which each was fully conscious, there lurked in each breast a spark of triumph which added not a little to his satisfaction.

Dick piloted them to a very pretty home on C—— street; and as they ascended the steps Jack chuckled audibly,—

"I say, Dick," he said when they had handed their cards to the maid, "I thought I'd just remind you to introduce me, when the hostess appears."

A blank look passed over Dick's face, and he fairly gasped—"For Heaven's sake, Jack, what do you mean?"

The latter chuckled again in a provoking way, "You're fooled all right this trip, old fellow," he answered. "I might as well acknowledge that I never saw Miss Wentworth in my life before yesterday, when good luck took me into the same store. My dog, Bete, ran off with the lady's pocketbook, and I worked this bluff on you so that I might have a chance to return it in good style."

"Well, if you haven't done it this time," the other answered gloomily. "It may relieve you to know that I never spoke to the girl in my life and willingly grasped the opportunity which you offered of becoming acquainted with her."

Jack groaned dismally, and the two stood gazing at one another quite overcome by their sad predicament.

"Well, how are you going to get out of it?" Jack finally ventured; but before the other could reply a rustle of silken skirts was heard, and while the two unfortunates held their breath the young lady entered the room.

She looked very charming as in some confusion she lingered a second on the threshold, but if she had been a whole hostile army in pursuit of two miserable fugitives she could not have inspired more terror in the hearts of her beholders. "I—I am afraid there is some—er—mistake," she faltered. "At least I—" and then she hesitated.

Oh that dreadful pause! It seemed to Jack to last for hours. Finally, at a terrible look from Dick, he grew desperate, and stepping forward in one breath, blurted out the whole wretched situation. It was very funny to see him looking so utterly crestfallen while the two others were smiling broadly at his confession, for in spite of his haste and confusion he told his tale in a very bright way which ill-accorded with his humble mien.

Suddenly he stopped and looked at the young girl in surprise. "Do you mean that you're not offended?" he said excitedly. "And you don't think us a couple of the most impolite fellows you ever saw?"

"Indeed I don't," she responded earnestly. "To tell the truth, I'm awfully sorry for you. I accept your apology willingly, and as for the dog I forgive him entirely and will prove it by another chocolate, if I see him again. Now do sit down, and I'll ring for a cup of tea."

They obeyed gladly, and both enjoyed their call. Nor—I would add—was it the last good time they had together, but on the contrary was the beginning of a very pleasant friendship.

M. W., '01.

DEBATING SOCIETIES.

LATIN SCHOOL.

April 20, 1900.

An unusually large amount of business was transacted at the meeting of the Debating Society on the 20th of April. Almost every member took part in the discussions. The most important decision, perhaps, was that the society should support Thomas B. Reed for president in the Mock Presidential convention to be held in Faneuil Hall. The society, moreover, determined to cast its vote as a unit. At the suggestion of Mr. Burns, '02, the house voted that the society should be divided into two "camps," in the same manner as the Debating Clubs of Harvard. Mr. Burns and Mr. Bennett were chosen to be the captains of these rival debating factions.

At length, the debate of the evening was called. The subject: "Resolved, That municipalities in the United States should own and operate plants for supplying light, water, gas and surface transportation," was ably supported on both sides. The debate for the affirmative was presented by Messrs. Hastings, '02, Baker, '02, and Thompson, '00, while the negative was upheld by Messrs. Potter, '04, Graustein, '02, and Rogers, '04. Messrs. Thompson and Rogers took the rebuttals for their respective sides. After a rather prolonged deliberation the judges awarded the debate to the negative. This debate is worthy of especial mention, inasmuch as undeniable ability was displayed on the part of those speaking for the first time.

May 4, 1900.

At the meeting held May 4, there was another lively discussion as to whom the society had best support at the Mock Convention. Mr. Bennett, '00, moved that the society retract from its former position and join with the Cambridge Y. M. C. A. and the High School Debating Society in nominating Mr. Roosevelt. Finally the motion was lost and the house once more declared its intention of supporting Mr. Reed. The president, Mr. Thompson, was appointed chairman of the delegation and Mr. Bennett, '01, was chosen to nominate Mr. Reed in case there should be time.

The debate for the evening was: "Resolved, That labor organizations promote the best interests of working men." The affirmative was pleaded by Miss Jackson, '01, Miss Lewis, '02, and Miss Rogers, '02, while the negative was upheld by Messrs. Thompson, '03, Arnold, '04, and Eaton, '03. As the subject is one of vital importance, in which

everyone is deeply interested, the speakers and their pointed arguments were generously applauded by the house. Miss Jackson spoke in rebuttal for the affirmative and Mr. Eaton for the negative.

The debate was awarded to the negative by the jury. Mr. Arnold, '04, deserves special commendation for his excellent debate.

HIGH SCHOOL.

A special meeting was held April 20, directly after school. At this meeting Mr. Elder was elected Committee on Credentials, Mr. Blake Committee on Permanent Organization, and Mr. Dunn, Chairman of the High School delegates to the Mock Presidential Convention, held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, May 5, 1900.

On April 27, the Society held a regular meeting with Miss Allyn in the chair.

There was a good deal of discussion over the acceptance of two reports, but finally they were accepted.

Mr. McGregor of the Y. M. C. A. Congress was present and stated the object and the manner in which the Mock Presidential Convention was to be conducted. He said there were about thirty-five societies taking part, each society representing a state. The Society voted, after a very hot discussion, to go as a unit for Roosevelt.

So much time was spent in the discussion about the Presidental Convention that there was not time for the regular debate of the evening.

The meeting adjourned at 9.45.

A special meeting was held May 3, to arrange for going to Faneuil Hall, May 5. A motion was made the E. H. S. D. S. delegates meet at the Y. M. C. A. Building at 6 o'clock, on May 5. Before this motion was passed an amendment was added that each delegate should provide himself with two tin-horns.

A SILENT CHARM.

Alone on the grass-covered hillside,
  Alone by the tumbling falls,
Stands a deserted, ruined castle
  With its gray and crumbling walls.

'Twas the home of knights forgotten,
  The home of many a lord
Who gave his life to his country,—
  By his honor, meant his word.

Once, this was the scene of gayety,
  The scene of love and mirth,
The scene of a terrible quarrel
  That lasted e'en till death.

Now, only a mournful echo
  Resounds in the ancient halls;
Only the moan of the wind
  That mingles with the falls.

From the top of the highest turret
  One sees the world below,
Varied with sun and shadow,
  Mingled with joy and woe.

But far below in the court yard
  Is the greatest charm of all;
Far more than the landscape before us,
  Far more than the waterfall.

The form of a beautiful maiden
  That almost seems to move,
With her arm uplifted toward heaven,
  Points to the turret above.

But in the lovely features,
  That, bending, catch your gaze,
Is a sad and dreamy expression
  That speaks of those by-gone days.

'Tis a look that wraps all our senses
  In deep, deep, wondering thought,
That veils from our eyes the fair statue,
  The statue the gods must have wrought.

Thus it charms each mortal beholder
  Till a thrill goes over his heart,
And in joy, yet in sorrow, he leaves it,
  But its memory ne'er can depart.

A. M. E., '02.

THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

As Athelstone of Coningsburg—a man of great renown—
While fighting for Rebecca's life, was cruelly smitten down
And killed, beyond a question, it has always seemed to me
That how he came to life again was quite a mystery.

Perhaps he wasn't killed at all; perhaps it was a fake;
Perhaps from indigestion, or sudden stomach ache,
He fainted by the roadside and, found there where he lay,
Was lifted by the weeping monks, and by them borne away.

Jamaica ginger always was celestial nectar rare,
Perhaps the abbot used it then to ease the Saxon's care;
But any way, what e'er he did, great Athelstane got well,
And lit out for his castle, intent on raising—the Dickens.

Friend Cedric, with King Richard and Wilfred at his side,
Was standing in the dining-hall—his eyes they opened wide
When cursing, as he well knew how, along the winding stair
The Thane of Coningsburg rushed up and stood before him there.

"Oh, art thou friend, or art thou foe?" cried Cedric, pale with fear,
"Or ghost, or spirit, wraith, or myth, what doest thou up here?"
The answer came in accents loud, repeat I scarcely need,
"I came," great Athelstane replied, "to have a good long feed."

"So bring the fatted calf to me, and bring the pumpkin pie,
If I could have enough to eat then I would gladly die.
'For how can man die better than facing fearful odds'
Upon the festive dining-board, and with the cook's regards?

"So order up the stewards all, the bearers of the bowl,
I'll eat a funeral feast myself and honor thus my soul.
So first I'll have a roasted pig, a little one but fat,
And then potatoes mashed up fine, and beefsteak after that."

The food was brought, the worthy thane sat down before his meal,
And when his mother saw him eat, how good it made her feel.
Rowena, with disgusted look, did leave him eating there,
And sat with cousin Wilfred long upon the darkened stair.

The sun sank in the blazing west, the afterglow went out,
The evening shadows fell around, and then they fell about;
The moon arose and softly crept, at least that's what he said,
To see if dear old Athelstane as yet was really dead.

But no! you can't fool Athelstane, for though he'd had his fill,
When morning brightened in the east, it found him eating still,
He ate all evening, through the night, and I would safely bet,
That is, at least, from all I know, he may be eating yet.

OH! FOR THE WINGS (AND OTHER ADVANTAGES) OF A CHERUB.

NOTE: By a curious coincidence these two next poems were written entirely independently, and handed to the editor on the same day.

Young Tommy, having eaten pie,
Remarked to Susan Ann,
"A truly vicious pain have I,
Console me, no one can."

Said Susan, "I am sorry, Tom,
To see you in this plight,
For thus to see you hug yourself
Is not a pleasing sight."

That night young Thomas had a dream,—
He was a boy no more,
A cherub he among the clouds,
Pies eating by the score.

"How fine to have a mouth," said he,
"And get this luscious taste,
And yet avoid the dreadful pain
That takes you in the waist."

Perhaps you know the cherub not,
Who in the clouds doth hover,
If so, dear reader, close this book,
You'll find two on the cover.

E. L. S., '01.

A YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

A small boy stood absorbed in thought
And gazed upon a cherub fair,
A marble cherub—marble wings,
And marble locks of marble hair.

[Some poet or sculptor in his dreams
Imagined thus an angel strange
Without a body: just a means
To bother small inquiring brains.]

At length he heaves a monster sigh,
From pockets deep withdraws his hands,
And of this smiling marble boy
Explanation thus demands.

"How is it, funny cherub boy,
To be a kind of flying head?
What part is it, I want to know,
Which every night you put to bed?

"How, when you haven't any arms,
But just two great big feathery wings,
Do you play, you cherub-fellers,
And do other *cheruby* things?

"How, if your nose begins to itch,
Or if some dust gets in your eye?
How, if you *have* to wash your face,
Or brush away a tickling fly?

"Where do you carry your jack-knife,
Or your harp and hymnal, where?
How do you swallow what you eat,
Or, do you have to live on *air?*

"How do you ever comb your wings?
I wish you'd tell me that—
How, when you *have* to live on air,
Do you manage to keep so fat?

Now—when I die I want to be
An angel whole and quite entire;
For I should *never* like to flop,
A *Heady, Wingy, Cherub-flyer.*"

H. W. B., '01.

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

PUBLISHED monthly during the school year by the undergraduates of the Cambridge Latin School and the Cambridge English High School.

Contributions are solicited from undergraduates and alumni and may be left in the REVIEW boxes at the schools or mailed to "THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW," 26A Brattle Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Contributors will please write legibly in ink on one side of the paper only and sign their names in full.

Terms of subscription, seventy-five cents a year. Single copies, ten cents.

Address all business communications and make checks payable to the Business Manager.

Entered at Post-Office, Boston, as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRESS OF CAUSTIC & CLAFLIN, CAMBRIDGE.

Board of Editors.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

HOLLAND BENNETT, '00.

First Associate Editor.

FRED H. DOW, '00.

Associate Editors.

GRACE M. NORRIS, '00.
ELSIE D. MCWAIN, '00.
CHESTER A. GARFIELD, '00.
EDGAR L. SMITH, '01.
JENNIE B. ALLYN, '00.
EDNA P. SMITH, '00.
HAROLD W. BENNETT, '01.
PSYCHE CERES HEYWOOD, '02.

Class Editors.

MARY L. COLEMAN, '00.
MARGUERITE L. BEARD, '01.
WILLIAM O. HUBBARD, '01.
MADELEINE WOOD, 01.
PHILIP R. AMMIDON, '01.
A. INGHAM BICKNELL, '02.
LESLIE HASTINGS, '02.
FLETCHER W. TAFT, '03.
SARA C. CLARK, '04.
JOHN T. GLIDDEN, '01.
CATHERINE C. CAMERON, '01.
IDA M. STEVENS, '01.
SYLVANUS W. WILDER, '02.
ALICE M. BOYCE, '02.
CHESTER W. CURRIE, '02.
FLORENCE M. HAYDEN, '03.
ALEXINA L. P. BOWLBY, '03.
MASON T. ROGERS, '04.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

CLIFFORD H. WALKER, '00.

Assistants.

PROCTOR CARR, '00.
IRVING R. LINNELL, '01.
JOHN C. DAVENPORT, '00.
LOUIS W. SUMNER, '02.
WILLIAM J. DWYER, '02.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The last issue of the REVIEW for this volume will appear on Thursday, June 14, 1900, All copy *must* be in by Friday, June 1.

The contest for the positions of class editors at the High School closes this month. The changes may be noted in the adjacent column.

Following is the schedule for the base-ball team:

May 22—Boston English High.
May 25—Brookline High.

The trial heats in the series of interscholastic boat races will take place on Saturday, May 19, 1900. Five crews will compete in each heat. Those that will race against Cambridge are: Browne and Nichols, inside course; Cambridge, second course; Roxbury Latin, third course; Chauncey Hall, fourth course; Hopkinson, fifth course. The Semi-Finals will be rowed on May 21, and the Finals on May 22.

There will be an out-door athletic meet between the Cambridge High and Latin Schools and the Rindge Manual Training School at 3 P.M., Friday, May 18, 1900, on Holmes Field. The entrance fee is ten cents.

The graduation exercises of the High School will be held in Sanders Theatre on Saturday, June 16; those of the Latin School in the Latin School Hall on Monday, June 25, and those of the Training School on Tuesday, June 19, in the Latin School Hall.

Those wishing to have their REVIEWS bound or those desiring back numbers should speak to the business manager at once.

There will be an interclass tennis tournament on May 26.

A FAITHFUL SERVITOR.

Mistress (greatly distresed as Bridget awkwardly drops the chicken on the floor when about to put it on the table)—Dear me! Now we've lost our dinner!

Bridget—Indade, ye've not. Oi have me fut on it!

A teacher asked a class to write an essay on "The Result of Laziness," and one of the brightest but laziest boys in the class handed in as his consideration a blank sheet of paper!

John—You see that man and woman in the balloon? They are a perfect match.

Alice—Yes? Will they light when they strike the ground?

Mattie—I want you to know I don't stand on trifles.

Helen (glancing at her feet)—No, dear; I see you don't.

I called her sweetheart, called her love,
  Called her my heart's delight;
I called her mine, mine only,
  And my life's great shining light.
She turned—I even thrilled to hear
  The rustle of her gown—
Then she bent her deep brown eyes on me,
  And sweetly called me—down.

"I would like to know," said the gruff old father to the young man who had been calling with considerable frequency, "whether you are going to marry my daughter?" So would I," answered the diffident young man. "Would you mind asking her?"

A certain Academy exquisite went into a Broadway restaurant and was far from pleased with the manner in which his order was filled.

"Do you call that a veal cutlet?" he demanded of the waiter. "Why, such a cutlet as that is an insult to every self-respecting calf in the United States."

The waiter hung his head for a moment, but recovered himself and said, in a tone of respectful apology:

"I really didn't intend to insult you, sir."

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,
  "You must set this matter right;
What time did the Sophomore leave,
  Who sent in his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father, dear,
  And his love for it was great;
He took his leave and went away
  Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eyes,
  And her dimples deeper grew.
" 'Tis surely no sin to tell him that,
  For a quarter of eight is two."

Brown—Jones declared that his wife was like an open book to him.

Hicks—That's it exactly. He can't shut her up.

"If I cayn't git a libin by far means, den I mus by fowl," said Sambo, as he lifted the Squire's yellow leghorn from the roost.

It is related of a certain evangelist in Ireland that he was in the habit of addressing his audience as "Dear Souls," wherever he happened to be conducting services. When he was in Belfast it was over and over, "Dear Belfast souls," and at Cork it was "Dear Cork souls," in which instance his audience was overcome with laughter before he knew what he said.

A student who secretly dropped a piece of paper on which the word "monkey" was written in large letters in the cap of a professor against whom he had a spite, told the joke to all his classmates. The next day the professor said to the class, in bland and polite tones, "Gentlemen, I have to thank one of your number for the courtesy of dropping his card in my cap yesterday."

IT WAS.

He seized her in the dark and kissed her,
And for a moment bliss was his;
"Oh, my! I thought it was my sister!"
He cried. She laughed and said, "It is."

PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF F. LUNKER.

Freshman Year: Cut a lecture today.

Sophomore Year: Was called up to the office for cutting.

Junior Year: Haven't been called up for two weeks. The Dean must be sick.

Senior Year: Went to a lecture today.

Miss P.—Yes, I am full of music.

Miss H.—You ought to be. None of it has escaped.

LAMENTATION.

Sweet, dusky, dark haired maiden far away,
Where, from the sand, the lofty date palms start,
Your message has just come to me today,
And found its resting place beside my heart.

And now, across the cruel surging main,
List to my answer, though it cometh late.
Here, even here, I think of you with pain,
I ate the hair you wrapped up in the date.

Last week a policeman was severely blamed for arresting a deaf woman.

"It is the best thing that ever happened to her," he answered, "for she will get her hearing at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning."

Student—How is it, Doctor, that I always take cold in my head?

Doctor—It is a well-known principle, sir, that a cold is most likely to settle in the weakest part."

"O would I were a bird," she sang,
And each disgusted one
Thought to himself this wicked thought:
"O would I were a gun."

Bellows—Does your daughter play on the piano?

Old Farmer (in tones of deep disgust)—No, sir. She works on it, pounds on it, rakes it, scrapes it, jumps on it, rolls over on it, but there's no play about it, sir.

"You are not allowed to smoke in this car," said the conductor to an Irishman.

"Faith, I'm not smoking," said the Irishman.

"You have your pipe in your mouth," said the conductor.

"Yes, and I have me feet in me shoes and I'm not walking," said Pat.

"Young Skinflint is a promising young man. So his tailor says."

"Will you be my wife?"

She—The idea! Don't be ridiculous.

He—Yes, I know it sounds ridiculous: but then, I'm not so particular as some men are.

Mistress—Sarah, how was it that I saw you entertaining friends in the kitchen again last night?

Sarah—I'm sure I don't know, ma'am, unless you peeked through the keyhole.

"My dear," said Mrs. Hunewell, "do you believe in the eternal fitness of things?"

"I used to," replied Hunewell, "before you began to make my shirts."

Master—Mary, I wish you would be more careful; I'm sorry to hear my wife has to scold you so often.

Mary—O don't mind me sir, I don't take any notice of it.

Patient—I believe you are a very successful operator?

Dentist—Madam, you may be sure I spare no pains.

He—My dear, what did you do with that curtain goods you bought last week?

She—It was too gay and loud for curtains, so I made a shirt waist out of it.

Mrs. Yeast—Did you ever notice how that cat's eyes change color?

Mr. Yeast—I don't care about that, if she'd only change her voice a shade at night.

Mrs. Billins—Is your son's wife an economical woman?

Mrs. Flabbus—I should say so. She has induced him to let his whiskers grow so he can go without neck ties.

"I'm tired of life, and I believe I'll blow my brains out."

"Just my idea, only the report of firearms always makes me so nervous, I rather dread to do it."

MEMORIES OF A SPINNING WHEEL.

One day, some three weeks ago, a young lady about nineteen, very sweet and lovely, who looked strangely like a young lady whom I once knew long ago, came up into the attic and carefully brushed the dust from me. Then she stood and looked at me for fully five minutes; finally exclaiming, "You dear old thing!" she lifted me up with her dainty arms and, after much pulling and tugging, succeeded in getting me down stairs. Then running for some oil and soft rags, she began to rub my old frame so vigorously that I creaked in all my joints. A maid came into the room and offered to clean me, but the girl cried, "No, please don't, I want to do it all myself." The maid smiled and left the room. After Miss Mabel, as the maid had called her, had finished cleaning me, she picked me up again and carried me to the most conspicuous place of an elegant drawing room. Sitting down, all out of breath, she surveyed me to her heart's content. Then she gave a great sigh of satisfaction and, with a whirl of muslin skirts, disappeared.

This afternoon there has been a reception here and the room was filled with young ladies with silk dresses, and a very beautiful sight they made. But when they caught sight of me they seemed to forget their beauty and elegance in praising me, and became so envious of my mistress that I felt the warm blood rush up my old frame and my cheeks

blushed as red as poppies. Miss Mabel hung over me in a perfect ecstasy of delight and pride, and looked so lovely that I did not care if she did make my joints creak and my bones ache (they haven't stopped aching yet). And as I saw her in all her pride and wealth, I wondered if she were any happier than the girl I knew over a hundred years ago, Mabel's great grandmother.

I was made in Holland and came to this country in an old Dutch merchantman. After I left the ship, I stood for six months in a little shop in a narrow street in New York, until one morning an old Dutch woman came in, followed by a girl of eighteen and a young man about twenty-two. They looked round for a while, purchasing some simple furniture; you would think it very plain, nowadays, but it satisfied the young people and that was what was wanted. When the girl saw me, she gave a cry of "Oh!" and the young man asked her if she would like me. She blushed and murmured, "Yes," but the old lady shook her head sternly and said to her, "Mabel, do you know no better than to pick out such an expensive thing? No, (to the shop keeper) we will take something less elaborate and cheaper." I saw two great tears run down the cheeks of the girl, and longed to tell her to take me and keep me. But the young man saw the tears too, and stepping up to the Dutch shopkeeper, told him that he would buy me. The old lady scolded at this extravagance, but the young people had their way.

The next day I was packed on an old wagon with some other furniture, and the horses started. We travelled on and on, bumpety bump for two long weeks; when at length the wagon stopped and I was unloaded, I found myself in a little cabin, surrounded by acres of untilled land with forests beyond. The little cabin was furnished comfortably, but simply; and the young couple, who were so brave as to live there alone, with the nearest neighbor miles away, were very happy.

I was the young wife's pride and joy. She loved to spin after her other work was finished, and in a short time she had added considerably to her stock of linen. She would sit at the doorway waiting for her husband to return, spinning and humming a merry tune to herself the while. But after the first baby was born it was a long time before she touched me again. When she did, her cheeks were pale and thin; but still her eyes had the same happy gleam in them and a new joy lighted up her sweet face. As time went on and she grew from the winsome slip of a girl into a sweet matronly woman, and he into a broad shouldered farmer, her work increased, and on account of the increasing family the cabin was enlarged and later on it was altered again, the uncultivated land changed into fields of corn, oats and well known vegetables. But still Mabel loved me as she had the first year of her marriage, and as she had loved me from girlhood to womanhood, so she still loved me till her eyes grew dim and her hands unsteady.

Then after she was dead, her daughter Mabel, a woman already turning old, took me with her to the great city where she went with her eldest son. I shed tears of real sorrow, if a spinning wheel may be said to shed tears, when I looked back for the last time on the old cabin and Mabel's grave under an oak nearby. After a while, as I had been put away in the attic, I was forgotten; and the dust collected on my old frame for over twenty lonely years until the third Mabel came to brush it tenderly off and recall the memories of those old days.

A. M. E., '02.

ALUMNI NOTES.

In the Harvard-Yale Dual Meet, Henry J. Winslow, '98, ran in the 220 yd. run and the 440 yd. run, and W. A. Applegate, E. H. S., '97, ran in the 880 yd. run, winning first place.

Walter Clarkson, E. H. S., '99, is captain of the Harvard Freshman nine. He was to have spoken on base-ball at the recent Freshman dinner on May 3d.

Frederick E. Hall, formerly of the Latin School, designed the cover for the menu at the Freshman dinner.

H. H. Murdock, '97, has been elected an honorary member of the Institute of 1770 at Harvard.

Miss Florence W. James, '96, sang very sweetly as "Paquita" in the Radcliffe Glee Club operetta, "A Copper Complication."

Miss Edith W. Taylor has a story in the March number of the Radcliffe Magazine, entitled, "The Ordeal of Eugenie."

H. H. Murdock, '97, has been elected a member of the Harvard Memorial Society.

On the Harvard 'Varsity crew squad as finally chosen are Hugh and Guy Bancroft. N. W. Tilton, although one of the very best oarsmen, was, owing to his physician's advice, urged by his family not to row.

L. B. R. Briggs, Dean of Harvard College, spoke at the Convention of the Classical and High School Teachers' Association, held at the Latin School, April 28, on "Some Old-Fashioned Doubts About New-Fashioned Education." At this meeting Mr. Bradbury was re-elected Secretary of the Association.

Following is a list of those Latin School graduates who will graduate from Radcliffe this June: Class of '95, Miss Blanche N. Cook; class of '96, Miss Mabel V. Arnold, Miss Gertrude Baker, Miss Ellen T. Batchelor, Miss Margaret S. Bradbury, Miss Alice D. Chamberlain, Miss Florence W. James, Miss Katherine H. James, Miss Alice M. Kimball, Miss Mabel D. Watson, Miss Edith B. Winslow; from Wellesley, Miss Oriana P. Hall, and Miss Florence Smith; from Mt. Holyoke, E. H. S., '96, Miss Ruth S. Arnold; C. L. S., '96, Miss Alice Browne and Miss Mary L. Robinson; from Boston University, Miss Demetria Simmons; from Smith, Miss Edith Emerson, E. H. S., '96.

Miss Alice M. Kimball, '96, is teaching French in the English High School in connection with Professor Hanus's education course.

Charles W. Locke, '97, has made the Hasty Pudding Club; and Henry J. Winslow, '98, and Carleton R. Metcalf, '98, have both made the Pi Eta.

Thomas Ybarra, '98, is in the American legation at Caraccas, Venezuela.

Arnold S. Proudfoot, '98, is a member of the Harvard Glee Club.

Parker E. Marean, '99, is one of the catchers on the Harvard Freshman nine.

OBITUARY.

Henry Benshimol, formerly of the class of '96, C. L. S., died on April 15th. He spent only one year in the Latin School. During that year he played on the school foot-ball team and was class editor of the REVIEW.

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

1902 DANCE.

The class of 1902 of the Latin School, gave a very pleasant dance in the hall of the Browne and Nichols School on the evening of Friday, May 11, 1900. The pretty little hall was neatly decorated with the 1901 and 1902 class colors, red and white, and was just comfortably filled by the twenty-five couples present. Everyone spent a most enjoyable evening.

Mrs. Burton, Mrs. Arnold and Mrs. Edgerly kindly served as matrons, and the ushers were Messrs. Burton, Hastings and Baker.

1900.

A class meeting was held Thursday, May 4th. A committee to take charge of the graduation reception was elected, consisting of the following: Mr. Bennett, chairman, ex-officio, Messrs. Davenport, McGirr and Whittemore, Misses McWain, Hopkins and Coleman.

At the same meeting the class voted to have a permanent organization, of which a president, vice-president and treasurer should be elected annually, while the secretary should hold his office permanently. For the ensuing year Mr. Walker was chosen president, Miss Crocker vice-president and Mr. Counihan treasurer. Mr. Bennett was unanimously elected permanent secretary.

Mr. Carr, Mr. Blanchard and Miss McWain were chosen to write the "Class Hits" for the Review.

A very successful social was held Friday evening, April 27, at the home of Miss Wyman. Charades formed the principal entertainment of the evening, and the very superior presentation called forth loud applause and kept the company in high spirits during the greater part of the evening. After refreshments, dancing was indulged in until a late hour. Mr. Bradbury and Miss Bachelder were our guests.

A number of the boys in Mr. Benshimol's room seem quite interested in a copy of "Harvard Papers."

Houston is captain and Davidson is manager of 1900's base-ball team. They are proving to be very energetic and efficient, and the team ought to be a good one under their management.

A certain member of the second division in Greek seems to give one scholar pretty steady employment!

The following parts have been assigned for graduation: valedictory, Clifford H. Walker; salutatory, Holland Bennett; class history, Miss Mary L. Coleman; class prophecy, Miss Elsie D. McWain; and class will, Proctor Carr. There will also be a Greek dialogue.

1901.

On the evening of April 28 a class social was held at the home of Mr. Hubbard, and all of the large number present voted it the best so far this year. Progressive games were played, in which Miss Boyer and Mr. Chase captured the prizes. Several members of the class gave pleasing musical selections. The guests of the evening were Mrs. Burton, Miss Harris, Miss Perrigo, Miss Sampson, Miss Dodge and Miss Bondreu.

Take notice all ye in the lower classes, who groan over Cæsar. Just wait until you have to read it without a dictionary.

What *is* it that happens to words in *is*, *ous*, *aus* and *us?* One division of this class ought to be able to answer in full chorus.

Smith, who has been very dangerously ill with pneumonia, is improving rapidly, and we hope soon to see him at school again.

Miss Robinson has very kindly offered to loan her court to the girls' tennis club.

Ball playing at recess seems to have become little short of a mania with the girls of late.

How was your first History exam? Don't you feel you are a wizard in that branch of learning!

The members of this class who ushered at the teachers' convention enjoyed greatly explaining the mechanism of the lecture-room chairs and the telephones, and showing the splendid arrangements of the dark room.

On the 4th and 5th of May a number of the physic's class enjoyed personally conducted tours to the electric power-house on Boylston street, where they studied the mechanism and workings of the huge dynamos. It was very interesting, and the experience was thoroughly appreciated.

One of the girls have discovered that the policemen do not keep as strict watch on the Library grounds as one would suppose.

1902.

We see in our dreams another banner for 1902.

Burns is again the hero of our base-ball team. His pitching cannot be excelled by any class pitcher in the school.

Our base-ball season opened on April 20th, when we won from Browne and Nichols by the score of 22 to 20. On May 2nd we again beat this same team, 35 to 6.

On April 24th we went to Winchester and played Winchester High School, lowering her colors by the score of 7 to 5.

Besides the base-ball victories named above, we have won several games of minor importance.

Ask Miss A—d to fill out the following equation: Lighted Hydrogen + Air in Flask — ?

Certain members of the class appear to be greatly elated to hear that the Greek society has practically disbanded.

1903 remarks that they have some great singers in their class. They should hear our tenors. They would then, once for all, admit that 1902 is their better.

Misses Dallinger, Eaton and Hubbard are playing on the 'Varsity basket-ball team. They will play a game with Brookline soon.

Do you belong to the select number who study verbs after school almost every day?

A favorite maxim—Keep off the "grass"!

Several secret societies have had candy-pulls, and some very good candy resulted. The following is a receipt from one of them worthy of trial: "Wash well two cups of brown sugar, add a little brown molasses and some butter, set on the stove for half an hour and then turn into a pan. Place this in the sun to freeze, and cut into thick junks and eat while hot."

1903.

Bailey and Wyman participated in the tennis tournament of the High and Latin Schools.

The laugh is on Frost.

1903 has been defeated in base-ball twice, but those were only practice games, *and do not count.*

There were a large number of 1903 girls at the Cambridge and "Hoppy" game. Good! Keep it up!

How many have been locked out at recess so far?

The fifth division has some great bridge builders.

Did not Wyman look cute on Cæsar's bridge? Such a pity he didn't stand on it during class!

'02 0 (not) 2 (b) jealous.

Few seem to make use of the permission to go home at 11.44.

The supreme knowledge of certain members in the German class is astonishing.

1904.

The basket-ball team has disbanded. We wonder why. Could it have been because of the c—o—k?

Our class came out third in the tennis tournament because of the fine playing of Harlow and others.

The girls have started to play tennis in the gymnasium. They have made a good beginning, only one window broken. Oh, the treasury!

Waldo is captain of the base-ball team. We are waiting to hear some very good results.

Problem in Arithmatic: If 1904 is equal to 19, what does 1903 equal? Ans. 10.

We hope that R-v-n-s enjoys his trips down the corridor to attend the bell.

BASKET BALL DANCE.

On Wednesday evening, April 18, the basket ball team of the class of 1902, E. H. S., gave a dance at the Newtowne Club Hall. There was a large attendance, notwithstanding the disagreeable weather, and, on the whole, the affair was one of the most successful events of the season. The hall was tastefully decorated with a number of large red flags, on which were inscribed the white figures "1902." One of the corners of the hall was pleasingly fitted up with rugs and handsome palms, and a large American flag in the background. Here the matrons welcomed the guests. Nor was the ball forgotten, but occupied its usual place in the basket.

Miss Cutter's orchestra rendered delightful music for the dancing, which was in charge of Miss Florence Hughes and Miss Alice M. Boyce. They were assisted by Misses Bateman, Carr, Colby, Humphrey, Place, Wales and Mallory. The usher was Miss Bowlby.

Miss Goerwitz, Miss Smith, Mrs. Wales and Mrs. Hughes kindly acted as matrons.

Addition to High School Library.

The library of the English High School has recently received as a gift from Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, twenty-eight volumes relating to the subject of history. Among them are Histories of Rome, by Shuckburgh and How and Leigh; Emerton's Introduction to the Middle Ages, and also his Mediæval Europe; Histories of England, by Airy, Coman, and Gardiner Lavisse's Political History of Europe, and Stanwood's History of Presidential Elections.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

1900.

Mr. Edward Taylor has been elected to lead the cheering at the championship games.

We regret that Miss Deering has been obliged to leave school on account of ill health. She will be much missed, especially by those who are preparing for college examinations.

At a recent class meeting, Miss Mahody was chosen class historian, Miss Smith class poet and Mr. McInnis class prophet.

Dow has been elected captain of the class base-ball team, and Leitch the manager.

On April 27 the school was favored with a violin solo by Miss Winifred Busiel.

The following parts have been assigned for the graduation: Valedictory, Miss Ruth R. Jennison; Salutatory, Miss Jennie B. Allyn; Essay, Miss Bertha McCormac. The Training School will not graduate with us this year.

The class held a very pleasant social on April 11, at Mr. Henry Wyeth's. The principal amusement of the evening was a game of hearts. Miss Jennison won the first ladies' prize and Miss Mayhew, who took a gentleman's part, won the first gentleman's prize. There were no teachers present.

1901.

Miss Sadie Warnock has left school.

Who said that Institute Chemistry was easy?

The special meetings of the Debating Society are a joy to all beholders.

Every fortnight sees more members of 1901 joining the Debating Society.

Our Napoleon now represents the "leading advertising medium of Cambridge."

The candidates for the base-ball team have been practicing regularly. Chase is captain, and Glidden, manager.

A great deal may be learned by visiting the Institute English class.

Breakfast, dinner, or lunch served in the west basement free of charge.

A left-handed party was held at the home of Miss White, on April 25. The various specimens of drawing and writing, as done with the left hand, were very amusing. Miss Mathy and Mr. McGann took the prizes.

1902.

Heard in the French division: Ce chien est moi. This dog is I.

The basket-ball team is soon to begin tennis under Miss Lowe's instruction.

The sum of twenty-five dollars was netted in the basket-ball dance.

We are not to touch a certain curtain in Mr. Greene's room, for it has a spring.

Remember, girls, we are to support the base-ball team this season. Come to all the games.

We extend our thanks to Mr. Wilder and Mr. Currie for their help at our dance. What should we do without our president?

Misses Joseph, Edwards, Place and McSwain have been out of school on account of illness, during the past month.

Miss Parker is teaching third class French the first two hours, as Miss Goerwitz has Miss Deering's German pupils.

Come, boys of 1902, be more spirited! Take example from the girls of your class. The idea of only one boy out of the entire class buying a ticket for the basket-ball dance!

1903.

Miss Pousland has left school.

Miss Clark and Miss O'Brien have been out of school the past month, on account of illness.

The basket-ball team has resumed playing with Miss O'Brien as manager.

The base-ball team defeated 1901 in a practice game on May 2.

Grebenstein has been elected captain of the base-ballteam, and Leighton the manager.

We are glad to see that some members of 1903 have taken an active interest in the Debating Society. We wish that more would do so.

ATHLETICS.

C. H. AND L., 13—NEWTON, 1.

The game with Newton was played on a wet field, where good playing was out of the question. Clarkson and Carr did the pitching for Cambridge, and McGirr put up his usual game behind the bat. Clarkson and Murphy for Cambridge, and Johnson for Newton, did the best batting. Cambridge played an errorless game. The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Cambridge,	6	1	2	0	2	2	0	—13
Newton,	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	— 1

C. H. AND L., 5—TUFTS, 2D, 3.

The game with Tufts, 2d resulted in a victory for Cambridge by the score of 5 to 3. Lang pitched a steady game and was very effective with men on bases. He was well supported. The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Cambridge,	1	0	0	4	0	0	0	—5
Tufts, 2d,	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	—3

C. H. AND L., 5—HARVARD FRESHMEN, 0.

April 24th Cambridge defeated the Harvard Freshmen in a well-played game, by the score of 5 to 0. This is the first time the school team has succeeded in defeating the Freshmen, and the victory is all the more noteworthy because our opponents were shut out. Clarkson pitched a splendid game; his control was superb and he had remarkable speed at times.

The freshmen did not get the semblance of a hit until the ninth, when Story drove one at Gallagher so swiftly that our third baseman could not handle it in time to secure the runner. Coonley, on the other hand, was batted quite freely, especially at critical moments. He gave eight bases on balls and struck out only two men, while Clarkson gave two bases and struck out nine. In fielding Cambridge again excelled, the only errors being a muff by Murray and a poor throw to second by Clarkson. Comins at left played a wonderful fielding game for Harvard and saved three or four runs by his fine work. McGirr caught a fine game and distinguished himself by a difficult stop of a wild pitch with a man on third. Carr led the team at the bat, scoring two runs himself and sending in another by a timely single. The score:

CAMBRIDGE.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Carr, s	2	2	2	2	0	1	0
Parker, r	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
Lang, l	5	0	1	1	1	0	0
Clarkson, p	5	0	1	1	1	4	1
Gallagher, 3	4	0	0	0	4	0	0
Crawford, 2	3	1	0	0	0	2	0
McGirr, c	4	1	0	0	11	0	0
Roper, 1	2	1	1	1	8	0	0
Murray, m	2	0	0	0	2	0	1
	31	5	6	6	27	7	2

HARVARD FRESHMEN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dever, r	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Jackson, 2	4	0	0	0	2	3	1
W. Clarkson, m	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Story, 3	4	0	1	1	4	4	0
Comins, l	3	0	0	0	4	1	0
Bartlett, c	2	0	0	0	0	3	1
Marean, c	1	0	0	0	2	0	0
Van Amorage, s	4	0	0	0	2	4	0
Foster, 1	2	0	0	0	11	0	1
Coonley, p	2	0	0	0	0	3	1
	30	0	1	1	27	18	4

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Cambridge	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	2— 5

Stolen bases: Carr 3, Lang, Clarkson, Roper, McGirr, Comins, Foster. Hit by pitched ball: Foster. Bases on balls: Carr 3, Parker, Crawford, Roper 2, Murray 2, Comins, Coonley. Struck out: Murray 2, Dever, Comins 3, Marean, Van Amorage, Coonley 2, Bartlett. Wild pitch: Coonley 1. Passed ball: McGirr 1. Umpire: Carrick.

C. H. & L., 37—HOPPY, 11.

The first league game resulted in a victory for Cambridge over Hopkinson by the unusual score of 37 to 11. One would naturally suppose that such a score could only result from very poor fielding, but in this case it was due entirely to terrific batting on both sides. Clarkson, usually so effective, was hit very hard, although he pitched a fine game; and Maguire suffered far worse treatment at the hands of the Cambridge men. Parker, McGirr, Roper and Gallagher excelled for our team and Sanborn for Hopkinson. In the field Carr did the best work, although Crawford made a difficult catch of a short fly. Great credit is due the whole team for its steady support of Clarkson, which prevented a much larger score for Hopkinson.

The game was opened by Dana drawing his base. Hits by Maguire, Sanborn and Sheldon netted two runs before the side was retired. For Cambridge, Carr drew a base and scored on singles by Parker and Murphy. The second inning Clarkson struck out three men and then McGirr drove the ball to the track for a home run. Crawford also scored on a wild throw and a sacrifice. In the third Sanborn reached first on a muffed third strike, and scored on Kidder's two-base hit. For Cambridge, Clarkson scored on errors. Score: Cambridge 4, Hopkinson 3. The next inning "Hoppy" failed to reach second base, but two bases on balls and two hits gave Cambridge three runs.

In the fifth Maguire's single and Sanborn's home run gave the Boston boys two. The last half of this inning was a most remarkable one. The whole team batted around twice and on eleven hits, including three baggers by Murphy, Clarkson and Gallagher, three bases on balls and one error, scored fourteen runs, making the score: Cambridge 21, Hopkinson 5. The sixth brought Cambridge five more, on hits by Carr, Parker, Clarkson, Gallagher, McGirr and Roper, and "Hoppy" also scored on Sanborn's three-base hit. The seventh netted us eight more on three errors, four hits and three bases on balls, making the score 34 to 6. Nothing daunted by the odds against

SHOES FOR MEN.
—ONE PRICE—
$3.00 The Milford Shoe $3.00
See Our Spring Styles of Oxfords.
BOSTON STORE { 311 WASHINGTON STREET, Opposite Old South Church.

them, "Hoppy" scored four in the eighth on Murphy's poor throw to first, a base on balls and singles by Sanborn, Leatherbee and Irving Wright; while Cambridge in its half scored three more. Other runs would have been made, but Carr was thrown out trying to steal home. Our genial captain said it was a choice between scoring a run and losing his supper. The game ended by Davis striking out with three men on bases, after "Hoppy" had made one run.

The score:

CAMBRIDGE.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Carr, s	5	5	3	3	4	5	0
Parker, r	6	3	4	4	0	0	0
Murphy, 2	7	1	3	5	1	1	1
Clarkson, p	6	5	3	6	0	3	0
Gallagher, 3	7	4	4	6	1	1	0
McGirr, c	7	5	4	7	13	1	1
Crawford, m	4	4	2	2	1	0	0
McSweeney, 1	6	5	3	3	0	0	0
Roper, 1	6	5	4	4	7	2	0
	54	37	30	40	27	13	2

HOPKINSON.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dana, m	3	2	0	0	1	0	0
Maguire, p	5	2	2	2	1	4	2
Sanborn, 1	5	3	4	10	0	0	0
Sheldon, 3	5	0	1	1	2	1	2
Kidder, 2	4	1	2	3	3	3	1
Wright, s	4	1	1	1	2	5	0
Leatherbee, 1	5	1	4	4	10	1	1
Libbey, r	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Davis, c	1	1	0	0	2	0	2
Phipps, c	2	0	0	0	3	2	1
	38	11	14	21	24	16	9

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Cambridge	1	2	1	3	14	5	8	3	*	—37
Hopkinson	2	0	1	0	2	0	1	4	1	—11

Earned runs: Cambridge 10, Hopkinson 2. Two-base hits: Clarkson, Sanborn, Kidder. Three-base hits: Clarkson, Murphy, Gallagher, Sanborn. Home runs: McGirr, Sanborn. Stolen bases: Carr 9, Parker 3, Murphy, Clarkson 2, Gallagher, McGirr 3, Crawford 2, McSweeney 3, Roper 3, Davis, Maguire. Bases on balls: Carr 3, Parker 2, Murphy, Clarkson, Crawford 2, McSweeney, Roper, Maguire. Bases on balls: Carr 3, Parker 2, Murphy, Clarkson, Crawford 3, McSweeney, Roper, Maguire 2, Kidder, Wright, Libby, Phipps. Struck out: Parker, Murphy, McGirr, Dana 2, Sanborn, Sheldon 2, Wright 3, Leatherbee, Libby 3, Phipps. Passed balls: McGirr 1, Phipps 3, Davis 1. Wild pitch: Maguire 2, Clarkson 1. Time: 3 hours. Umpire: Weeden.

F. E. THAYER. '95.

C. H. & L. TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

The Cambridge High and Latin School Tennis Tournament took place on Jarvis Field Saturday morning, April 21, 1900. There were seventeen entries. Following are the results:

Preliminary Round: Parker defeated Ryder, 6-1, 6-1.

First Round: Bailey defeated Amee, 6-2, 6-3; Lang defeated Cunningham, 6-1, 6-0; Dow defeated Davidson, 6-1, 6-2; Parker defeated Burns, 6-4, 8-6; Locke defeated Clarkson, 6-5, 3-6, 6-3; Foster defeated Wilder, 6-5, 6-4; Harlow defeated Whittemore, 6-0, 6-3; and Upham defeated Wyman, 6-0, 6-3.

Second Round: Lang defeated Bailey, 6-0, 6-2; Parker defeated Dow, 6-0, 6-0; Locke defeated Foster, 1-6, 6-2, 6-1; Harlow defeated Upham, 6-2, 6-3.

Semi-Finals: Parker defeated Lang, 8-6, 1-6, 6-4; Locke defeated Harlow, 2-6, 6-3, 6-4.

Finals: Parker defeated Locke.

BILLINGS & STOVER,
1360 Massachusetts Avenue, - Harvard Square.
Prescription Pharmacists.
Do You Know that our Stock of Toilet Requisites is Extensive, of Superior Quality, and Prices Right?

GALLAGHER & BAXTER,
DEALERS IN
Bicycles, Sundries, Sweaters, Golf Hose. Repairing, Nickeling, Enameling.
1361 CAMBRIDGE ST., INMAN SQ.

COLUMBIA, PEERLESS, ANDRAE.
MORROW COASTERS, $7.50.
GOOD TRADE IN 2nd TIRES. BICYCLES CLEANED FOR $1.00.

Original Stand for J. W. SMART'S Ice Cream.
QUALITY.
ALL FLAVORS. ICES (ALL FLAVORS), FROZEN PUDDING, ETC.
Quick Service and Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Telephone 525-3. 713 Massachusetts Avenue. J. A. BAXTER, Manager.

All Intelligent Ladies in Cambridge wear

SOROSIS

The New Shoe for Women.

It is the Standard Woman's Shoe of the world, and has recently been introduced in London, where it has duplicated its enormous success in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and other leading American cities. Countless imitations have sprung up, and it is now quite the fad to offer shoes 'just as good' as Sorosis.

But there is only one Sorosis, and we are the only agents for it in Boston. All Sorosis shoes have this trade mark. None others are genuine. . . . . .

$3.50 Pair.

All sizes, 1 to 9. All widths, AAA to E.

Shepard, Norwell & Co.,

Winter Street and Temple Place, - Boston, Mass.

J. E. Purdy & Co.

Class Photographers for 1900

CAMBRIDGE LATIN and ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOLS.

For the fourth consecutive year we are serving nearly a score of neighboring schools and colleges; a situation which indicates at least tolerable satisfaction on all sides. To the unprejudiced mind there can be no possible doubt as to the merits of our productions, the efficiency of our service, or the general satisfaction accorded all patrons. By doing business on a large scale (the largest of its kind in America), we are enabled to make low prices, wonderfully low, in truth, if you secure one of the Class Rate Cards. All seniors in Cambridge High and Latin Schools have them, and anyone may profit thereby.

STUDIO: 146 TREMONT STREET,

BOSTON.

TUTORING IN CAMBRIDGE.

Candidates for admission in Harvard College or the Lawrence Scientific School can make arrangements for summer study in Cambridge, under the direction of teachers of experience thoroughly familiar with the admission requirements. Instructions will be furnished preparatory to entrance, to the removal of conditions or to the anticipation of prescribed or elective studies. Excellent laboratory facilities are provided. If desired, reference to former pupils and Harvard instructors will be furnished.

Correspondence may be addressed to

WILLIAM W. NOLEN,
Manter Hall,
Tel. Cambridge, 627. Cambridge, Mass.

Amateur Photographer, We lead in the field in offering you the lowest prices in the city for Bromide Enlargements, 8 x 10, 30c.; 10 x 12, 35c.; 11 x 14, 40c.; 14 x 17, 45c. Not only fine Bromides but handsome Enlargements from Negatives or Films. Developing films, 3½ x 3½ and 4 x 5, 25c. per roll.

W. F. TURNER, 235 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

900 Models **Hanover and New Mail.**

Men's and Ladies' Patterns, $30 to $50.
Boys' and Girls' Wheels, $20.
Few Men's and Ladies' Wheels, $20, $25.

WM. READ & SONS,
107 Washington Street.

If you trade at **O'DONNELL'S** for your Drugs, you will always be satisfied.

COAL *RICHARDSON & BACON,* **WOOD**
CAMBRIDGE.
Family Trade a Specialty for Fifty-Four Years.

MOSELEY'S

Our line comprises the following standard wheels, and a visit will interest you. . . . . .

Crescent, Eagle, Orient, Dayton, Columbia, Stearns, Pierce, Beebee and Iver Johnson. Prices from $25.00 to $85.00.

Repairing of all Kinds. Reconstructing and Morrow Coaster and Brake a Specialty.

J. L. MOSELEY, 731 Mass. Ave., Cambridgeport, Mass.
TELEPHONE, 165-3 CAMBRIDGE.

A KODAK FOR 75c. "BROWNIE" CAMERAS FOR SALE BY **F. A. WHITE,** *HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.* 675 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridgeport. Takes pictures 2¼ x 2¼.

We have the finest BICYCLE SHOES that can be found in the city, $1.50 and $2.00.
Other Dealers get $2.00 and $3.00 for the same grades.

STEARNS, 1224-1226 Cambridge Street. Two Doors from Prospect St. ***Cambridgeport, Mass.***

Graduation Suits

to order.

$20.00

upwards.

Finest material used, and perfect guaranteed.

OAK HALL CLOTHING CO.

95-105 Washington St., Boston.

THE

American $10 Typewriter.

is fully equal to the correspondence of the average man. It is well made as the highest-priced machines, but the simplicity explains the price. It has stood the test for seven years against all competitors. **33,000 in use.** Catalog and sample of its work sent free if you mention *The Review.*

American Typewriter Co.,

K. 265 Broadway, New York.

Wm. S. Gordon,

Successor to J. E. Wilson, invites you to call and look over his full line of Optical, Musical and Jewelry, at the Big Clock : : : : : :

14, 15, 16, Tremont Row, Boston.

THE

Reservation of desks made daily by mail or upon personal application.

The School is the MOST MODERN and HIGHEST GRADED Institution of its kind in America. Its plans and methods are widely but unsuccessfully imitated.

Reliable instruction by experienced teachers and assistance in obtaining recognition from the business public are both of inestimable value to young people just entering commercial life, and they can best be attained by attending a school of RECOGNIZED STANDING.

The Shorthand and Typewriting departments are distinct from, but equal in perfection of equipment to the Commercial departments.

Pupils of either sex admitted on equal terms. PROSPECTUS POST FREE. Office, No. 608 Washington Street. Hours, 9 a. m till 4 p. m.

J. W. BLAISDELL, Sec'y.

T. H. LANE & CO., **Clothiers,** 473 Cambridge St., East Cambridge.

THE STERLING SHOE, $2.50.

Our Spring Styles in Calf, Patent Calf, Enamel, Russia Calf, and Black and Russia Kid, are now ready.

LOW SHOES IN ALL STYLES.

SOLD ONLY AT
13 Water Street,
14 Spring Lane,
97 Summer Street,
78 Hanover Street.
BOSTON.

Waltham Manufacturing Co.

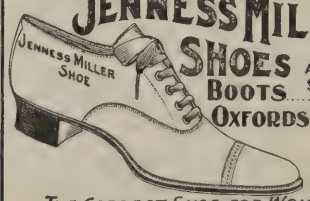
424 Massachusetts Ave., CAMBRIDGE.

P. SHEEHAN, Manager.

Telephone 172 Cambridge.

THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE DEPARTMENT IN NEW ENGLAND OF

JENNESS MILLER SHOES



ALL STYLES
BOOTS $3.50
OXFORDS $3.00

THE CORRECT SHOE FOR WOMEN.

B. SOMMER & CO.

44 AND 46 WINTER ST. BOSTON.

E. H. McDUFFEE,

Expert Tire Maker and Repairer.

We make a specialty of all kinds of Rubber Tire Repairing. All work warranted.

11 Prospect St., near Central Sq., CAMBRIDGE.

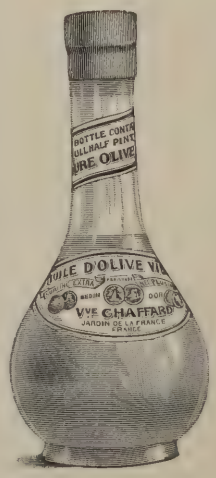
AHERN . . .

AUCTIONEER,
REAL ESTATE,
INSURANCE,

1388 Mass. Ave., Harvard Sq.
64 Fifth St., East Cambridge.

. . Telephone No. 515-3 . .

VEUVE CHAFFARD



PURE OLIVE OIL.

In
Honest
Bottles.

S. S. PIERCE & CO.,

Boston.

Fred LaLond Successor to Griffith

Hair-Cutting Room

No. 34 Brattle St., Street Floor, Cambridge.

COLEMAN BROS., Established 1878.

Dealers in COAL and WOOD.

Anthracite and Bituminous Coal.

OFFICES: 450 Mass. Ave., Cambridgeport, 70 Green St. Boston.
WHARVES: 1st St., E. Cambridge, 91 Broadway, Cambridgeport.
Telephone 2-2. **CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.**

Oxford 279-3.

JOHNSON & STOUTENBURGH,

Practical Athletic Outfitters.

Golf, Tennis, Base Ball, Lacrosse, Cricket, and all Goods for Summer Sport.

Outfitters to C. H. and L.

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH:

47 Winter St., Room 803, BOSTON, MASS.

ERNEST E. SMITH, Manager.

CORRECT CLOTHING

FOR YOUNG MEN

AT MODERATE PRICES.

TOP COATS in the fashionable fabrics, $5.48 to $15
SERGE GRAY VICUNA, and WORSTED SUITS in large variety . . . . . $5 to $18
DUCK AND GOLF TROUSERS A SPECIALTY.

SPITZ BROS. & MORK,

65-69 SUMMER ST., - BOSTON.

IF YOU

want good Bread, use Keen's Best or Golden Wheat Flour, $4.75 per Barrel, 60 cents per bag. Sold only by . . . . .

McCLOSKEY & HARTY,

241 Cambridge St., - East Cambridge.

BRANCH STORE,
1245 and 1253 Cambridge St., Cambridgeport.

ERNEST W. CLARK,

Plumber and Gas Fitter,

1440 and 1442 Massachusetts Ave.,
Harvard Square, - - Cambridge, Mass.

JOHN J. BLEVINS,

Slate, Tin, Copper, Gravel Roofer.

Repairing by first-class workmen on all kinds of roofs a specialty

696 Massachusetts Ave. - Cambridgeport

Gutters and Conductors put up and repaired

Established 1868. Residence, 222 Putnam Avenue

SEND YOUR ORDERS FOR

ICE CREAM

TO . . . .

A. CUNEO & CO.,

1271 CAMBRIDGE ST., CAMBRIDGEPORT.
PROMPT SERVICE. LOWEST PRICES.

. . . . TRY . . . .

RUSSELL'S CHOCOLATES.

Put up in Pound and Half-Pound Boxes.

THEY ARE THE BEST.

HEFFERNAN BROS.,

BUILDERS,

COR. OF CAMBRIDGE AND COLUMBIA STS.
CAMBRIDGEPORT.

M. J. O'HARA,

Agent for High Grade Wheels.

Olive, - - -	$50.00	White, - - -	$50.00
Hanover, - -	30.00	New Mail, - -	40.00
Trinity, - - -	35.00	Peerless, - - -	30.00

First-Class Repairing and Renting

T. LOUIS O'BRIEN, Undertaker

1260 Cambridge Street, Cambridgeport,

near Prospect Street. Residence, 110 Fifth Street, East Cambridge.
Lady Assistant.

GEORGE H. WHIPPEN,

279 BROADWAY, CAMBRIDGE

ICE CREAM and CONFECTIONERY.

Catering for Class Socials, Parties, etc., a Specialty.

TELEPHONE, 823-2.

MORIARTY'S STYLES.

Our Prices Are Right.

YOUNG LADIES'

Shoes on similar lasts, very stylish, from *$3.00* to *$5.00.*

$3.00 Superior Line **$3.00**

All Kinds — High and Low. . . . . .

YOUNG MEN'S

up-to-date Shoes in Box, Patent, Velour, Calf, also Enamel and French Calf High and Low, *$3.50* to *$6.00.*

ALL SHOES PURCHASED OF US SHINED FREE.

Harvard Sq. = Near Car Station.

The Vim Cactus Tire

is made to resist puncture, and is thoroughly reliable.

Riders to-day want tires that give no trouble.

VIM TIRES are such.

BOSTON WOVEN HOSE AND RUBBER CO.

·VOL·XIV· ·NO·IX·

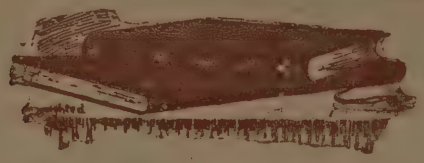
THE LATIN·AND·HIGH SCHOOL·REVIEW

GRADUATION NUMBER JUNE '00

VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST

McNAMEE

WE BIND THE "REVIEW."



Magazines and Library Books Bound In the most substantial manner.

...Bookbinding

26A BRATTLE STREET, ...CAMBRIDGE.

A. J. LITTLEFIELD & CO.,

PROVISION DEALERS,

1847 Massachusetts Ave., (Lovell's Block,) North Cambridge.

Drop us a postal and a competent man will call for your order. Special attention will be given to all orders, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Particular attention paid to removing grease and bones from hotels and restaurants.

JOHN C. DOW CO.,
13 & 14 Chatham St., Boston.

DANA W. BENNETT & CO.,

TELEPHONE 1755

Insurance

82 WATER STREET, BOSTON.

WM. H. WOOD & CO., LUMBER MERCHANTS, Cambridgeport, Mass.

The C. & C. Press,

26-28 BRATTLE STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

CAUSTIC & CLAFLIN.

Printers

of this magazine,
and numerous other publications.

Everything in the Printing Line.
All Orders Promptly Executed.

The Best of Work. full Count.

FLOWERS CARBONE'S DECORATIONS
HARVARD SQUARE

TUTORING IN CAMBRIDGE.

Candidates for admission in Harvard College or the Lawrence Scientific School can make arrangements for summer study in Cambridge, under the direction of teachers of experience thoroughly familiar with the admission requirements. Instructions will be furnished preparatory to entrance, to the removal of conditions or to the anticipation of prescribed or elective studies. Excellent laboratory facilities are provided. If desired, reference to former pupils and Harvard instructors will be furnished.

Correspondence may be addressed to

WILLIAM W. NOLEN,
Manter Hall,
Tel. Cambridge, 627. Cambridge, Mass.

M. H. MILLER,

Clothing, Furnishings and Shoes,

2038 Massachusetts Ave., - No. Cambridge, Mass.

Established 1847

R. H. STEARNS & COMPANY

DRY GOODS

Tremont Street and Temple Place

BOSTON

BARBOUR-STOCKWELL CO.

General Machinists and Iron Founders.

Special Macninery, Light or Heavy, Designed and Built, Confectioners' Machinery. General Jobbing.

BOSTON, MASS.

Drafting. Pattern Making.

Factory: 205 Broadway, Cambridgeport.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Month	3
Graduate Treasurer's Report	5
Review of Athletics	6-12
Joint Debate	12
Secret Societies	13
Hits: C. L. S. 1900	15-17
Debating Societies	17
School Organizations	18
Graduation (Poem)	20
Captains and Managers	21
Hits: E. H. S. 1900	23, 24
School Notes	25, 26
Alumni Notes	26
Athletics	27-33
Index to Volume XIV	34

RALPH LEACH,

Pure Ice Cream

AND

Fine Confectionery.

ICE CREAM. SHERBETS.

Vanilla, Strawberry, Orange, Lemon, Chocolate, Coffee, Raspberry, Pineapple. Nougatine, Peach.

747 Massachusetts Avenue,

Telephone 164-2 Cambridge.

ELIJAH BALL

Baker.

Stores:—3 Austin Street, 627 Massachusetts Ave., 135 Inman Street (Inman Sq. Bakery).

Telephone.

You need the best!

For accurate work
Our high grade ..

Drafting Instruments

Give universal satisfaction.

Wadsworth, Howland & Co.,

Incorporated.

Manufacturers and Importers of

Drawing Materials of all Kinds,

82 and 84 WASHINGTON STREET,

.. and ..

218 CLARENDON STREET,

.. BOSTON ..

Special Rates to Students

COLLINS AND FAIRBANKS
CELEBRATED HATS
EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS FOR YOUNG MEN
381 Washington St.
BOSTON, MASS.

L. G. MacKEIGAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Special Discount to C. H. and L. Students.
DANA CHAMBERS, 21 DUNSTER ST., CAMBRIDGE.
HE OFFERS THE BEST CUSTOM WORK AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

E&R LAUNDRY
Only Laundry in New England that Solicits STARCHED GOODS ONLY.
NO MACHINE WORK. LADIES' GOODS A SPECIALTY
Send Postal, or Telephone, and Team will call.
684-688 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, - CAMBRIDGEPORT.

MRS. C. F. BELCHER & CO
Ice Cream and Catering,
Catering for Class Socials, Parties, etc.
29 Brattle Street, CAMBRIDGE.

Year Round Novelties

Not only in Young Men's elegant Made-up Clothing, but in all articles appertaining to a complete outfit, viz:—Hats, Footwear, Underwear, Linen, Neckwear, Hosiery, Canes, Umbrellas, Travelling Bags, Mackintoshes and Gloves.

A. SHUMAN & CO.,
Leading Manufacturers and Outfitters in New England.
SHUMAN CORNER, BOSTON.

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

VOL. XIV. NO. IX.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, JUNE, 1900.

THE MONTH.

We feel that whatever success we have attained in the management of the REVIEW during the last two years, is due in a large measure to the faithful work of the whole REVIEW staff, and to the kind assistance of many others interested in the welfare of the paper. We especially wish to thank Mr. Benshimol for his valuable advice and his contributions to our columns. Miss Alexander, by encouraging her classes to write for us, has also helped us a great deal; and Mr. F. E. Thayer, '95, has this year kindly contributed the accounts of the base-ball games and the review of base-ball in this number.

Next year, the editor-in-chief of the REVIEW will be Harold W. Bennett, and the business manager, Irving N. Linnell, both of the class of 1901. In handing over the paper to them, we can only hope that they will receive as much support from the schools at large as we have, and, if possible, even more.

As the two schools are to separate in athletics next September, the question naturally arises of the separation of the REVIEW. For ourselves and our successors, we will say that we sincerely hope that nothing will interfere with the union of the schools in the paper. Although some difficult questions of administration may come up, we feel that they can all be satisfactorily settled. Ever since 1892, when Frederick Bonney increased the number of pages from sixteen to thirty-two, and changed the name from the Latin School Review to the LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW, the paper has flourished; and we decidedly do not wish to risk the danger of having two struggling papers instead of one, such as few other schools can boast of.

We cannot but feel gratified at the general success of our athletic teams during the past school year. Two championships have come to us,—base-ball and hockey,—while in football we made a very great advance over any of the teams of the last five years. In track athletics, too, we have had unusual success. The team won the race against Brookline, three points in the indoor meet, and ten points with fourth place in the outdoor meet. However, in rowing and tennis, we have not done as much as we hope the schools may accomplish next year. But in one particular we have approached much nearer to the ideal of athletics,—which we shall have attained when every person in the schools trains for at

least one team during the year. We refer to the class teams. This last year, almost every class in both schools has had teams in foot-ball, hockey and base-ball, nor must we forget basket-ball. In this way, many have obtained athletic exercise who otherwise, afraid to come out for the school teams, would have got none. Besides, much excellent material has developed for next year. At the Latin School, too, where there was especial interest taken in foot-ball, the Graduate Treasurer reports that the class teams earned nearly twenty dollars, which they gave to him for general athletic purposes.

While discussing athletics, let us consider briefly the prospects for next year. We have given the last cheer on the athletic field for the Cambridge High and Latin Schools—the last team has played for C. H. & L. In 1888 we began our history by winning championships, and in 1900 we close it in the same manner. Although misfortunes of every kind hung over us for five years, we have undoubtedly won more championships than any other school in the vicinity of Boston. We hold three legs on the foot-ball cup, we have permanent possession of the first base-ball cup and two championships towards the possession of the other. We have five times gained the polo championships, and twice have come off victorious in the Harvard Interscholastic Tennis Tournaments, through the skill of the world-renowned "Bob" Wrenn.

Next September each school will put on the field a separate foot-ball team. We must not expect too much the first year. From the same number of fellows from which we have hitherto got one team, we must in the future

REVIEW STAFF.

get two of the same strength as the one. This means that half-hearted interest on the part of a few will lead to defeat; both boys and girls must now realize that what each individual does will affect to a large degree the success of the teams. Only by the earnest, combined efforts of *all* can we hope to accomplish anything worthy of Cambridge. But even then, we do not look for championships next year—unless in the triangular league between the three Cambridge schools. Rather, we expect some defeats, not inglorious, but from which we can take lessons, and so move on to victory.

We believe that the High School may at first have more difficulty than the Latin School, especially in the matter of financial support. But if each one contributes twenty-five cents in the fall and spring, this difficulty will disappear. Indeed, we have heard it often predicted that the High School will win from the Latin School; but the coming years can alone tell as to the truth of this. Which school wins, however, is not the most important point: we only hope that a friendly and thoroughly good natured rivalry will spring up between them.

REPORT OF THE GRADUATE TREASURER.

To the Editor of the Review:

I beg to offer in the June REVIEW, my report as graduate treasurer for the school year 1899-1900. The report shows that the several organizations have all been much better equipped for their work this year than they were a year ago. This improvement in supplying the teams has caused an increased deficit in every branch of athletics; but, owing to the enormous increase in subscriptions, these added expenses have been satisfactorily met. The treasury was greatly benefited, also, by the thoughtful donations of the REVIEW—in amount, thirty-three dollars,—and by those of the class football teams. For these gifts I wish, in behalf of the Committee, to thank the several donors.

The report follows:

FOOT-BALL.	
Receipts	$ 21.63
Expenses	60.95
Deficit	39.32
BASE-BALL.	
Receipts	42.37
Expenses	121.42
Deficit	79.05
CREW.	
Receipts	
Expenses	20.12
Deficit	20.12
TRACK ATHLETICS.	
Receipts	2.25
Expenses	13.00
Deficit	10.75
TENNIS.	
Receipts	9.65
Expenses	12.90
Deficit	3.25
CLASS FOOT-BALL.	
Receipts	19.80
Expenses	
Balance, profit	19.80
POLO.	
Receipts	
Expenses	9.50
Deficit	9.50
GENERAL ACCOUNT.	
Receipts	164.83
Expenses	22.48
Balance, profit	142.35
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.	
Receipts	162.15
Expenses	161.99
Balance	.16

(Signed) CARLETON R. METCALF,
Graduate Treasurer.

Cambridge, June 1, 1900.

REVIEW OF C. H. AND L. ATHLETICS.

FOOTBALL.

The most brilliant epoch in the history of foot-ball is at the very beginning. In 1886, when the schools separated, there were in the Latin School a number of Harvard Grammar School graduates who had known one another and played with one another for several years previous to their entering the Latin School. Such men were Burns, Evarts, Wrenn, "Phil" Wrenn, Rogers, G. Whittemore, I. Whittemore, Clark, Fox, and Berry. In the fall of '87, the year before the formation of the interscholastic league, the Latin School foot-ball team was beaten by no school eleven in Massachusetts, and by no other eleven except the Harvard Freshmen. They scored 110 points to their opponents' 17. One of the most interesting games was that played against a team composed of such graduates as Burnham, Wells and Torrey.

In the fall of 1888, those fellows who had played on the school team with such success, but without any substantial reward in the way of a prize, were delighted to hear of the action of the Harvard graduates who had contributed a cup to be contested for by the preparatory schools in the vicinity of Boston. Immediately the feeling ran high in the schools, and predictions of victory were numerous; for, of course, Cambridge entered the League. The team was now called "High and Latin," as a few High School men had joined it. Besides Cambridge there were in this league Roxbury Latin, Boston Latin, Boston English High, Hopkinson's, Hale's and Noble's. Cambridge won every game, displaying an excellent knowledge of the game, and an intention to carry on the sport along lines of manliness. The warmest rivalry sprang up between Boston Latin and ourselves, and the many spectators at the games were rewarded with some very exciting scenes.

In those times Mackie of Boston Latin and Corbett of our school were the "bright particular stars." In response to "Mackie, Mackie, Mackie," from Boston Latin, came "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, Corbett." Both of these men became famous, later, on Harvard's teams. The captain and probably the best all round player of this year was George Whittemore, '91, who afterwards captained the first C. M. T. S. team.

At the close of this first year's contest there were so many of the best men left in the school that the prospects for the following year were again bright. "Phil"-Wrenn, the second one of that name to play on Cambridge's team within two years, was elected captain. Unfortunately he injured his knee-cap during the summer, and John Corbett became captain. Wrenn is a good example of the pluck and spirit of the family and of those days; for two years later, in spite of that injured knee, he played through the season on Harvard's freshmen team. Under Corbett's able lead the school won the championship again the second year. "Bob" Wrenn began his career on this team. Other men afterwards prominent in Harvard athletics were Whitman, Clark and Dickinson. Although the eleven was not very heavy, the men practised so hard under the splendid coaching of Evarts, Wrenn, and "Addie" Burnham that their team work was superb.

The third year of the league produced another strong team, the last one ever to win the interscholastic championship. There were

still playing together some of the fellows who had grown up side by side, but the next year saw them entirely gone and a change in the course of victories. "Bob" Wrenn proved himself the best quarter-back in the league; Whitman, the captain, distinguished himself for his dash and vim, while Rodney Thayer, from the High School, brought many an audience to its feet by his brilliant plays at end rush.

To review these three years, and to quote what I have already said before in this paper, "These men knew one another and worked together with a will, strong man with weak man, good student with bad student, fellows high socially with ordinary, every-day pupils. In 1891 the great mass of these fellows had gone; the next year we collapsed."

"Collapsed!" And the tabular view of scores tells almost the whole story. We were strong in other branches of sport after this, but not in foot-ball.

In 1891 we reversed former history by not *winning* a single point. Haines, the captain, was a good player, however, and managed to hold the team together for the season.

In 1892 George Close, E. H. S., captained the team. The season was again disastrous; but it produced such excellent men as Lovering, afterwards on the Harvard 'Varsity, Saul and Sanborn. The next year, under Captain Sanborn, things seemed to look bright again, but unfortunate circumstances so weakened the team that history repeated itself, although the scores in the various games were very close.

In 1894 the team won two out of the five championship games. On this team were such men as Stearns, Parker and Saul. In 1895, under Saul's captaincy, and with such good men as Watson, Parker and Currie the prospect seemed bright; but everyone remembers too well the unfortunate circumstances that brought such confusion in our camp for me to rehearse them here. The Harvard Cambridge Latin School Club has, by a formal vote, exonerated Captain Saul from many of the charges brought against him at the time.

Of these years from 1891-1895 I have before said that they seemed to me most admirable. "These fellows always playing against great odds, still kept up a determined fight. They were less fortunate than the men of the previous period in that they were not united by the bond of which I have spoken. Their ability manifested itself in other branches of sport."

Of the history of foot-ball from 1896 I need say but little: it is not always pleasant writing. Added to the natural weaknesses of the team, were the inroads made by the inevitable decrees of the Athletic Committee. The team of 1899, however, I think showed the old time spirit, and certainly developed a remarkable amount of strength.

MAX BENSHIMOL, '91.

	Roxbury	B. L. S.	E. H. S.	Hoppy	Somerville	Noble's	C. M. T. S.	Newton	Brookline
1888,*	22-0	6-0	18-0	36-0	....	36-0	....	....	....
1889,*	42-6	10-0	10-10	43-0	....	....	....	....	....
1890,*	18-6	20-0	20-12	12-6	....	....	22-11	....	....
1891,	0-16	0-12	0-38	0-46	....	....	0-39	....	....
1892,	....	10-0	0-30	0-4	....	....	0-0	....	....
1893,	....	6-4	Tie.	4-4	....	....	0-44	16-24	....
1894,	....	6-0	0-42	0-18	....	....	0-38	10-0	....
1895,	....	4-0	0-16	8-6	....	....	0-0	....	0-18
1896,	....	0-28	0-20	0-34	....	....	0-34	....	0-12
1897,	....	0-22	....	0-18	0-8	....	0-10	....	0-0
1898,	....	....	....	....	0-44	....	....	....	5-6
1899,	....	11-0	....	6-0	....	....	5-6	....	18-6

*Championship won by Cambridge. * Hales, Nichols & Stones, combined.

NOTE—The Cambridge score is at the left.

"BOB" WRENN.

BASE-BALL.

For some years previous to the organization of the interscholastic league, the Cambridge schools had a base-ball team which met the strong local clubs with varying success. From this nucleus was formed the team of '89, which was the first to represent us in the league. In the box was "Allie" Dickinson, who afterward played first base for Harvard, and John Corbett, the foot-ball player, caught. The team defeated Hopkinson by an overwhelming score, but went down before the nines from Boston Latin and English High, who finished first and second respectively, with Cambridge third. The batting averages of the team were excellent, four men—Linfield, Fox, Corbett and Dickinson ---doing better than .333; but the fielding was very low, Linfield leading, with .892, Dickinson next, with .880, and Corbett third, with .738.

The next year, with much the same team, Cambridge won the championship easily, the Boston Latin game being the only close contest. Dickinson and Linfield pitched and Corbett caught. In one of the games on

Jarvis Field, with a man on third, Corbett made a "fake" throw to first. The runner started home and Corbett yelled: "Hurry it up," until the man was within convenient distance, when he coolly took the ball out from under his arm and made the put out. Both batting and fielding averages showed improvement. Clark led in batting, with .500; Dexter next, and Corbett third, with .319. In fielding, Whittemore, 1b., had .923; Harding, 2b., .864, and Dickinson, .833.

On the '91 team was Robert D. Wrenn, the most famous man, from an athletic point of view, our school has produced. He played second base, and captained the team which again won the championship, although most of the games were close. Tom Moore pitched and George Close caught, with W. E. Stark as his substitute. In the outfield was Bigelow, one of the best fielders the school has had. Bigelow and Moore led in batting and Moore and Wrenn in fielding.

In 1892 Moore again pitched and Close caught, while Stearns played first and Henry Clarkson third. The team won every game except the Hoppy game, which was lost by the Boston boys scoring eleven runs in the seventh inning after Cambridge had secured a substantial lead. The team tied with English High School for the championship, but lost on the play off by the remarkable score of 1 to 0. It was a pitcher's battle, not a single ball being driven to the outfield, presenting quite a contrast with the first English High School game, which Cambridge won 12 to 3. Cambridge scored the first shut-out in the history of the league, by beating Somerville 7 to 0.

The next year Henry Clarkson occupied the box, as a Clarkson has done every year since, with the exception of '95. Close again caught, and Stearns played first. This team won the championship, having only two hard games. Roxbury was beaten 20 to 1 in six innings on Jarvis Field. The Boston Latin School game was umpired by Hugh Duffy, now of the Bostons. On the Boston Latin team were four who afterwards played on the 'Varsity. Wallie Rand, the Harvard captain of '98, pitched; Scannell, one of the best catchers Harvard ever had, caught, and Beale and McVey also played in the infield. Hoppy, also, had 'Varsity material in Paine, the pitcher, and Stevenson on third. Great credit is due our team for its victory against such men. In batting Clarkson led, with Lamb and Stearns next in order. In fielding Close, Clarkson and Stearns excelled.

In '94 Cambridge tied for the championship with English High and Roxbury, and it was not played out. Henry Clarkson pitched again, but Lochman had succeeded Close behind the bat. Stearns again played first base, and his work there was one of the features of the season. The only defeat was at the hands of English High. With the score 3 to 3 in the eighth, Boston scored seven runs by a batting streak, which cost us the championship. The Boston Latin game was a very exciting contest. Neither scored until the seventh, when Boston got one man home and had another caught at the plate. In the last half of the eighth, with two out, Saul reached first on an error, was advanced to third by Stearns' single, and both scored on a safe hit by Clarkson, who thus practically won his own game. Stearns led the team in batting. In fielding Goodridge, Lochman and Stearns led. Goodridge played left field two years without an error.

The next year Stearns occupied the box and Lochman caught. Again the team won four games, and then lost to English High. Cambridge's errors were very costly, while Boston played a fine fielding game when there were men on bases. The Boston Latin game this year was the easiest of all, our team win-

GARRETT. DOW. APPLEGATE. WINSLOW.

TRACK TEAM OF '97.

ning 17 to 0. In batting Saul, McCarthy and Columbus led in the order named, and in fielding Lochman easily carried off the honors. He played his position without an error and threw to bases beautifully.

In 1896 Walter Clarkson pitched and Lochman caught. The team was weak at first and behind the bat. Lochman held Clarkson well, but on account of an injury to his shoulder he threw very poorly. Brookline won the championship this year, defeating Cambridge on Holmes Field 8 to 6. Our team, as a whole, showed itself much weaker than in the previous year. McCarthy, at second, did the most consistent fielding, and Warnock and Beardsell led in batting.

The '97 and '98 teams suffered an almost unbroken series of defeats. It was not for lack of material, for no school had better. In '97 Cambridge had the first four batters in the league and yet won only one game. A great deal of trouble was due to the fact that there was no one to hold Walter Clarkson, but the worst fault was lack of team work and weak fielding, which was due to lack of practice and the absence of any earnest, well-directed effort to produce a championship team.

In '99 all this was changed. With a number of new men on the team, and hard work, the finest all-round team the league had ever seen was produced. The greatest weakness

was behind the bat and in the outfield. Still, great credit is due McGirr for his plucky work, and probably no catcher in the league could have done better; but yet it was very easy for a man, having once reached first, to get to third. The infielders all deserve the greatest praise for their work. In Sullivan, Murphy, Carr and Gallagher, Cambridge had an infield that would compare favorably with that of many an older and more experienced team. Clarkson, also, deserves the greatest praise for his work in the box. He struck out 57 men in 33 innings and the batting average of the teams against him was .092. Gallagher and Sullivan led the team in batting. The account of the 1900 team will be found elsewhere in this number.

F. E. Thayer, '95.

	Hop'k.	B. E. H. S.	B. L. S.	Brook.	Som.	Rox.	B. & N.	Won.	Lost.
1889	26-4	3-8	8-10		7-8	9-4	8-7	3	2
1890*	15-5	14-1	8-6			19-8	11-4	5	0
1891*	9-5	11-10	10-6			3-1	8-5	5	0
1892	13-15	12-3	3-1		11-0	7-4		4	1
1893*	10-2	5-4	4-2		19-9	20-1		5	0
1894	10-3	3-10	2-1		18-7	7-4		4	1
1895	8-5	3-4	17-0		7-0	24-12		4	1
1896	10-9		17-12	6-8	13-12	13-6			
1897	15-17	17-18		5-20	13-14	15-7			
1898	4-15	6-10			5-11				
1899*	11-5	22-1	11-3	9-5	9-4			5	0
1900*	37-11	23-11	16-3	20-9	3-2			5	0

*Championship won by Cambridge.

Note: The Cambridge score is placed first. B. & N. stands for Browne and Nichols.

POLO.

In 1891, the first year of interscholastic polo, and for the three succeeding years, Cambridge High and Latin School won the championship. Between the years '94 and '00 the interest in the game gradually decreased, until in '99 our team made as poor a showing as possible, but this year, when the league substituted hockey for polo, Captain Fred Clarkson and his team again brought the championship to Cambridge. Thus it may be seen that out of ten seasons Cambridge has five times been champion. This is surely a record to be proud of.

The first championship team was made up as follows: Rushers, Wrenn and Whitman; centre, Goodridge; half-back, Bacon, and goal, Thayer. For the next three years F. J. Goodridge and Henry Clarkson, as rushers, did much to give victory to Cambridge. They became by far the best players in the league. In '95 Melrose won the championship from Cambridge, in a very close and exciting game, by the score of two to three. Clarkson and Beardsell did the best work. The next year our team was very unsuccessful, but in '97, with Saul as captain, came in second. In '98 we again lost to Melrose, by the score of 6 to 5. Although Captain Walter Clarkson did some most brilliant individual playing, our weak team work was fatal.

TENNIS.

In tennis, "Bob" Wrenn stands out as the most prominent athlete that Cambridge has ever had. He was born in Chicago, Ill., in 1872, but came to Cambridge, graduating from the Latin School with the class of '91, the year when Cambridge won four championships, foot-ball, base-ball, tennis and polo. In 1890 and '91 Wrenn won the interscholastic tennis championships, and also played on all the other teams, being captain of the '91 base-ball team. At Harvard he was very prominent as a foot-ball player, but he is especially famous for his skill with the tennis racket. Besides winning many state and club championships, he twice gained the United States championship at Newport.

Although we have never held the championship since Wrenn graduated, we have twice obtained second place—'94 and '96—and once —'95—third, in the Harvard tournament. In '96 M. W. Howe won four out of his five matches, thus getting the prize for the runner-up, and F. W. Reed won three matches. The year before E. W. Stevens, and in '94 A. W. Drew also got three points.

TRACK ATHLETICS.

From the nature of the sports the record of both tennis and track athletics must be one rather of individuals than of teams. The first man to bring any notice to C. H. & L. on the track was W. D. Fuller, who, in '95, at the indoor meet in Mechanics' Hall, broke the interscholastic records for the 300 yd. dash and the 45 yd. hurdles, thus giving to Cambridge ten points and fifth place. He was one of the finest hurdlers in New England, but his brilliant career was brought to an early close by his untimely death, in August, 1896.

In 1896 Warren won second in the shot put and Applegate third in the 600. In the outdoor meet of '97 Applegate was second in 440 yd. dash and Garrett first in 880 yd. run. Both were of E. H. S., '97. In '98 Dow won the 600 yd. at the indoor meet, and Winslow came in first in the quarter mile at the outdoor meet. Leitch, E. H. S., '00, has twice won a place in the shot put at Mechanics Hall, last year third and this year second.

The relay team of '97, composed of Applegate, Garrett, Dow and Winslow, is especially worthy of notice. It defeated Hopkinson at Mechanics Hall, and Andover at Newton. The time of 36 minutes 33 seconds at Newton is quite remarkable. All these men have won many points since leaving the Cambridge Schools. We have raced against Hoppy five times, only winning once. This year the team defeated Brookline.

CREW.

For the last three years C. H. & L. has had a crew on the water. The first year we won our first heat, but lost the second. In '99 and '00 the crew met with unavoidable accidents in their first heats, and so lost their chances.

Guy Bancroft, the captain of the '98 crew, was captain and stroke of the Freshman crew last year at Harvard.

HOLLAND BENNETT, '00.

JOINT DEBATE.

On Friday evening, May 18, 1900, the Everett High School Lyceum defeated the Cambridge Latin School Debating Society in a joint debate at the Latin School Hall. The question was: "Resolved, That the United States should permanently retain the Philippine Islands as colonies." Fletcher W. Taft, '03, Philip R. Ammidon, '01, and Irving W. Linnell, '01, for the Latin School, supported the affirmative; while William E. Weeks, '00, W. A. Baker, '00, and Stephen J. Gilman, '02, of Everett, upheld the negative. Although Cambridge had the better of the argument, Everett clearly won the debate through superior delivery and the better general effect of their speakers. Mr. Weeks spoke especially well, displaying a great deal of ability. For Cambridge Mr. Ammidon made an exceptionally skilful rebuttal, but, owing to ineffective delivery, it lost much of its force. Both Mr. Taft and Mr. Linnell brought forward some strong arguments. Mr. Taft had a better delivery than either of the other two Cambridge speakers, although he had not thoroughly learned his debate.

The judges were Dr. Albert E. Winship, Editor of the Journal of Education; Mr. George L. Baxter, Head-Master of the Somerville Latin School, and Mr. Frederic A. Tupper, Head-Master of the Brighton High School.

The entertainment during the intermissions was unusually good. Miss Ella M. Chamberlin gave two whistling solos, the "Sorosis Waltz" and selections from "The Runaway Girl." Mr. C. N. Phelps played a cornet solo entitled "Flocktonian Polka," by Cosey, and Miss Helen Daggett gave a violin solo, "Il Trovatore," a Fantasie, from Singelee.

Δ. Ω. X.

President.
Proctor Carr, '00.
Custodian.
Henry S. Parker, '00.
Secretary.
Horatio L. Andrews, '03.
Treasurer.
Dana C. Hyde. '02.

Π. Σ.

President.
H. Bertram Potter.
Vice-President.
Arthur G. Chase, '01.
Secretary.
Irving N. Linnell, '01.
Treasurer.
Harold M. Jones, '01.

S. H. L.

President.
Arthur W. Burton, '02.
Secretary.
Leslie Hastings, '02.
Treasurer.
Edward H. Baker, Jr., '02.

T. H. L.

President.
Amey B. Eaton, '02.
Secretary and Treasurer.
Ruth Dallinger, '02.

C. C. C.

President.
Walter T. Garfield, '02.
Secretary.
Marion H. Pike, '02.
Treasurer.
A. Ingham Bicknell, '02.

Σ. Γ.

President.
Madeleine Wood, '01.
Vice-President.
Alice Salmon, '01.
Secretary.
Lillian M. Barbour, '01.
Treasurer.
Mildred G. Sears, '01.

B. Z.

President.
Helen M. Webb, '03.
Secretary.
Helen S. Johnson, '03.
Treasurer.
Bessie E. Webb, '03.

S. S. S.

President.
Chester W. Currie, '02.
Vice-President.
Irving Priest, '02.
Secretary.
Thomas R. Burns, '02.
Treasurer.
William H. Bowie, '02.
Master of Ceremonies.
Lyman B. Luce, '02.

W. A. T.

President.
Sarah A. Warnock.
Vice-President.
Alice Salmon, '01.
Secretary.
Josephine Parker, '01.
Treasurer.
Edith Russell.

CLASS OF 1900, CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL.

HITS: C. L. S. 1900, GIRLS.

NAME.	CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC.	GREATEST FAILING.	FAVORITE OCCUPATION.	APPEARANCE.
Elvira Brewster.	Procrastination.	Accent.	Tennis.	Pleasing.
Ethel Briggs.	Sweetness.	Has none.	Giving advice.	Demure.
Mary Coleman.	Curiosity.	Appetite.	Latin at sight.	'Cheeks like dawn of day.'
Grace Crocker.	Class spirit.	Arguing.	Doing what is expedient.	Majestic.
Myrtle Dickson.	Honesty.	Snickering.	Studying.	Innocent.
Joanna Fitzmaurice.	Meekness.	Bashfulness.	Church-going.	Shy.
Gertrude Fox.	Exclusiveness.	Indifference.	Doing originals.	Queenly.
Ellen Hildreth.	Generosity.	Absence.	Kneading rubber.	Gay.
Mary Hill.	Pensiveness.	Lack of class interest.	Latin at recess.	Pretty.
Geraldine Hopkins.	Daintiness.	Inconstancy.	"Squelching."	Cute.
Elizabeth Huling.	Expressive face.	Strong prejudices.	Being obliging.	Sedate.
Lucy Lalley.	Gait.	Vanity.	Raving.	Attractive.
Mary Lerner.	Petulance.	Selfishness.	Chaperoning.	Up-to-date.
Elinor Lovering.	Fastidiousness.	Parties.	Getting help.	Athletic.
Ethel MacLeod.	Good sense.	Over-reading.	Walking.	Juno-esque.
Elsie McWain.	Originality.	Incorrigibility.	Theatricals.	Dashing.
Grace Norris.	Nicety.	That smile.	Fiddling.	Very proper.
Eva Ruggli.	Adhesiveness.	Grin.	Dropping pencils in Greek.	Good-natured.
Jennie Wilson.	Conscientiousness.	Impossible future wishes.	Being good.	Saintly.
Mary Wyman.	Enthusiasm.	His brown eyes.	Acting.	Short and sweet.

The Circus.

HITS: C. L. S. 1900 BOYS.

The Circus now has come to town,
Come in, friends, one and all;
For fifty cents we'll show to you
Our wonders, great and small.

Before each cage, in turn, I'll tell
What creature 'tis, where from—
One moment, please, is Bennett here?
Then let the show go on.

Now here's the human phonograph,
Whose tongue no man can fetter.
Methinks instead of Davidson,
Dave's daughter would be better.

Pianistic acrobatics
Did Conlin, with trained fleas,
Till he, one day, by some mischance,
Got lost among the keys.

We could not afford a giant
This year, they come so very high,
So you must wait with patience
Till next year's show comes by.

How each linguistic agitator
Flops down upon his knee,
When Bennett, with a thund'rous nod,
Confirms a sage decree!

Come view the human paradox:
His history is sad;
But just so long as he's called Good,
He can't be very bad.

Here's Houston, neckwear specialist,
Whose soul is heav'nward winging.
If he persists in singing bass,
He may end up in Sing Sing.

Chicky ne'er will get to Heaven;
Doesn't want to, for he's heard
There no longer can he borrow;
White Wings cannot be transferred.

O hail him not in tones of wrath,
For it would wound his heart!
For Lothrop when assailed, implores
The maiden's bashful art.

What's the latest? Ellis has it;
Song, or dance, or rag-time jig;
Sure the play he doesn't take in
Never can be worth a fig.

McGirr need never have a fear,
Nor dread the Great Perhaps.
Tho' Satan's on the gridiron, he
Can win with easy laps.

This beast, Prætorius by name,
Is not first of his kind;
Despite his forward name, we see
Him lagging oft behind.

Now here is agile little Carr,
Observe his winning smile!
He's raced himself around the track,
And beat him by a mile.

Cliff Walker is our scholar,
A mammal rare and strange;
He *always* has his lessons
And *never* has the mange.

Here are the two Vergilic twins,
Regan and Counihan;
Each longs to be when he grows up,
A Latin teacher-man.

When idle boys tempt them to play,
With res'lute shake of head,
"Nay, nay, kind sirs! we're homeward bound,
To Latin do, instead."

When Gabriel his trumpet blows,
He'll surely give first place
To Davenport, because his heart's
Completely filled with grace.

There never would be anything,
  Nor dry land, nor the deep,
If everything should just stand still
  When Murphy went to sleep.

We sometimes are reminded of
  "The Miller on the Dee,"
Who kept apart from everyone,
  And everyone from he.

Right thro' the line our Peter broke,
  And 'gainst their line-up thundered;
Two hours later he awoke,
  And yelled for 1900.

No use for Latin, or for French
  Has Estabrook of ours.
As ladies' man, he'd much prefer
  To exercise his powers.

Pennell's a fickle, faithless youth,
  Whose head begins to whirl
Whene'er his dreamy gaze alights
  Upon a pretty girl.

Grind, cram, and burn the midnight oil,
  Does Whittemore, they say.
Now life to me's too short and dear,
  To grind it all away.

A cherry word for each and all,
  Has Parker, every day;
With laugh and jest, he sends them off
  Rejoicing on their way.

Cornelius will, to please you all,
  Perform his rag-time dance.
When he comes forth, the rest depart;
  They know they have no chance.

When Thomson's orchestra begins
  To make a sprightly sound,
Celestial singers in the sky,
  Attentive stand around.

Now with the kind permission of
  All people here today,
The clown will step inside his tent,
  And wash the paint away.

A. F. B., '00.

DEBATING SOCIETIES.

HIGH SCHOOL.

The High School Society held a regular meeting May 11, 1900. The debate was postponed, but considerable business was transacted. Mr. Blake moved to expel all who should not pay their dues on demand of the treasurer. The motion was passed. Mr. Glidden moved that admission to the debates be by tickets, to be given only to members. This measure was laid on the table. There was quite an exciting hash debate before the society adjourned.

On May 25 the regular meeting for the election of officers was held, as it had been decided that this should be the last meeting of the term. The results of the elections were as follows: president, Mr. Blake, '01; vice president, Miss Cameron, '02; secretary, Mr. Hursh, '02; treasurer, Mr. Wilder, '02.

LATIN SCHOOL.

The last meeting of the Latin School Debating Society was held May 26. The business before the meeting was the election of officers. Those chosen were: president, Mr. Bennett, '01; vice president, Mr. White, '02; secretary, Mr. Taft, '03; treasurer, Mr. Detlefsen, '03. The following rhetorical committee was also elected: Messrs. White, '02 (chairman, ex-officio), Ammidon, '01, Burns, '02, Wyman, '03, Burton, '04, and Miss Heywood, '02.

Before the meeting adjourned Messrs. Bennett, '00, Thompson, '00, Counihan, '00, and Ried, late of '02, were elected to honorary membership. This was rather an unusual occurrence, but surely the society conferred no unearned honors.

SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS

DEBATING SOCIETIES.

Latin School.

FIRST HALF YEAR.

President, Holland Bennett, '00.
Vice-President, Timothy F. Burns, '02.
Secretary, Frederick L. Good, '01.
Treasurer, Harold W. Bennett, '01.

SECOND HALF YEAR.

President, William H. Thompson, '00.
Vice-President, Timothy F. Burns, '02.
Secretary, John P. Wyman, Jr., '03.
Treasurer, Harold W. Bennett, '01.

High School.

FIRST HALF YEAR.

President, Jennie B. Allyn, '00.
Vice-President, Harry M. Deeran, '00.
Secretary, Chester A. Garfield, '00.
Treasurer, Catherine C. Cameron, '01.

SECOND HALF YEAR.

President, Jennie B Allyn, '00.
Vice-President, Harry M. Deeran, '00.
Secretary, Chester A. Garfield, '00.
Treasurer, Catherine C. Cameron, '01.

CLASS OFFICERS.

Latin School.

1900.

President, Proctor Carr.
Holland Bennett.
Vice-President, Grace M. Norris.
Elsie D. McWain.
Secretary, Geraldine S. Hopkins.
Mary G. Lerner.
Treasurer, Edward A. Counihan.
John C. Davenport.

1901.

President, Harold C. Chapin.
Harold M. Jones.
Vice-President, Lillian M. Barbour.
Alice Salmon.
Secretary, Madeleine Wood.
Ethel A. Robinson.
Treasurer, Harold W. Bennett.
Arthur G. Chase.

1902.

President, Timothy F. Burns.
Vice-President, P. Ceres Heywood.
Secretary, Eleanor B. Burton.
Treasurer, A. Ingham Bicknell.

1903.

President, Fletcher W. Taft.
Vice-President, Helen S. Johnson.
Secretary, Ruth Bennett.
Treasurer, A. Russell Ellis.

1904.

President, Lawrence Amee.
Vice-President, Grace R. Luke.
Secretary, Marion B. Alley.
Treasurer, George A. Rivinius.

High School.

1900.

President, Edward H. Taylor.
Vice-President, Ruth D. Foxcroft.
Secretary, Ellen F. Mahady.
Treasurer, Henry D. Wyeth.

1901.

President, Arthur D. Hosmer.
Vice-President, Florence G. Spragg.
Secretary, Bertha A. Woods.
Treasurer, Arthur L. Gove.

1902.

President, Sylvanus W. Wilder.
Vice-President, Mora H. Lowe.
Secretary, Elsie H. Vail.
Treasurer, Lyman B. Luce.

SUPERVISORY COMMITTEE.

Graduate Members.

Arthur P. Stone, '89.
Charles F. Sanborn, '94.
Harris H. Murdock, '97.

Faculty Members.

Max Benshimol (Chairman).
Joseph A. Coolidge.

Undergraduate Members.

Holland Bennett, '00 (Secretary).
Fred H. Dow, '00.
Proctor Carr, '00 (ex-officio).
John F. McGirr, '00 (ex-officio).

Graduate Treasurer.

Carleton R. Metcalf, '98.

FOOT-BALL TEAM.

Gordon D. Houston, '00, centre.
W. Woodward Williams, '01, right guard.
Frank W. Barnes, Jr., '01, left guard.
Charles A. Leitch, '00, right tackle.
Arthur W. Hastings, '01, left tackle.
Fred H. Clarkson, '01, right end, left half.
John A. Rondena, '01, right end, left end.
Thomas F. Murphy, '00, left end.
Proctor Carr, '00, right half back.
Arthur A. Crawford, '02, right half back.
John F. McGirr, '00, Captain, left half.
Clyde Mayhew, full back.
Henry S. Parker, '00, quarter back.
Edward H. Taylor, '00, manager.

BASE-BALL TEAM.

Won Interscholastic Championship.

Fred H. Clarkson, '00, pitch.
John F. McGirr, '00, catch.
Henry J. Roper, '00, first base.
Thomas F. Murphy, '00, second base.
Proctor Carr, '00, short stop (captain).
James Gallagher, '00, third base.
Charles H. McSweeney, '00, left field.
Henry S. Parker, '00, right field.
Arthur A. Crawford, '02, centre field.
Timothy F. Burns, '02, substitute.
John F. Murray, '02, substitute.
Clyde Mayhew, manager.

TRACK TEAM.

The Relay team defeated Brookline.

Charles A. Leitch, '00 (captain), shot put (8).
John F. McGirr, '00, relay team—1,000 yards. 440 yd. (5).
Clyde Mayhew, '00, relay team.
Winfield T. Dunn, '02, relay team—300 yards.
Horatio L. Andrews, '03, relay team.
Edward H. Taylor, '00, high jump.
Edgar L. Smith, '01, manager.

SUBSTITUTES, RELAY TEAM.

Charles H. McSweeney, '00.
George W. Grebenstein, '03.

CREW.

Dana C. Hyde, '02, (captain), stroke,
J. Harold Oakes, '00, three.
W. Woodward Williams, '01, two.
Reginald S. James, '01, bow.
Lyman B. Luce, '02, coxswain.

HOCKEY TEAM.

Won Interscholastic Championship.

Fred H. Clarkson, '01 (captain), forward.
Clyde Mayhew, forward.
Henry S. Parker, '00, forward.
Thomas F. Murphy, '00, forward.
Arthur W. Hastings, '01, cover-point.
Christopher Haworth, point.
Proctor Carr, '00, goal.
Edgar L. Smith, '01, manager.
Edgar L. Smith, '01, substitute.
Harold Davis, '03, substitute.

THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW.

PUBLISHED monthly during the school year by the undergraduates of the Cambridge Latin School and the Cambridge English High School.

Contributions are solicited from undergraduates and alumni and may be left in the REVIEW boxes at the schools or mailed to "THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW," 26A Brattle Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Contributors will please write legibly in ink on one side of the paper only and sign their names in full.

Terms of subscription, seventy-five cents a year. Single copies, ten cents.

Address all business communications and make checks payable to the Business Manager.

Entered at Post-Office, Boston, as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRESS OF CAUSTIC & CLAFLIN, CAMBRIDGE.

Board of Editors.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

HOLLAND BENNETT, '00.

First Associate Editor.

FRED H. DOW, '00.

Associate Editors.

GRACE M. NORRIS, '00. JENNIE B. ALLYN, '00.
ELSIE D. MCWAIN, '00. EDNA P. SMITH, '00.
CHESTER A. GARFIELD, '00. HAROLD W. BENNETT, '01.
EDGAR L. SMITH, '01. PSYCHE CERES HEYWOOD, '02.

Class Editors.

MARY L. COLEMAN, '00. JOHN T. GLIDDEN, '01.
MARGUERITE L. BEARD, '01. CATHERINE C. CAMERON, '01.
WILLIAM O. HUBBARD, '01. IDA M. STEVENS, '01.
MADELEINE WOOD, 01. SYLVANUS W. WILDER, '02.
PHILIP R. AMMIDON, '01. ALICE M. BOYCE, '02.
A. INGHAM BICKNELL, '02. CHESTER W. CURRIE, '02.
HORTENSE H. JOHNSON, '02. FLORENCE M. HAYDEN, '03.
FLETCHER W. TAFT, '03. ALEXINA L. P. BOWLBY, '03.
SARA C. CLARK, '04. MASON T. ROGERS, '04.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

CLIFFORD H. WALKER, '00.

Assistants.

PROCTOR CARR, '00. JOHN C. DAVENPORT, '00.
IRVING R. LINNELL, '01. LOUIS W. SUMNER, '02.
WILLIAM J. DWYER, '02.

GRADUATION.

As now, at parting, I these years review,
Which tiresome seemed and once so fraught with care,
They seem too short, too brief, and all too few.
Future alone is dim; the past is radiant, fair.

What merry times! what joyful, happy days
We've spent together since we entered here!
How small the trifling grievances we bore!
Our pleasures and our friendships, O how dear!

'Tis a saying true of old and ever new,
"Thou knowest not thou hast until thou lose."
If, for pleasure, now I had my choice,
The same again as past, I fain would choose.

But joy, associations, friends, must now
Be thrust by time and duty far aside.
For us the dizzy world seems broad, so broad,
The struggling million mass, so wide, so wide!

Yet still in all this space one spot may be,
Which God ordains that I, alone, shall fill.
Success may e'en low lurking wait for me!
Thus whispers Hope, yet would I linger still.

H. W. B., '01.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The High School graduation will take place on Friday, June 15, in Sanders Theatre; the Latin School, Monday, June 25, in the Latin School Hall; and that of the Training School, on Tuesday, June 19, in the Latin School Hall; the High School reception, in the Newtowne Club Hall, Wednesday, June 20; the Latin School reception, on Thursday, June 21, in the Latin School Gymnasium.

The beautiful banner offered by Leighton Bros. for the High School Class Championship has been won by 1902.

CHARLES A. LEITCH,
TRACK TEAM CAPTAIN.
Out-door Meet, Winner of Shot-Put,
(39 *ft.* 10 *in.*)

JOHN F. McGIRR,
FOOT BALL CAPTAIN.
Out-door Meet, Winner 440 *yd. dash,*
(53 3-5 *sec.*)

DANA C. HYDE,
CREW CAPTAIN.

PROCTOR CARR,
CAPTAIN OF CHAMPIONSHIP BASE-BALL TEAM.

FREDERICK H. CLARKSON,
CAPTAIN OF CHAMPIONSHIP HOCKEY TEAM.

CARLETON R. METCALF,
GRADUATE TREASURER.

CLYDE MAYHEW,
BASE-BALL MANAGER.

EDWARD H. TAYLOR,
FOOT-BALL MANAGER.

CLASS OF 1900, CAMBRIDGE ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL.

HITS; E. H. S., 1900.

NAME.	FAD.	QUALITY.	WHAT OTHERS SAY.
Adams, Grace P.	"Chest-nuts."	Graceful.	Those eyes, so dark and so deep.
Allyn, Jennie B.	Debates.	Bright.	She reads much.
Austin, Mary C.	Glasses	Slow and sure.	Has she not earned her cake in baking it?
Blackwell, Roberta.	Biblical quotations.	Just so.	Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.
Bonds, Harriet E.	Gowns.	Smiling.	Ever looking backward.
Brown, Nettie A.	Cooking.	Musical.	Loudly she singeth her godly hymns.
Coleman, Jessie.	Les garçons.	Full of fun.	She looks as clear as morning roses newly washed with dew.
Crowley, Mary F.	Study hours.	Truthful.	To be well favored is the gift of Fortune, but to read and write comes by nature.
Cummings, Mary .	Theatres.	Giggling.	Merry as the day is long.
Deady, Isabella A.	French vocabularies.	Reserved.	Brevity is the soul of wit.
Donovan, Mary.	Whispering.	So funny!	I am sure care's an enemy to life.
Doran, Catherine M.	Triple curls.	Indefinable.	I have immortal longings in me.
Easton, Mabel.	Red shirtwaists.	Fudgey.	O what is fairer than the *Eastern* skies?
Flewelling, Ethel B.	Uneeda Biscuit.	Mathematical.	Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
Foxcroft, Ruth D.	Neckties.	Souleful!	As cold water to a thirsty soul.
Greene, Katherine.	"Tee-hees."	Precision.	Silence is the most perfect herald of joy.
Haff, Nettie I.	Blushes.	So lovable.	Framed to make man true.
Halliday, Elsie.	Ball playing.	Thoughtful.	As frank as rain and cherry blossoms.
Harding, Annabel H.	Bank-checks.	Outspoken.	Where the mazy dance the hours enhance.
Hawkins, Charlotte.	Portraits.	Determined.	Be checked for silence, but never taxed for peace.
Jennison, Ruth.	Nineties.	Independent.	That one small head should carry all she knew!
Kenny, Margaret.	Silence.	Shy.	Can one desire too much of a good thing?
Lewis, Elizabeth.	Recess callers.	Attractive.	Of all the girls that e'er were seen, There's none so fair as Bessie.
Mahady, Nellie.	Basket-ball.	X.	At whose approach all stars hid their diminished heads.
Mayhew, Vesta.	Latin.	Maidenly.	Would that the gods had made thee poetical.
McCarthy, B. L.	Back seat.	Serious.	She wears the bloom of youth upon her brow.
McCarthy, M. L.	Ribbons.	Industrious.	Full of wire saws, and modern instances.
McCormac, Bertha.	Excellence.	Unselfish.	A sweet, attractive kind of grace.
McHugh, Grace.	Shirtwaists.	Dignified.	Her face is illumined with her eyes.
Moran, Mary.	Speaking.	Gay.	She is a winsome, wee thing.
Mullins, Mary.	Fifth hour.	Pensiveness.	Not much talk,—a great, sweet silence.
Nelligan, Margaret.	Polka dots.	Fond of dancing.	She is wonderous strange.
O'Brien, Emma.	Gym.	Black hair.	With hair as glossy as a raven's wing.
O'Hara, Theresa.	Cushions.	Sprightly.	Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax.
O'Neil, Ruth.	Borrowing.	Sweet.	Her golden hair was hanging down her back.
Palmer, Helen.	Crimson.	Demure.	Of all her parts her eyes express the sweetest kind of bashfulness.
Phelan, Mary.	Puzzle.	Dimply.	Her sunny smiles enchanting were.

Hits; E. H. S., 1900, (Continued.)

NAME.	FAD.	QUALITY.	WHAT OTHERS SAY.
Prentice, Jennie.	Cherries.	Stately.	She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen.
Roberts, Marion.	Roman history.	Tit for tat.	For every why she had a wherefore.
Sanders, Amalia.	Chappies.	Gushing.	We grant that although she had much wit, she was very shy of using it.
Seymore, Stella.	English.	So womanly.	Golden opinions from all sorts of people.
Shedd, Naomi.	Pugs.	Gentle.	How pretty her blushing was, and how she blushed again.
Smith, Edna P.	Puns.	Sweet P.	But to see her is to love her.
Strath, Mary L.	Questions.	Obliging.	There is a balm for every wound.
Sullivan, Anna.	Auburn hair.	Cute.	She lives in measureless content.
Trow, Gertrude.	Flowers.	Artistic.	She is well paid who is well satisfied.
Tupper, Grace.	Arlington.	A la mode.	The girl with the auburn hair.
Winter, Mabel.	Pompadour.	Sociable.	For her own person, it beggared all description.
Adams, Warren P.	Rainbow stockings.	Sweetness long drawn out.	Long are his legs as the telegraph poles.
Balmer, John H.	Over the aisle.	Oh, so so.	It is a poor smith that can't bear smoke.
Clarke, Lewis C., Jr.	Ice-cream.	Loud talking.	Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear.
Deeran, Harry.	Boer war.	Scholarly.	He cometh from afar.
Derry, Arthur.	Long walks.	Modesty.	And who is he with modest looks?
Dillingham, Chas. F.	Rising neckwear.	Eternal smiles.	Eternal smiles his emptiness betray.
Dow, Fred H.	Elocution.	*Decidedly* so.	Fain would I climb, but I fear to fall.
Duhig, Walter S.	Long words.	Faithful.	Would puzzle a convocation of casuists to resolve their degrees of consanguinity.
Garfield, Chester.	Running.	Enthusiastic.	Slow to perform, but in action quick.
Holt, John H.	Broken seats.	Red cheeks.	Such war of white and red within his cheeks.
Hughes, Fred.	Day dreams.	Neatness personified.	Have you summoned your wits from wool-gathering?
Kane, Fred E.	Nightingale.	Lending.	Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother.
Leitch, Charles A.	Shot puts.	Bashful.	He fired the shot heard round the world.
Mayhew, Clyde R.	Foot-ball.	Good natured.	Though lost to sight, To memory dear.
McCullar, Harvey.	Early bird.	Acrobatic.	That could be moved to smile at anything.
McInnes, F. H. L.	Saturday nights.	Jolly.	Every single hair casts a shadow.
Medley, Edw. H.	Sommeil.	Give it up.	I sit upon this old gray stone and dream my life away.
McSweeney, Chas.	Base-ball.	Eagle-eye.	'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print.
Oakes, J. Harold.	Rowing.	Conscientious.	He stands like a rock, unmoved against the waves.
Roper, Henry J.	Hockey.	Silent.	Four balls—take your base.
Shannon, James E.	Tutti Fruite.	Doubtful.	His hat sat jauntily upon his head.
Soule, Gardner F.	Wheels.	Ruthless.	Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto, Wished him five fathoms under the Rialto.
Sullivan, John J.	Solitude.	Sober.	Manhood, verging into age, grows thoughtful.
Taylor, Edw. H.	High jump.	Dramatic.	Describe him, who can? An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man.
Taylor, Wm. B.	Soliloquy.	Ministerial?	He has a plentiful lack of wit.
Whelan, Walter J.	Deutscher Bilderbuch.	Studious.	It takes long to bring excellence to maturity.
Wyeth, Henry D.	Girls and Virgil.	Gallant.	It may be said that his wit shines at the expense of his memory

SCHOOL NOTES.

HIGH SCHOOL.

1900.

On June 1 the W. A. T. Whist Club held an enjoyable party at Miss Warnock's home.

On Wednesday evening, May 9, a Harlequin party was held at Miss Tupper's. During the evening the class was entertained with piano solos by Mr. Wyeth, and popular songs were heartily sung by all.

The class held its last social on Friday evening, June 8, at the home of Miss Warnock.

1901.

OBITUARY.

The third death in the class of 1901 occurred on Wednesday, the sixteenth of May, when Frank L. Thompson passed away, after a short, but severe illness. Flowers were sent to him by the class during his illness, and also to his funeral. Many members of the class were present at the services. Following are the resolutions passed by the class on his death:

"The members of the class of 1901, C. E. H. S., desire to express their great sorrow at the death of their friend and classmate, Frank L. Thompson. His character was such, in his familiar intercourse with his associates, as to command their respect, and endear him to their memory. They have a deep sense of loss in his absence from his familiar occupations, and they wish to extend their sincere sympathy to his afflicted parents, in this time of their great grief."

1902.

The basket-ball team held another pleasant social on May 11, at the home of Miss Hughes. A geography party occupied the first part of the evening. Later, some very flattering portraits were drawn.

On May 31 the basket-ball team defeated the championship team of the Somerville High School by a score of 11 to 10. The teams were very well matched, and great credit is due to 1902 for their victory.

One of the most pleasant class socials of the year was held May 8, at Miss Newton's. The first part of the evening was devoted to a library party. Afterwards, some astonishing poems were composed about apples, the prizes being apple pies.

1902 won the class championship in base-ball at the High School. Scores: 1902, 24; 1900, 13: 1902, 26; 1901, 25: 1902, 24; 1903, 0. Following are the players: Shea, catch; Carney (captain), pitch; Fawcett, first base; Priest, second base; McLaughlin, third base; Shurtleff, short stop; Houlahan, left field; Cleveland, centre field; Burns, Wilder, right field.

1903.

Miss Rogers and Miss Clark have left school.

The class base-ball team are wearing very pretty caps. Although much was expected of this team at the first of the season, they did not succeed in winning the banner.

LATIN SCHOOL.

1900.

We are the champions of the class base-ball series.

A social was held Friday evening, May 25, at the home of Miss Huling. It was very well attended, and every one had such a good time

that it did not break up until a very late hour. During the evening some of the High School boys came and stood opposite the house and cheered lustily for our championship base-ball team, and they called for speeches from Mr. Carr, Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Huling. The whole company repaired to the piazza for awhile and joined in the cheering, but no speeches were made. Mr. Bradbury and Miss Harris were our guests.

Our reception is to be held in the gymnasium Thursday evening, June 21.

Mr. Counihan has been chosen to write the class will, in place of Mr. Carr, who resigned.

Mr. Bennett, Miss McWain, Miss Crocker, Miss Norris and Mr. Counihan comprise a committee to select a picture to present as a gift from the class to the school.

1901.

Only two weeks more and we are seniors! Good-bye, 1900; we shall miss you.

A very pleasant social was held at Miss Robinson's on May 29. Quite a number were present, including Mr. Bradbury, Miss Bachelder, Miss Hardwick, Miss Sampson and Miss Boudren. The principal game of the evening was "Miscellaneous Misses," and it proved very interesting.

We appreciate greatly the Friday morning entertainments which Mr. Bradbury has planned for us, and we are all very grateful to him for them.

1902.

White is vice-president, and Miss Heywood and Burns are members of the rhetorical committee of the Debating Society.

The members of the S. H. L. entertained their friends at the home of Mr. Russell on the twelfth of May.

The C. C. C. held its final meeting May twenty-ninth at the home of its president, Mr. Garfield.

At a recent election of officers of the class of '97, Harvard Grammar School, every officer who was elected is a member of this class.

1903.

In the dual athletic games between R. M. T. S. and C. H. & L. Davis won third place in high jump; Baxter won third place in the mile; and Andrews won third place in the 220 yds. dash and 440.

1903 won her first game in the base-ball series from 1904. Twice before 1904 has defeated us, and she expected to do it again.

At the last meeting of the Debating Society Detlefsen, 1903, was elected treasurer, and Taft, 1903, was chosen secretary. Wyman, 1903, the retiring secretary, was elected a member of the rhetorical committee.

1904.

The third division has taken up Zoölogy in the English class, beginning with whales.

Who said: "They don't call it foot-ball because they kick the ball, but because they kick each other?" Mr. B—d—y.

The basket-ball girls enjoyed a picnic at Middlesex Fells.

ALUMNI NOTES.

The following C. L. S. men will graduate from Harvard College this year:

W. L. Beardsell, '96.
Conrad Bell, '96.
A. M. Chandler, '96.
H. H. Fox, '96.
A. M. Goodridge, '96.
J. B. Hawes, '96.
H. R. Hubbard, ex-'97.
H. E. Marean, '96.
A. L. Richards, '96.
N. W. Tilton, '96.
W. R. Willard, '96.
C. S. Hebard, '96.

From the Lawrence Scientific School:

F. N. Reed, ex-'97.

BASKET-BALL.

The Cambridge Latin School Basket-ball team defeated the Brookline High School team in a game played in the Latin School gymnasium Thursday afternoon, May 17, by a score of 10 to 5. The line-up was as follows:

Brookline.	Cambridge.
Homes.	Homes.
Elvira Eglee	Helen Webb, '03
Willa Morlock (capt.)	Helen Johnson (capt.), '03
Evangeline Coulton	Mary Hubbard, '02
	Alice Salmon, '01
Centres.	Centres.
Florence Judd	Ethel Murray, '03
Ruth Blodgett	Ruth Bennett, '03
Lucy Quinlan	Ruth Dallinger, '03
	Mary Coleman, '00
Guards.	Guards.
Bonnie Belle Beard	Mary Sullivan, '01
Carol Parker	Marjorie Lenox, '03
Frances Manning	Laura Earl, '00
	Lucy Dougherty, '03

The game was a very pretty one and both sides played exceedingly well. Certainly our girls have reason to feel proud of defeating such a team.

The strongest part of our team proved to be the guards, who did surprisingly good work. Miss Judd did the best work for Brookline in the centre, but she was matched in skill and all-round good playing, if not in size, by our little Miss Murray.

The game was played in three parts, each of ten minutes. All the girls who played on our side had been chosen for the regular team, so, as this was to be the only game, all the girls were given an opportunity to play at least for a part of the time.

Miss Webb made two goals from the foul-line and two field-goals. Miss Salmon and Miss Johnson each one field-goal for Cambridge. For Brookline, Miss Morlock made one goal from the foul-line and one field-goal, and Miss Coulton, one field-goal.

THE OUTDOOR MEET.

The track team deserves credit for winning fourth place for Cambridge in the games held on Soldiers Field, June 9.

Leitch won the shot put and broke the outdoor record made in 1894 by O'Brien of the English High. Leitch's distance was 39 ft. 10 in.

McGirr won the quarter mile in 53 3-5 seconds, beating out Perry of Worcester High in the last stretch.

Soule got second in his heat in the bicycle race at Charles River Park.

The standing of the first four schools was: Exeter, 28; Andover, 21½; Worcester Academy, 13½; C. H. & L., 10.

BOAT RACE.

On Saturday, May 19, the crew was defeated in its first and, therefore, only race. This poor result of so many weeks of patient training was altogether due to an unavoid-

able accident. In many ways this accident is almost parallel to that which the crew suffered last year.

Cambridge was holding first place, when Oakes, oar three, unshipped his oar. This was due to the faulty stringer, which was not locked firmly enough. Oakes held to his oar and made three attempts to replace it; but, the water being unusually rough, he found it impossible to keep his oar in the broken lock, which was badly sprung. Therefore, seeing that he was only retarding the progress of the crew, he cast his oar overboard and manfully followed it himself, although to attempt to swim in such water was extremely hazardous. Coxswain Luce succeeded in getting the remaining men together, but the handicap was too great, and Cambridge finished a doubtful tie for last place.

Despite the defeat, our men all deserve great praise. Oakes, having met his accident, did the best and bravest thing possible under the circumstances; the remaining three oarsmen, Hyde, Williams and James, and the coxswain, proved their mettle by courageously finishing a hopeless race with the spirit and determination of true sportsmen.

BASE BALL.

CAMBRIDGE, 16—BOSTON LATIN, 3.

The second championship game was played with Boston Latin School May 12th and resulted in a decisive victory for Cambridge by the score of 16 to 3. The contest was much more interesting than the "Hoppy" game, and the score would have been much closer had it not been for the fine fielding of our team. Clarkson allowed very few hits, but he sent 8 men to first on balls, so that Boston had men on bases in all but one inning. McGirr caught a fine game, and threw to bases much better than usual. Roper played well at first, making two difficult put-outs. He also showed good judgment at the bat, drawing 3 bases on balls. Carr put up his usual fast fielding game and also contributed largely to the run getting. Gallagher made a fine three-base hit with three men on bases, but in the field he did not play as well as usual. His two errors were responsible for all three of Boston's runs, but they are excusable, in view of the fact that they were his first misplays in a championship contest. Parker batted strongly, and McSweeney made a fine catch of a difficult fly to right centre.

Carr opened the game by drawing his base, and taking second on a passed ball. He scored on Clarkson's single. For Boston Pierce singled, stole second, and reached third on a passed ball. McGrath flew out to Crawford, McCarthy walked; then Clarkson struck out two men in succession. The next inning neither team got a man beyond second base, but in the third Cambridge scored four runs. Carr singled, Clarkson and Murphy were given their bases and Gallagher sent them all home with a timely three-base hit, and scored himself on Parker's grounder to short. For Boston, Pierce flew out to Clarkson, McGrath failed to reach first on his grounder to Gallagher, McCarthy was hit by a pitched ball and Maguire got his base on Clarkson's error; but French could do no better than a grounder to Clarkson. In the fourth Cambridge scored two on a couple of bases on balls and Murphy's single. Score: Cambridge 7, Boston 0.

In the fifth the bases were filled, but we failed to score any runs; and in the following inning only three men went up. For Boston

A. J. BENNETT,
CUSTOM TAILOR.
SUITS CLEANSED, PRESSED AND REPAIRED. MADE TO ORDER AT LOWEST RRICES.
313 Washington St., Dorchester.
16 Western Ave., and 15 River St., Cambridge.

four men reached first in the sixth, but clever work by Clarkson, Murphy, Carr and Gallagher picked two of them off. In the seventh we got two more runs on two bases on balls, McSweeney's single and an error by Pierce, while Boston in its half scored two, also. McGrath reached first on Gallagher's error, McCarthy was given his base, and both scored on Maguire's single. Murphy opened the eighth with a single, Gallagher sent a long fly to left, which was muffed; Parker and McGirr singled, Crawford drew his base, McSweeney hit safely. Roper flew out to third, Carr was safe on White's error, but was caught off second. Clarkson drew his base, and Murphy struck out. Score: Cambridge 15, Boston 2. In the ninth Gallagher was given his base, and scored on Parker's single. Pierce was sent to first on balls, stole second, reached third on McGrath's grounder to Carr, and scored on a misplay by Gallagher. Maguire flew out to McSweeney, and the game was over.

CAMBRIDGE.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Carr, s	4	3	1	1	2	5	0
Clarkson, p	4	1	1	1	1	5	1
Murphy, 2	5	2	2	2	1	1	0
Gallagher, 3	5	3	1	3	2	1	2
Parker, l	6	1	3	3	1	0	0
McGirr, c	5	1	2	2	8	1	0
Crawford, r	4	2	0	0	1	0	0
McSweeney, m	6	2	3	3	1	0	0
Roper, 1	2	1	0	0	10	0	0
	41	16	13	15	27	13	3

BOSTON.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pierce, s	4	1	1	1	0	3	2
McGrath, c	4	1	0	0	7	3	0
McCarthy, 1	1	1	0	0	9	0	0
Maguire, 2	5	0	1	1	5	0	0
French, 3	4	0	0	0	2	5	0
Merrick, r	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Dewar, m	4	0	2	2	1	0	0
Gartland, l	3	0	0	0	1	0	1
White, p	4	0	0	0	0	1	1
	32	3	4	4	27	12	4

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Cambridge	1	0	4	2	0	0	2	6	1	—16
Boston Latin	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	— 3

Earned runs: Cambridge 2. Three-base hit: Gallagher. Stolen bases: Carr 3, Clarkson, Gallagher 2, Roper, Pierce 2, McGrath, Dewar. Bases on balls: Carr 2, Clarkson 2, Murphy, Gallagher, McGirr, Crawford 2, Roper 3, Pierce, McGrath, McCarthy 3, Merrick, Gartland. Hit by pitcher: McCarthy. Struck out: Murphy, Parker, McGirr 3, Crawford, McSweeney, Maguire, French 2, Merrick 2, Dewar, Gartland. Passed balls: Merrick 4. Wild pitch: White. Time: 2 hours 30 minutes. Umpire: Weeden.

CAMBRIDGE, 3—SOMERVILLE, 2.

The third game, with Somerville, was the most interesting game yet played, and was won by Cambridge by the close score of 3 to 2. Large delegations were present from each school, and at times the cheering was deafening. There were also a number present from Boston Latin, and the greatest good feeling was manifested between all the parties. Fred Clarkson pitched a splendid game, although he gave a good many bases, one of which contributed directly to Somerville's second run. He struck out thirteen men, and allowed only five hits. He was especially effective with men on bases. McGirr caught a fine game, and showed considerable improvement in throwing to bases. He secured a fine two-base hit which bounced over the right field fence and would have been a home run, but for ground rules. Murphy fell off greatly in batting, striking out three times. Carr, although he secured only one hit, sent in two runs by long flies to the outfield when a man was on third. He made an inexcusable error in the first inning, but it did not affect the scoring.

Gallagher did the best batting of any, although it contributed nothing to the score, as he was immediately caught off base twice, when, by careful work, he might have scored on the hits of the men following. That is the greatest fault of the whole team—reckless base-running. In this game Gallagher was the worst offender, but there is not a man on the team who has not been guilty of wretched work on bases. Whose fault it is, is hard for an outsider to say; but the fault exists, and is a serious one. The outfielders took everything that came their way, and did fair work at the bat, except Parker, who appeared unable to connect at all. Patch

pitched a fine game for Somerville, and might have won it, but for an error at a critical moment by Hubbard, who, in batting, led the Somerville team.

CAMBRIDGE.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Carr, s.	5	0	1	1	1	1	1
Clarkson, p.	5	1	2	2	1	1	0
Murphy, 2.	5	0	1	1	2	1	0
Gallagher, 3.	3	0	2	3	1	0	0
Parker, l.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
McGirr, 2.	3	1	1	2	16	3	0
Crawford, r.	4	0	1	1	1	0	0
McSweeney, m.	4	1	1	1	0	1	0
Roper, 1.	4	0	0	0	4	0	0
	33	3	9	11	27	7	1

SOMERVILLE.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hubbard, 2.	5	1	2	2	1	1	2
Patch, p.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Jones, m.	1	0	0	0	1	1	0
Fisher, 1.	4	0	0	0	9	1	0
Murphy, s.	3	0	0	0	0	2	0
Hartz, r.	4	1	2	2	2	0	0
Cassidy, 3.	4	0	1	2	1	2	0
Farnham, l.	4	0	0	0	3	0	0
Tinkham, c.	3	0	0	0	10	0	0
	30	2	5	6	27	7	2

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Cambridge	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	0—3
Somerville	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—2

Earned runs: Cambridge 1, Somerville 1. Two-base hits: Cassidy, Gallagher, McGirr. Stolen bases: Carr 2, Clarkson, Gallagher, Crawford, McSweeney, Roper, Murphy, Hartz 3. Base on balls: Gallagher, Roper, Patch 3, Jones 2, Murphy, Tinkham. Hit by pitched ball: Carr, McGirr, Jones. Struck out: Carr, Clarkson, Murphy 3, Parker 3, McGirr, Crawford, Roper, Patch 2, Jones, Fisher 2, Murphy, Hartz 2, Farnham 4, Tinkham 2. Passed balls: McGirr 2, Tinkham 1. Wild pitch: Clarkson. Time: 2 hours 30 minutes. Umpire: Weeden.

CAMBRIDGE, 23—ENGLISH HIGH, 11.

The fourth game, with English High, was marked by hard batting and some poor fielding on both sides. Cambridge gave its poorest exhibition so far in the series, and until the fifth it looked like a victory for Boston. Clarkson was hard hit, especially in the first of the game, and three errors were made which netted English High seven runs to Cambridge's four, which were all obtained in the first inning. But after the fifth our team rallied and finally won, 23 to 11. The features of the game were two difficult running catches by Parker and a most sensational stop and double play by Carr, unassisted. McGirr, Crawford, McSweeney, Roper and Clarkson batted well, each securing three or more hits. The game opened by Cambridge scoring four runs on three errors and hits by Clarkson and McGirr, while English High School did not score, although Alexander made a two-base hit. In the second, however, Boston got three, on singles by Stevens and Kuhns and doubles by Kendricken and Murphy. In the third, Alexander made a three-base hit, Packard was given his base, Riley singled, which, with errors by McGirr and McSweeney, gave English High School the lead, 6 to 4. For Cambridge in the second, third and fourth only ten men came to the bat. In the last of the fourth Prindeville's base on balls gave Boston another, on a passed ball, a wild pitch and a long fly to the outfield. In the fifth Cambridge began to bat, finding Dolan for six singles, which, with two errors, gave Cambridge six runs. In the sixth four more runs came in, on singles by Murphy, Gallagher, McGirr, McSweeney, a double by Crawford and a triple by Roper. Weak base running cost Cambridge one or two more. Boston scored three in its half on singles by Kendricken, Alexander and Murphy. Score. Cambridge 14, Boston 10. In the seventh Cambridge sent ten men to the bat, and scored six runs on four errors and six singles. Again poor base running kept the score down. In the eighth Clarkson gave two bases on balls, which, with Packard's single, gave Boston its last run. Cambridge scored three more in the ninth through poor fielding by Boston.

CAMBRIDGE.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Carr, s.	7	2	2	2	3	2	0
Clarkson, p.	7	3	3	3	0	2	1
Murphy, 2.	7	2	2	2	5	1	1
Gallagher, 3.	7	3	2	2	0	1	0

FOR GRADUATION SHOES AND SLIPPERS VISIT

ROSENBERG'S

594-606 CAMBRIDGE ST.; 538 MASS. AVE.

Sole Agents for the "Hurley Shoe" for Men, also "Queen Quality" and "Mizpah Shoe" for Women.

Parker, l.	6	2	2	2	3	3	0
McGirr, c.	6	2	4	5	8	0	2
Crawford, r.	6	2	3	4	0	0	0
McSweeney, m.	5	4	3	3	0	0	1
Roper, 1.	4	3	3	4	8	0	0
	55	23	24	27	27	9	5

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL.

Kendricken, c.	6	1	2	3	7	6	1
Alexander, 3.	5	2	3	6	3	2	2
Packard, m.	4	2	1	1	1	0	1
Riley, 2.	4	2	1	1	5	3	1
Murphy, s.	5	1	2	3	0	3	1
Dolan, p., l.	3	0	0	0	5	3	0
Stevenson, l., p.	5	1	1	1	6	0	1
Kuhns, r.	5	1	3	3	0	0	0
Prindeville, l.	2	1	0	0	0	1	1
Kennedy, p.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
	41	11	13	18	27	18	8

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Cambridge	4	0	0	0	6	4	6	0	3—23
Boston High	0	3	3	1	0	3	0	1	0—11

Earned runs: Cambridge 8, Boston 3. Two-base hits: McGirr, Crawford, Kendricken, Alexander, Murphy. Three-base hits: Roper, Alexander. Stolen bases: Carr, Clarkson 3, Murphy 3, Parker, McGirr 2, Crawford, McSweeney, Kendricken, Packard 2, Riley 2. Double play: Carr. Bases on balls: Roper 2, Packard, Riley, Dolan, Kennedy. Hit by pitcher: McSweeney, Alexander, Dolan. Struck out: Murphy 2, Parker, McGirr, Kendricken, Murphy, Dolan 2, Stevenson, Prindeville, Kennedy. Passed balls: McGirr 2, Kendricken 2. Wild pitch: Clarkson, Kennedy. Time: 2 hours, 40 minutes. Umpire: Weeden.

CAMBRIDGE, 20—BROOKLINE, 9.

The final game resulted in a victory for Cambridge, in a very uninteresting contest, by the score of 20 to 9. Clarkson was again batted hard, and the fielding was poor, Carr being the chief offender. In batting Carr and Parker excelled. In the first inning Cambridge scored eight by hard batting, and then got only one man on base in the next three innings. Carr's error cost a run in the third, and in the fourth and fifth Brookline scored four more on clean hitting. In the last of the fifth Cambridge scored three more on several errors and timely hits by Carr and Crawford, making the score 11 to 5 in our favor. In the seventh three Brookline men crossed the plate, Carr's error again proving costly; but Cambridge in the last half scored eight more by a batting streak, which decided the contest. There was the usual amount of careless base running, two men being caught at the plate and one off second.

CAMBRIDGE.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Carr, s.	5	3	4	6	1	6	3
Clarkson, p.	5	1	2	3	1	1	0
Murphy, 2.	5	2	1	1	3	2	1
Gallagher, 3.	5	3	2	2	4	2	0
Parker, 1.	6	1	3	3	1	0	0
McGirr, c.	4	3	1	1	3	1	0
Crawford, r.	4	2	1	1	2	0	0
McSweeney, m.	5	2	1	1	3	0	1
Roper, 1.	5	3	3	3	8	0	0
	44	20	18	21	27	12	5

BROOKLINE.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dexter, 1.	6	0	2	2	0	0	0
Quigly, c.	6	0	2	2	4	0	1
Marshall, 2.	4	1	1	2	5	3	1
Hennessey, s.	6	0	0	0	1	0	0
Delano, m.	5	1	2	2	3	0	1
Cook, r.	3	1	1	1	0	1	0
Nesbitt, 3.	4	2	2	2	2	2	1
Nyhen, 1.	4	2	1	1	9	1	0
Strickland, p.	4	2	3	3	0	5	1
	42	9	14	15	24	12	5

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Cambridge	8	0	0	0	3	0	8	1	*—20
Brookline	0	0	1	3	1	0	3	0	1— 9

Earned runs: Cambridge 8, Brookline 4. Two-base hit: Marshall. Three-base hits: Carr, Clark-

NOW FOR GRADUATION.

And naturally the young ladies are wondering what the "other girls" will wear. Now that the dress question is settled we will save you all worry in regard to

SLIPPERS

if you will call and examine our line. All styles and shades. Prices from **75c** to **$3.**

Gentlemen's PAT. LEATHER SHOES and OXFORDS from $3 up to $5

and the style is up to date. Favor us with a call.

LEIGHTON BROS. & CO.,

FREE SHINES ALL THE TIME. **619 Massachusetts Avenue.**

son. Stolen bases: Carr 2, Gallagher 2, Parker, McGirr, Crawford, McSweeney 2, Roper, Dexter, Strickland. Bases on balls: Carr, Clarkson, Murphy, Gallagher, McGirr 2, Crawford, Marshall 2, Cook 2, Nesbitt, Strickland. Hit by pitcher: Nyhen. Struck out: Clarkson, Murphy, Dexter, Marshall. Passed balls: McGirr, Quigley. Wild pitch: Strickland. Time: 2 hours, 30 minutes. Umpire: Weeden.

REVIEW.

This year's team offers quite a contrast to last year's, and it is hard to say which was the stronger. The '99 team had the finest pitcher the interscholastic league has had, and he was supported by almost an ideal infield; but the outfield left much to be desired. The 1900 pitcher undoubtedly was the best in the league, but in three of the five games he was pounded for thirteen or more hits, which ordinarily loses, even in interscholastic games. The infield, practically the same as in '99, did not play up to its previous standard; but the outfield was the best Cambridge has had for years. In defensive work, then, the present team is inferior to its predecessor, but in offensive work it is far superior. The Cambridge team of the present is by far the finest batting team the league has seen. It has always risen to the emergency. When runs were needed, they were obtained. Clarkson pitched great ball against Somerville and Boston Latin, and in the other games he never lost his nerve. He gave many bases on balls, but when there were men on bases and a mob on the side lines yelling like wild Indians his control was superb. He fielded his position well, and his batting left nothing to de desired. McGirr's catching was not up to his work of the previous year, but this may be accounted for by the fact that he has been greatly troubled with a sore finger. He leads the team in batting. Roper, on first, plays his position as well as any man we have had there, his only fault being a little slow in tagging his man. He has shown rare judgment in batting, and has been very successful in reaching first. Murphy, at second, has done about the same as in '99, both in fielding and batting. While not a star, he is a very reliable man. Carr, at short, is a thorough ball player. He covers his ground well, and is the life of the whole team. He has made more errors this year than last, but he has redeemed it by his fine leadership of his team. A better captain could not be desired. Gallagher, like Carr, knows the game, and is the best man Cambridge has had in that position. He is, perhaps, the surest hitter on the team.

Parker, at left, has fielded his position as well as Clarkson did last year in the same place, and has batted better. That speaks for itself. Crawford has also shown himself a sure fielder. McSweeney has played well, but he has not shown so good judgment as the other two. His batting, however, has been excellent.

BATTING AVERAGES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H	T.B.	AV.
McGirr	25	12	12	17	.480
Roper	21	12	10	11	.476
Parker	28	7	12	12	.428
Carr	26	13	11	13	.423
McSweeney	26	14	11	11	.423
Clarkson	27	11	11	15	.407
Gallagher	27	13	11	16	.407
Crawford	22	10	7	7	.313
Murphy	29	7	9	11	.310
	231	99	94	113	.406

BILLINGS & STOVER,

Family Pharmacists.

The place to buy Ice Cream Soda. Only purest syrups and cream used

Sanctioned by C. H. and L. Students.

HARVARD SQUARE.

FIELDING.

	P.O.	A.	E.	AV.
Roper	37	2	0	1.000
Parker	6	0	0	1.000
Crawford	5	0	0	1.000
McGirr	48	9	3	.950
Carr	11	19	4	.882
Gallagher	8	5	2	.866
Murphy	12	6	3	.857
Clarkson	3	12	2	.841
McSweeney	4	1	2	.717
	134	54	16	.921

SEASON.

	A.B.	B.H.	B. AV.	P.O.	A.	E.	F.AV.
Murphy	43	19	.441	22	24	6	.884
Roper	33	13	.393	77	2	0	1.000
Clarkson	47	18	.381	5	24	3	.906
Parker	42	15	.357	18	1	2	.904
McSweeney	38	14	.368	5	1	2	.750
McGirr	35	12	.342	50	9	3	.951
Gallagher	48	14	.291	21	13	4	.894
Crawford	32	9	.281	8	0	2	.800
Murray	9	2	.191	5	0	2	.717
Lang	11	3	.272	3	4	1	.875

DUAL MEET.

On Friday afternoon, May 18, 1900, a dual meet was held with R. M. T. S. on Holmes Field. R. M. T. S. secured 41 points and C. H. & L. 31 points. The events were as follows:

100-yard dash—Won by Watkins, R. M. T. S.; Locke, R. M. T. S., second; Harlow, C. H. & L., third. Time, 11 seconds.

220-yard dash—Won by Watkins, R. M. T. S.; Locke, R. M. T. S., second; Andrews, C. H. & L., third. Time, 25 seconds.

440-yard dash—Won by Watkins, R. M. T. S., Warnick, R. M. T. S., second; Andrews, C. H. & L., third. Time, 62 seconds.

880 yard run—Won by Young, R. M. T. S.; Garfield, C. H. & L., second; Hickey, R. M. T. S., third. Time, 2 minutes, 33 seconds.

One mile run—Won by Jones, R. M. T. S.; Milne, C. H. & L., second; Baxter, C. H. & L., third. Time, 5 minutes, 20 seconds.

Running broad jump—Won by Taylor, C. H. & L.; Leitch, C. H. & L., second; Grebenstein, C. H. & L., third. Distance, 17 feet 8 inches.

Running high jump—Won by Taylor, C. H. & L.; Grebenstein, C. H. & L., second; Davis, C. H. & L., third. Height, 5 feet.

Pole vault—Won by Dewis, R. M. T. S.; Leitch, C. H. & L., second; Wilby, R. M. T. S., third. Height, 7 feet 4 inches.

Referee and starter, M. C. O'Brien, Cambridge Y. M. C. A. Timers, Winslow and Ellis. Judges, Walker, Wentworth, Adams, Doyle and Applegate.

H. BIRD & CO.,
INSURANCE AGENTS,
553 Mass. Avenue, Cambridgeport.
85 Water St., Boston.

GALLAGHER & BAXTER,
DEALERS IN
Bicycles, Sundries, Sweaters, Golf Hose. Repairing, Nickeling, Enameling.
1361 CAMBRIDGE ST., INMAN SQ.

COLUMBIA, PEERLESS, ANDRAE.
MORROW COASTERS, $7.50.
GOOD TRADE IN 2nd TIRES. BICYCLES CLEANED FOR $1.00

CAMERAS
REPAIRED A SPECIALTY

C. H. JUSTICE,
Formerly with the Blair Camera Co.
339 WASHINGTON ST., - BOSTON, MASS.
ROOM N, 18 PROVINCE COURT

A. T. GREENE. J. S. DAVISON.
GREENE & CO.,
723 Massachusetts Avenue
CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

STEAM HEATING.
WATER HEATING. FURNACE HEATING.
SHEET METAL WORK.
PLUMBING. GAS PIPING.
VENTILATION.

THE STERLING SHOE, $2.50.
Our Spring Styles in Calf, Patent Calf, Enamel, Russia Calf, and Black and Russia Kid, are now ready.
LOW SHOES IN ALL STYLES.

SOLD ONLY AT
13 Water Street,
14 Spring Lane,
97 Summer Street,
78 Hanover Street.
BOSTON.

INDEX TO VOLUME XIV.

[Roman numerals refer to the number of the issue, in this volume; Arabic numerals to the page.]

SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	NO. AND PAGE.
Advice Wanted	*Marguerite L. Beard*, '01	V, 7
A Fall and What Came of It	*Lillian M. Barbour*, '01	III, 7.
Alumni Notes	*Holland Bennett*, '00	1, 9; II, 17; III, 20; IV, 13; V, 23; VI, 25; VII, 25; VIII, 21; IX, —.
Announcements	*Holland Bennett*, '00	I, 16; II, 16; III, 16, etc.; IX, 20.
Athletics	*Edgar L. Smith*, '01	I, 28; II, 29; III, 27; IV, 29; V, 29; VI, 30; VII, 28.
	Farwell E. Thayer, '95	VII, 29; VIII, 26.
Athletics, Review of: Base-ball	*Farwell E. Thayer*, '95	IX, 8.
Foot-ball	*Max Benshimol*, '91	IX, 6.
Crew, Polo, Tennis, Track Athletics	*Holland Bennett*, '00	IX, 11.
Averages, '99 Base-ball Team	*Farwell E. Thayer*, '95	V, 6.
Basket Ball Dance	*Alice M. Boyce*, '02	VIII, 24.
Basket Ball, High School	*Jennie B. Allyn*, '00	IV, 29.
Basket Ball, Latin School	*Grace M. Norris*	IV, 29.
	Mary L. Coleman	V, 29.
Catalogue, High School	*Martha L. Babbitt*	II, 10.
Catalogue, Latin School	*Annie S. Dodge*	I, 11.
Certificate System	*William F. Bradbury*	VIII, 5.
Communication	*Arthur F. Blanchard*, '00	II, 5
Communication	*Max Benshimol*, '91	III, 4.
Communication	*William F. Bradbury*	V, 4.
Communication	*John C. Fearns*, '98	V, 4.
Communications, Secret Societies	*Philip R. Ammidon*, '01	VII, 4.
	Graduates	VI, 6.
	Psyche Ceres Heywood, '02	V, 7.
	Irving N. Linnell, '01	VI, 6.
	Frederick W. Ried, '02	VII, 5.
Debating Societies, High School	*Chester A. Garfield*, '00	I, 20; II, 21; III, 21; IV, 23; V, 10; VI, 15; VII, 12; VIII, 12; IX, 17.
Debating Societies, Latin School	*Holland Bennett*, '00	I, 20; II, 21; III, 21; IV, 23; VI, 15.
	Harold W. Bennett, '01	V, 10; VIII, 12; IX, 17.
	John P. Wyman, '03	VII, 12.
Der Schuler Als Professor	*Marguerite L. Beard*, '01	II, 18.
Dilemma, A	*Madeleine Wood*, '01	VIII, 10.
Drama and Dance, C. L. S., 1900	*Irving K. Hall*, '02	V, 11.
Drama and Dance, C. L. S., 1901	*Irving K. Hall*	IV, 22.
Drama and Dance, E. H. S., 1900	*Fred H. Dow*, '00	V, 9.
Drama and Dance, E. H. S., 1901	*Fred H. Dow*, '00	VI, 29.
Easter Morning	*Hortense H. Johnson*, '02	VII, 6.
Examination Results	*William F Bradbury*	II, 22.
Exchanges	*Elsie D. McWain*, '00	II, 28; III, 11; IV, 15; V, 13; VI, 24.
Fun	*Elsie D. McWain*, '00; *Edna P. Smith*, '00	1, 22; II, 27; III, 10; IV, 15; V, 12; VI, 12; VII, 14; VIII, 17.
Funeral Ceremonies, The (Poem)		VIII, 14.
Girl's Corner	*Jennie B. Allyn*, '00	I, 21; II, 7; III, 12; IV, 24; V, 14; VI, 23; VII, 10.
Graduation (Poem)	*Harold W. Bennett*, '01	IX, 20.
Graduate Treasurer's Report	*Carleton R. Metcalf*, '00	IX, 5.

SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	NO. AND PAGE.
Gymnasium Question	*Holland Bennett*, '00	IV, 5.
His Southern Wife	*Psyche Ceres Heywood*, '02	VI, 8.
Hits: High School	*Ellen F. Mahady*, '00; *Harold J. Oakes*, '00; *Charles A. Leitch*, '00	IX, 23.
Hits: Latin School	*Elsie D. McWain*, '00; *Arthur F. Blanchard*, '00; *Proctor Carr*, '00	IX, 15.
House of Peronne. The	*Harold W. Bennett*, '01	IV, 7; V, 17; VI, 17; VII, 17.
How Basket Ball Came to Greenville	*Elsie D. McWain*, '00; *Mary L. Coleman*, '00.	Part I, 111, 17; Part II, IV, 17.
Hurdy Gurdy Party, E. H. S., 1900	*Fred H. Dow*, '00	IV, 26.
Index to Volume XIV	*Holland Bennett*, '00	IX, 34.
Joint Debates	*Holland Bennett*, '00	VII, 11; IX, 12.
Language Puzzle (poem)	*Exchange*	III, 9.
Leaf from An Old Chronicle, A	*William O. Hubbard*, '01	III, 13.
Lease of Life, The	*Harold W. Bennett*, '01	II, 5.
Magazine Cover Girl	*Brooklyn Life*	V, 26.
Mass Meeting at High School	*Fred H. Dow*, '00	VI, 24.
Mass Meeting at Latin School	*Holland Bennett*, '00	III, 5.
Memories of a Spinning Wheel	*Agnes M. Erickson*, '02	VIII, 19.
Month, The	*Holland Bennett*, '00	I, 3; II;3; III, 3, etc.
Thanksgiving, Christmas	*Harold W. Bennett*, '01	II, 3; III, 3.
New Music	*Clifford H. Walker*, '00	I, 27; III, 15, 22; IV, 14. V, 31; VI, 31; VII, 29.
Notes, High School	*Chester A. Garfield*, '00	I, 25; II, 25; III, 25; IV, 25; V, 25; VI, 28; VII, 24.
	Jennie B. Allyn, '00	VIII, 25; IX, 25.
Notes, Latin School	*Grace M. Norris*, '00	I, 26; II, 23; III, 23; IV, 27; VI, 26; VII, 26; VIII, 22; IX, 25.
Oh! For the Wings of a Cherub	*Edgar L. Smith*, '01	VIII, 15.
Order of Exercises, High School	*Ray Greene Huling*	II, 8.
Order of Exercises, Latin School	*William F. Bradbury*	I, 10.
Other Side of the Story, The	*Eva R. Jackson*, '01	VIII, 7.
Palace of Sun, The (Translation)	*Alice D. Weston*, '03	VII, 23.
Palio at Siena, The	*Edgar L. Smith*, '01	I, 23.
Policeman the Culprit	*Ralph H. Crosswell*, '01	V, 24.
Preparing for Company	*H. Maude Emery*, '02	V, 15.
Presentation of Base-ball Cups	*Holland Bennett*, '00	V, 5.
Rescue, A	*Hortense H. Johnson*, '02	VI, 13.
Return of Catiline, The	*Philip R. Ammidon*, '01	IV, 20.
School Organizations	*Psyche Ceres Heywood*, '02	IX, 18.
Secret Societies, Officers	*Psyche Ceres Heywood*, '02	IX, 13.
Selection (Poem)		II, 26.
Separation of Schools	*Holland Bennett*, '00	IV, 4.
Silent Charm, A (Poem)	*Agnes M. Erickson*, '02	VIII, 13.
Summer Day, A (Poem)	*Agnes M. Erickson*, '02	1, 17.
That Villa	*Harold W. Bennett*, '01	I, 17.
"The Departure"	*Psyche Ceres Heywood*, '02	I, 5.
Whose Joke Was It?	*Catherine C. Cameron*, '01	VII, 7.
Witty Words	*See Fun.*	
Young Philosopher, A	*Harold W. Bennett*, '01	VIII, 15.
Young Squire of Heldmere, The	*Ruth Dallinger*, '02	VIII, 6.

STUDENTS ATTENTION

—CALLED TO THE NOVELTIES OFFERED IN—

CRAVATS, GLOVES, CAPS, NEGLIGEE SHIRTS, ETC.,

—BY—

The L. E. FLETCHER CO., 134 Boylston St., Boston.

A Specialty of Things

For School Decoration

IN Casts,

Pictures and Frames.

J. F. OLSSON & CO.,

Harvard Sq., Cambridge, Mass.

Telephone, Cambridge 730.

LEVI. P. JENNINGS,

Book and Job Printing.

No. 6 Walden Street, North Cambridge, Mass.

P. H. STRATTON,

Successor to WHITTIER HARDWARE CO.

Builders' Hardware.

Paints, Oils, Brushes, Agricultural Implements, Window Glass, Putty, Wire Cloth, Door and Window Screens, Wooden and Fibre Ware. . . . . .

463 Massachusetts Ave., - Cambridgeport.

ALWAYS A LEADER.

THE BEAUTIFUL

CHURCHILL WHEEL.

BUILT BY THE

Wesley B. Churchill Company,

SALESROOM AND FACTORY,

1900 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

Telephone, 689-4 Cambridge.

THE FINEST REPAIR SHOP IN NEW ENGLAND.

220th Thousand.

To Have and to Hold. By MARY JOHNSTON.

Crown 8vo, $1.50

Prisoners of Hope.

Crown 8vo, $1.50.

Among the writers who have made their mark in the field of historical fiction the one whose success has been most justly earned is Miss Mary Johnston.—NEW YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Robert Tournay. A Romance of the French Revolution.

By WILLIAM SAGE.

Illustrated. $1.50.

"It is an unusually well-written novel, and well worth reading both for the sake of the workmanship and for the sake of the story."—BROOKLYN EAGLE.

Sold by all Booksellers. Sent, postpaid, by

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON.

J. E. Purdy & Co.

Class Photographers for 1900

CAMBRIDGE LATIN and ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOLS.

For the fourth consecutive year we are serving nearly a score of neighboring schools and colleges: a situation which indicates at least tolerable satisfaction on all sides. To the unprejudiced mind there can be no possible doubt as to the merits of our productions, the efficiency of our service, or the genera satisfaction accorded all patrons. By doing business on a large scale (the largest of its kind in America), we are enabled to make low prices, wonderfully low, in truth, if you secure one of the Class Rate Cards. All seniors in Cambridge High and Latin Schools have them, and anyone may profit thereby.

STUDIO: 146 TREMONT STREET,

BOSTON.

WESCOTT'S

Corner Massachusetts Avenue and Pearl Street.

ICE CREAM

RICH AND CREAMY.

PROMPT DELIVERY. TELEPHONE 643-4.

Special attention to Receptions, House and Lawn Parties.

Amateur Photographer, We lead in the field in offering you the lowest prices in the city for Bromide Enlargements, 8 x 10, 30c.; 10 x 12, 35c.; 11 x 14, 40c.; 14 x 17, 45c. Not only fine Bromides but handsome Enlargements from Negatives or Films. Developing films, 3½ x 3½ and 4 x 5, 25c. per roll.

W. F. TURNER, 235 WASHINGTON STREET. BOSTON.

VISIT THE "Old Homestead"

at 652 Cambridge Street, East Cambridge. . . .

DARCY BROS., Proprietors.

Hammocks, Croquet Sets, Screen Doors, Lawn Mowers, Garden Hose, Ice Cream Freezers, Blue Flame Oil Stoves. Gas Stoves are ripe. . . . . .

A. M. ROBBINS,

633 Massachusetts Ave. Telephone 633-3.

French Dye House Dyeing and Cleansing of all kinds at low prices. . . .

6 PEARL STREET, - CAMBRIDGEPORT.

ROBERT B. BROWN & CO.

THE LUNCHEON

KNIGHT'S · QUICK · LUNCH,

582 Mass. Ave., Cambridgeport

3d Door Above Pearl Street.

P. S.—Lunches Put Up to Take Out a Specialty.

G. A. KNIGHT, PROPRIETOR.

J. C. NOURSE & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Dry and Fancy Goods, Corsets, Linings, Underwear. Kid Gloves Guaranteed and Fitted.

739 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

Cambridgeport, - - Mass.

COAL RICHARDSON & BACON, WOOD

CAMBRIDGE.

Family Trade a Specialty for Fifty-Four Years.

MOSELEY'S

Our line comprises the following standard wheels, and a visit will interest you. . . . . .

Crescent, Eagle, Orient, Dayton, Columbia, Stearns, Pierce, Beebee and Iver Johnson. Prices from $25.00 to $85.00.

Repairing of all Kinds. Reconstructing and Morrow Coaster and Brake a Specialty.

J. L. MOSELEY, 731 Mass. Ave., Cambridgeport, Mass.

TELEPHONE, 165-3 CAMBRIDGE.

A KODAK FOR 75c.

"BROWNIE" CAMERAS FOR SALE BY Takes pictures 2¼ x 2¼.

F. A. WHITE,

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY. 675 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridgeport.

MISSES' WHITE KID and PATENT LEATHER SLIPPERS for graduation, 75 cents to $1.50. (Heel and spring heel)

YOUNG MEN'S PATENT LEATHER SHOES, $2.50 a pair

THE LOWEST PRICE SHOE STORE IN THE CITY

STEARNS' SHOE STORE

1224-1226 CAMBRIDGE ST., - Cambridgeport

Two doors from Prospect Street

Flannels

THE CORRECT NEGLIGEE DRESS FOR WARM WEATHER.

Coats, $4.50 and upwards
Trousers, $3.50 " "
Made to Order Suits, $15.

Favor us with a visit.

OAK HALL CLOTHING CO.

95-105 Washington St., Boston.

THE

American $10 Typewriter.

is fully equal to the correspondence of the average man. It is well made as the highest-priced machines, but the simplicity explains the price. It has stood the test for seven years against all competitors. **33,000 in use.** Catalog and sample of its work sent free if you mention *The Review.*

American Typewriter Co.,

K. 265 Broadway, New York.

Wm. S. Gordon,

Successor to J. E. Wilson, invites you to call and look over his full line of Optical, Musical and Jewelry, at the Big Clock : : : : : :

14, 15, 16, Tremont Row, Boston.

THE

Reservation of desks made daily by mail or upon personal application.

The School is the MOST MODERN and HIGHEST GRADED Institution of its kind in America. Its plans and methods are widely but unsuccessfully imitated.

Reliable instruction by experienced teachers and assistance in obtaining recognition from the business public are both of inestimable value to young people just entering commercial life, and they can best be attained by attending a school of RECOGNIZED STANDING.

The Shorthand and Typewriting departments are distinct from, but equal in perfection of equipment to the Commercial departments.

Pupils of either sex admitted on equal terms. PROSPECTUS POST FREE. Office, No. 608 Washington Street. Hours, 9 a. m till 4 p. m.

J. W. BLAISDELL, Sec'y.

T. H. LANE & CO., **Clothiers,** 473 Cambridge St., East Cambridge

Original Stand for J. W. SMART'S Ice Cream.

QUALITY.

ALL FLAVORS. ICES (ALL FLAVORS), FROZEN PUDDING, ETC.

Quick Service and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Telephone 525-3. **713 Massachusetts Avenue.** **J. A. BAXTER, Manager.**

Waltham Manufacturing Co.

424 Massachusetts Ave., CAMBRIDGE.

P. SHEEHAN, Manager.

Telephone 172 Cambridge.

E. H. McDUFFEE,

Expert Tire Maker and Repairer.

We make a specialty of all kinds of Rubber Tire Repairing. All work warranted.

11 Prospect St., near Central Sq., CAMBRIDGE

AHERN . . .

AUCTIONEER,
REAL ESTATE,
INSURANCE,

1388 Mass. Ave., Harvard Sq.
64 Fifth St., East Cambridge.

. . Telephone No. 515-3 . .

VEUVE CHAFFARD

PURE OLIVE OIL.

In
Honest
Bottles.

S. S. PIERCE & CO.,

Boston.

Fred LaLond Successor to Griffith

Hair-Cutting Room

No. 34 Brattle St., Street Floor, Cambridge.

Dedicated to the

Championship teams

of **1899** *and* **1900.**

C. H. and L. CHAMPIONSHIP March.

by

EDGAR L. SMITH. C.L.S. '01.

Supplement to the Graduation Number June 1900

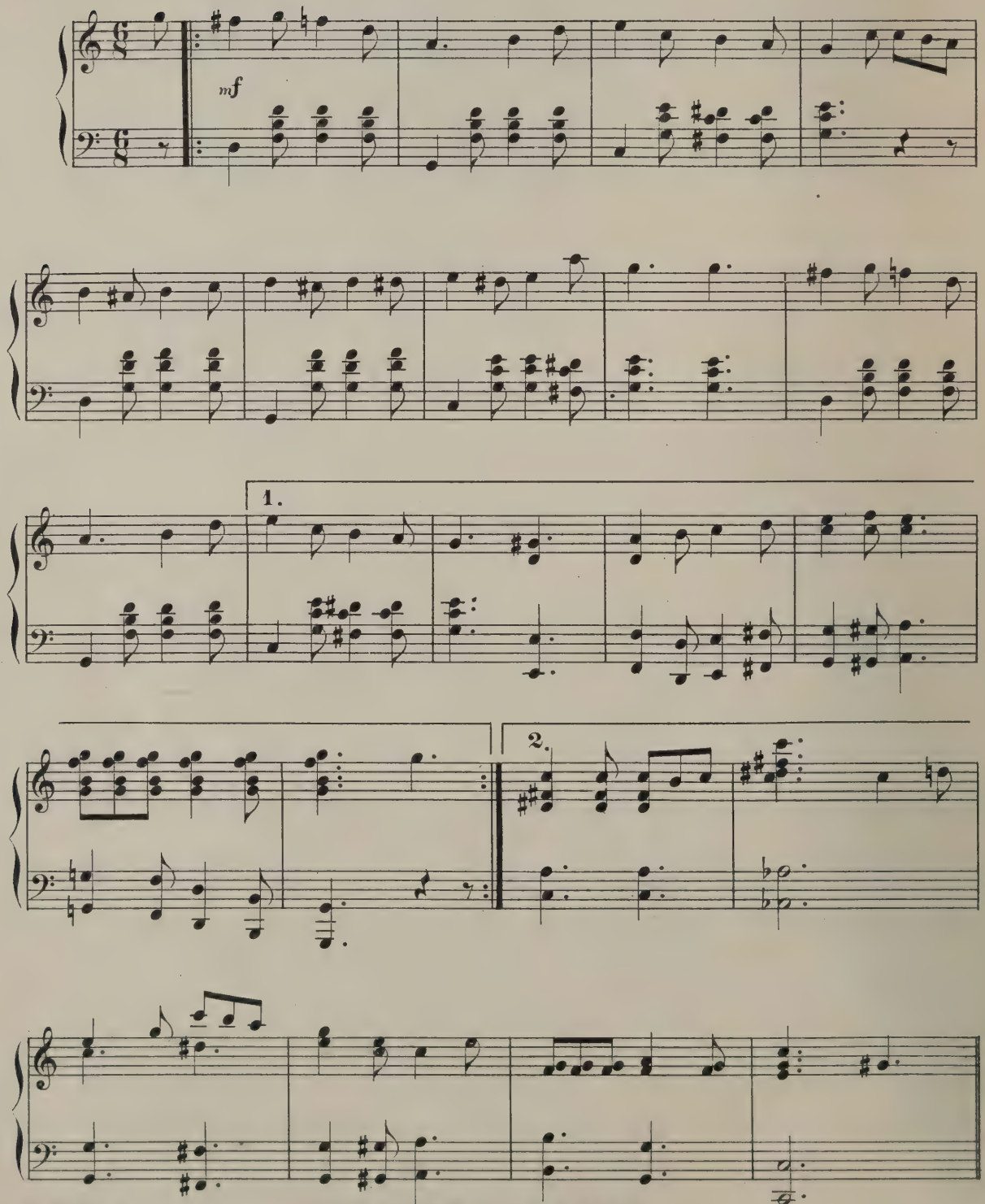
of the

Latin and High School Review

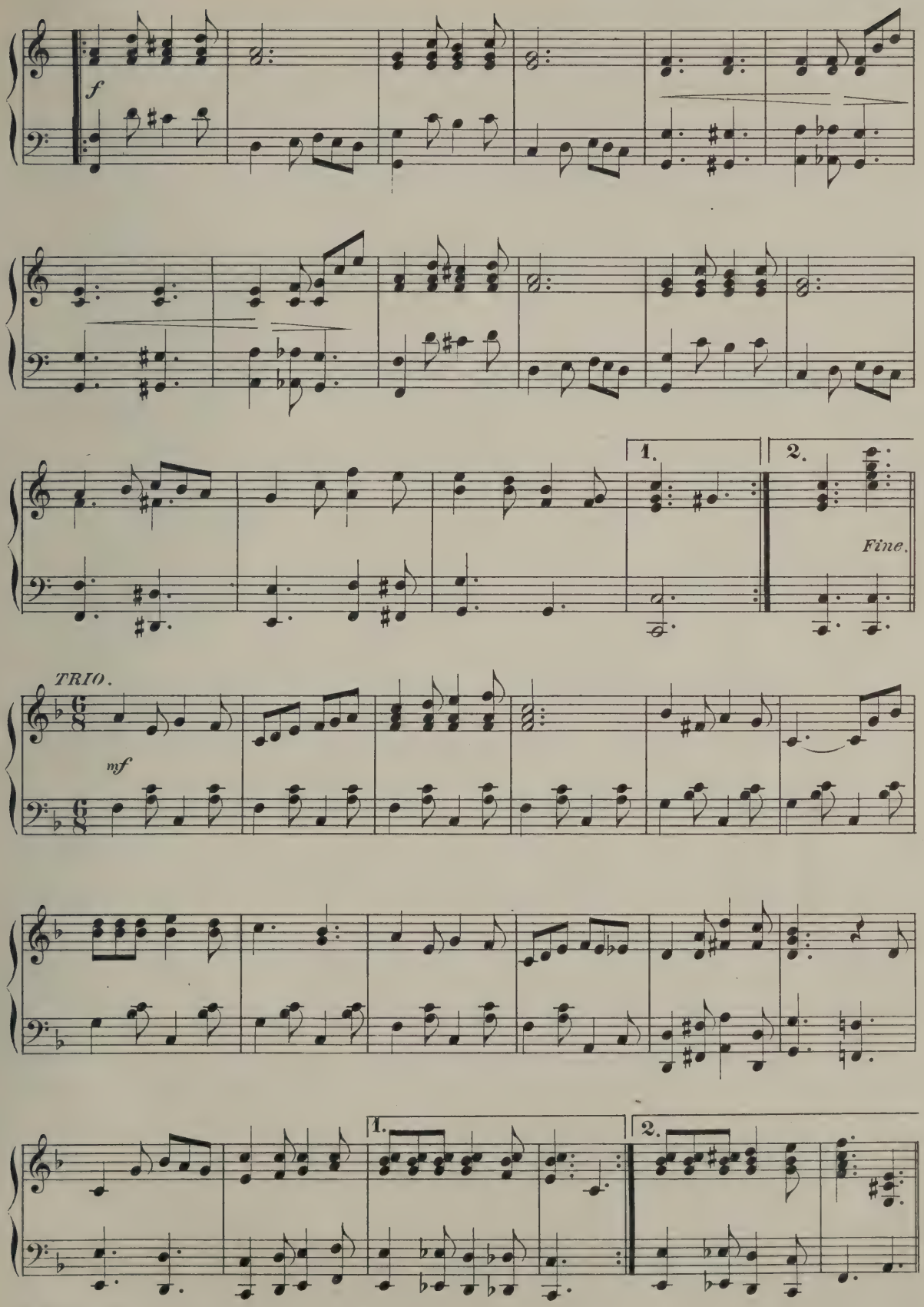
Cambridge, Mass.

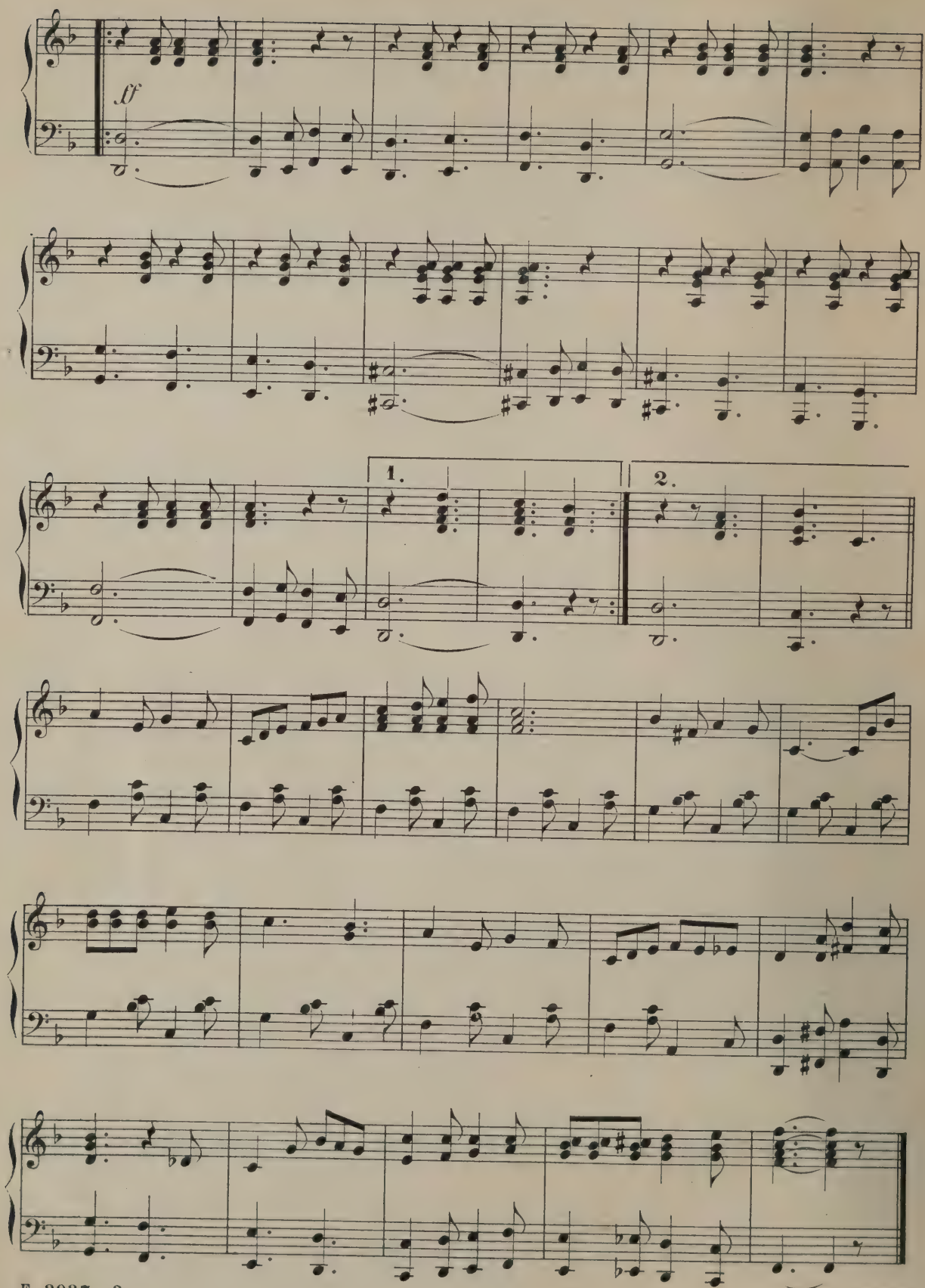
C. H. and L. Championship March.

EDGAR L. SMITH. C.L.S. '01.



Copyright MCM by C.H.WALKER.


f
1.
2.
Fine.
TRIO.
mf
1.
2.



D.C. al FINE.

Oxford 279-3.

JOHNSON & STOUTENBURGH,

Practical Athletic Outfitters.

Golf, Tennis, Base Ball, Lacrosse, Cricket, and all Goods for Summer Sport.

Outfitters to C. H. and L.

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH:

47 Winter St., Room 803, BOSTON, MASS.

ERNEST E. SMITH, Manager.

CORRECT CLOTHING

FOR YOUNG MEN

AT MODERATE PRICES.

TOP COATS in the fashionable fabrics, $5.48 to $15
SERGE GRAY VICUNA, and WORSTED SUITS in large variety . . . . . $5 to $18
DUCK AND GOLF TROUSERS A SPECIALTY.

SPITZ BROS. & MORK,
65-69 SUMMER ST., - BOSTON.

IF YOU

... want good Bread, use Keen's Best or Golden Wheat Flour, $4.75 per Barrel, 60 cents per bag. Sold only by . . . . .

McCLOSKEY & HARTY,

241 Cambridge St., - East Cambridge.

BRANCH STORE,
1245 and 1253 Cambridge St., Cambridgeport.

ERNEST W. CLARK,

Plumber and Gas Fitter,

1440 and 1442 Massachusetts Ave.,
Harvard Square, - - Cambridge, Mass.

JOHN J. BLEVINS,

Slate, Tin, Copper, Gravel Roofer.

Repairing by first-class workmen on all kinds of roofs a specialty

696 Massachusetts Ave. - Cambridgeport

Gutters and Conductors put up and repaired

Established 1868. Residence, 222 Putnam Avenue

SEND YOUR ORDERS FOR

TO .... **ICE CREAM**

A. CUNEO & CO.,

1271 CAMBRIDGE ST., CAMBRIDGEPORT.
PROMPT SERVICE. LOWEST PRICES.

.. .. TRY .. ..

RUSSELL'S CHOCOLATES.

Put up in Pound and Half-Pound Boxes.

THEY ARE THE BEST.

HEFFERNAN BROS.,

BUILDERS,

COR. OF CAMBRIDGE AND COLUMBIA STS.
CAMBRIDGEPORT.

COLEMAN BROS., Established 1878.

Dealers in COAL and WOOD.

Anthracite and Bituminous Coal.

OFFICES: 450 Mass. Ave., Cambridgeport, 70 Green St. Boston.
WHARVES: 1st St., E. Cambridge, 91 Broadway, Cambridgeport.
Telephone 2-2. CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

T. LOUIS O'BRIEN, Undertaker

1260 Cambridge Street,
Cambridgeport,

near Prospect Street. Residence, 110 Fifth Street, East Cambridge.
Lady Assistant.

If you trade at **O'DONNELL'S** for your Drugs, you will always be satisfied.

$3.50 A PAIR

Sorosis Shoes.

$3.50 A PAIR

WHY THEY ARE THE BEST

They're made of the finest Vici Kidskin.

They're hand sewed from heel to toe, and no other specialty shoe at this price is.

They're designed by the best last maker in the business. This is saying a good deal but it is true.

They're as soft and easy as it is possible for a shoe to be.

We've sold thousands of pairs and have yet to meet a dissatisfied wearer.

A fit for every foot and satisfaction or no sale.

TRY A PAIR FOR GRADUATION. SOLD EXCLUSIVELY IN CAMBRIDGE BY

J. H. CORCORAN & COMPANY, 587 Massachusetts Avenue

The Vim Cactus Tire

is made to resist puncture, and is thoroughly reliable.

Riders to-day want tires that give no trouble.

VIM TIRES are such.

BOSTON WOVEN HOSE AND RUBBER CO.